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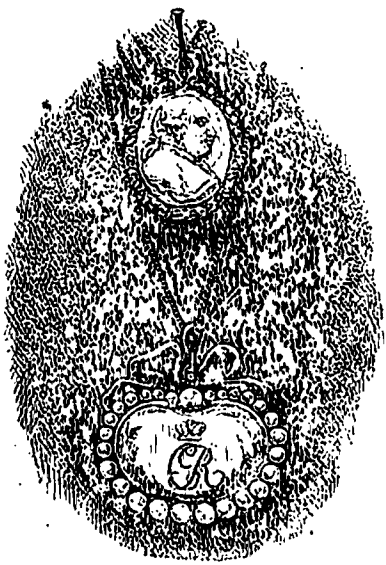

LOCKET, WITH HAIR OF QUEEN CHARLOTTE, AND CAMEO OF KING GEORGE III.
GIVEN BY THEIR MAJESTIES TO MRS. DELANY.

Joseph Brown sc.

MARY GRANVILLE.

(Mrs Delany.)

From an original Portrait by Opie
in the possession of the Rt Hon.ble Lady Llanover

THE

# AUTOBIOGRAPHY

# AND CORRESPONDENCE

OF

# MARY GRANVILLE,

## MRS. DELANY:

WITH INTERESTING REMINISCENCES OF

## KING GEORGE THE THIRD AND QUEEN CHARLOTTE.

EDITED

BY THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

LADY LLANOVER.

THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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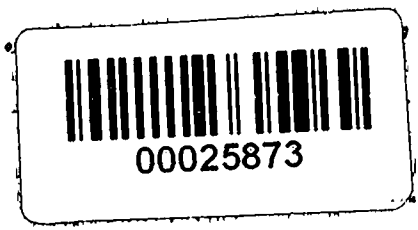


LONDON: PRINTED BY W. CLOWES AND SONS, STAMFORD STREET.

This Work

IS DEDICATED TO

THE LORD LLANOVER,

BY

HIS WIFE;

WHO WAS ENCOURAGED IN ITS COMMENCEMENT BY

HIS SYMPATHY, AND AIDED IN ITS PROGRESS

BY HIS APPROBATION.

# INTRODUCTION.

MARY GRANVILLE was the eldest daughter of Bernard Granville, son of Bernard, the second surviving son of the celebrated Sir Bevil Granville. At different periods Mary Granville had commenced a history of her own recollections, of which two unfinished MSS. still exist. They contain many interesting particulars of her early days, with which, and numerous letters written by herself through a long course of years addressed to her relations and friends, the materials for a very complete record of her life and times have been supplied. The autobiographical fragment which forms the commencement of the present Volume relates to her origin and earliest days, though it appears to have been written in the latter years of her life, as it was dictated to a confidential amanuensis, but the series of letters which form the *second* autobiographical MSS. were addressed

to her most intimate friend, the Duchess of Portland (Margaret Cavendish Harley). The original MS. is in the handwriting of Mrs. Delany, and is dated 1740, but it is evident that it was continued during successive years, and to render the chain of events more complete the original letters of her uncle (George Lord Lansdown) and other relations are introduced in the course of her own biographical narrative, with those of Mary Granville herself to her mother and sister, after her first marriage, and in their proper order of dates when written during the period to which her own history relates.

It may be necessary to remind those who do not recollect the style of writing of the 18th century (especially the early part of it), that many peculiarities which would now be considered as grammatical inaccuracies were then sanctioned by Pope and Addison, in whose most elaborate compositions "*you was*" may be found, as well as in the correspondence of Horace Walpole. The Editor has preserved the phraseology of the letters contained in this work, by which means the superiority of the style of Mary Granville can be measured by comparison with the greater part of her contemporaries in her own class, and although it must be admitted she was not only the favourite niece, but

almost the pupil of George Lord Lansdown, yet she married so early that she was separated from him at an age when even in these days the epistolary style of young ladies is generally very faulty and unformed.

The object of the Editor in publishing this Work is to give a true account of a person whose name as "Mrs. Delany" is still revered, and has been so for more than a hundred years, but of whom very little beyond that name is now remembered. Had nothing ever been published about Mrs. Delany it is probable that her autobiography and the correspondence contained in these volumes would never have seen the light; but as notices of her have appeared, both in this and the last century, which gave an erroneous impression, the Editor felt that as the descendant of her only sister, Ann Granville, it was a duty to her memory to give these MSS. to the world, the simplicity of which, together with the fact of their never having been intended for public perusal, will disarm the severity of criticism.

It is an extraordinary fact that the name of a private individual, who always shunned publicity, should have been hallowed and remembered for more than a hundred years, but it is still more extraordinary that so many proofs of her remarkable talents, industry, and ingenuity,

should have been sacredly preserved to this day to her honour.

The life of Mrs. Delany is interesting in itself from the gradual development of her own character, and the evident self-improvement which is clearly to be traced as perceptibly increasing, until that combination of virtues and talents was matured which rendered her for so many years worthy of the notice and confidence with which she was honoured to the day of her death by their late Majesties George the Third and Queen Charlotte.

*December*, 1860.

# ADDITIONAL PREFACE

TO

## THE COMPLETE WORK.

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The passage from Rutilius, which was cited at the foot of the page in my original preface, as the key-note to the ensuing history, has just been introduced with a similar view by M. Amedée Thierry, at the commencement of his latest work, the *Tableau de l'Empire Romain.* "Cette belle pensée," he remarks, "exprimée en si beaux vers par un poëte Gaulois du cinquième siècle. . . . . m'a inspirée le plan de ce livre. Remontant à l'association des compagnons de Romulus dans l'asile des bords du Tibre, j'ai suivi pas à pas la construction de Rome latine, italienne, puis universelle, jusqu'au jour où toutes les nations civilisées et une partie des nations barbares étant réunies sous le même sceptre, il n'y eût plus dans l'ancienne monde qu'une seule cité, en travail d'un monde nouveau. De tous les points de vue de l'histoire romaine, celui-là m'a paru tout à la fois le plus élevé et le plus vrai." I could not express more plainly the idea with which I conceived the plan of this work, which embraces a portion only of the history of Rome, and as now completed, a smaller portion than I at first,

perhaps too lightly, contemplated. Of the reasons which have induced me to terminate my labours with the death of M. Aurelius, I have spoken at the conclusion of the final chapter. But, while I allow the preface to my first volumes, which held out larger expectations, to stand, I will take the opportunity of issuing an edition of the complete work, to speak somewhat more particularly of the object with which it was undertaken.

M. Thierry remarks very truly that every people has two histories,—the one interior, national and domestic, the other exterior. The former he goes on to describe as the history of its laws and institutions, and its political changes,—in one word, of its action upon itself; the latter he refers to the action of the people upon others, and the part it may claim in influencing the common destinies of the world. Of these two histories the first cannot, of course, be fully written till the people has reached the term of its political individuality, neither can the second be written till the farthest effect of its influence can be traced and estimated. There are none of the modern nations of Europe of which even the first of these histories can yet be recounted, still less the second. The political institutions of England, France, and Germany are still in action and progress, while their ultimate effect on the destinies of mankind is lost in an unfathomable future. The great interest of Greek and Roman history consists in this, that we can trace them with singular completeness in both these respects.

The interior, or active political history of the Greeks ceases with the subjugation of their country by Alexander, or at least by the Romans; but it is from this very point that the history of their exterior influence may be said almost to commence. From this period we begin to learn how important a part the little corner of Europe, which gave birth to art and science, to politics and philosophy, was really destined to play in human affairs. The struggles of the Persian and Peloponnesian wars, the siege of Syracuse, the battle of Chæronea, sink into insignificance beside the moral revolutions effected by Plato and Aristotle, by the Sophists and the Rhetoricians, by the poets and painters, the architects and sculptors, by the early converts of Paul and Polycarp, by the fathers of the Christian Church, the Clements, Origens, and Chrysostoms. The internal and political history of Greece has exercised the pens of some of the most accomplished writers of our own day, as well as of earlier generations; but, strange to say, they have uniformly stopped at the conquest of Greece by the Macedonians or the Romans, and the subversion of her political independence, without regarding the far more interesting history of her moral influence from that moment commencing. I know of no work, in any language, on what has always seemed to me the noblest of all historical subjects, the action of Grecian ideas upon the East and the West, — upon the Egyptians, the Persians, and the Jews on the one hand, and upon the Romans on

the other, — in the development of modern philosophy and religion, as well as of art and science. To trace these causes to their latest effects would be indeed a task of enormous scope and variety; but a history of the *Greeks*, or of the *Greeks* under the Roman Empire, as distinguished from the narrow and familiar *curriculum* of the "history of *Greece*," might not have been too unwieldy for the comprehensive grasp of some of our recent historians.

Roman history presents a nearly similar division of subject and interest with the Grecian, and doubtless it may be written with almost equal completeness in both its branches. The active life of the Romans was comprehended in the series of their conquests, and our writers have generally been content with tracing it to the period when these conquests having arrived substantially at their greatest extension, and the free action of political ideas having been sacrificed to them, the internal history of the people reaches its termination. With the subjugation of the Eastern provinces, or with the civil wars which followed, and the establishment of a despotic monarchy, the interest of domestic affairs at Rome languishes or ceases; and comparatively little attention has been paid to the new interest which now begins to attach to her influence on the world around her and beneath her. I have always felt how sharp a line is here drawn between the history of Roman action and the history of Roman ideas; between the history of arms and the

history of civilization. This distinction I have sought to mark by designating the work on which I have myself engaged as the history of the *Romans*, rather than of Rome. On reviewing, indeed, what I have written, and admitting the painful consciousness of how far it falls short in scope and comprehensiveness of the idea which has from the first been present to me, I must acknowledge that I have done no more than lay the foundations of such a history of the Romans under the Empire, of their ideas and moral principles, their habits and institutions, as might, and no doubt will one day, be elaborated. The civilization of the Romans is, indeed, very closely bound up with that of the Greeks, and to many may appear to be merely subordinate to it. But both deserve to be studied and portrayed apart as well as together. It will be generally conceded that the ideas and institutions of modern Europe are derived by more direct filiation from those of Rome than of Greece; and while both the Roman and the Grecian seem, in their time, and perhaps simultaneously, to have pervaded the whole sphere of the civilized world of antiquity, I confess that my own imagination is most powerfully excited by the visible connexion between moral influence and material authority which is presented, to an extent never realized before or since, by the phenomenon of the Roman Empire.

The portion of Roman history which I have ventured to illustrate derives another interest, in

my eyes, from the completeness of the gallery of national portraits which it exhibits. From Catulus and Lucullus to M. Aurelius, the series may be said to be entire. There is not one, perhaps, of the whole number of statesmen and warriors who fills an important place in the period, whose moral lineaments are not preserved for us in vivid relief by our remaining historians and biographers. And to these political celebrities may be added a list, hardly less complete, of men of letters, in whose works, still preserved, we may trace a clear impress of their social habits and intellectual training. We may picture to ourselves the characters of Virgil and Horace, Lucan and Seneca, Tacitus, Juvenal, and the elder and younger Pliny, almost as accurately as those of Cæsar and Pompeius, Augustus and Tiberius. It is only by knowing the leading minds of an age that we can truly gauge the spirit of the age itself; and in this respect we have, I think, as good means of throwing ourselves into the epoch of Augustus and of Trajan as of almost any modern period prior to our own generation, and that of our immediate predecessors. Assuredly we have no such advantages for studying the character of any other portion of antiquity. Such are the grounds on which I have thought that an account of the Romans under the Empire might be a welcome addition to the stores of English literature.

LAWFORD: *August*, 1862.

# AUTOBIOGRAPHY

AND

# CORRESPONDENCE.

## CHAPTER I.

### FROM THE BIRTH OF MARY GRANVILLE TO HER FIRST MARRIAGE. 1700—1717.

I WAS born in the year 1700,[1] at a small country-house of my father's at Coulston, in Wiltshire. My father was grandson of Sir Bevil Granville, who was killed on Lansdown, in the year 1643, fighting for his king and country. A monument was erected on the spot, recording his loyalty, his valour, and his death. At the very moment he was slain, he had the patent for the Earldom of Bath in his pocket, with a letter from King Charles I. acknowledging his services. This letter is still in the family. He left sons, the eldest of whom, John, took up the title at the time of the Restoration, and his sisters were allowed to rank as Earl's daughters. Bernard,[2] my grandfather, the youngest

[1] May 14th.—This fragment was dictated by Mary Granville.

[2] Bernard Granville, next brother to John, 1st Earl of Bath, married Ann, only child and heir of Cuthbert Morley, of Cleveland, in the county of York, Esq., and of his wife, the Lady Catharine Leek, daughter to Francis, Earl of Scarsdale, she was therefore "*the maternal grand-daughter of the Earl of Scarsdale.*"

son of Sir Bevil, was the messenger to Charles II. of the joyful tidings that he might return to his kingdom in safety. He was made Groom of the Bedchamber at the Restoration, married Miss Morley, maternal granddaughter of the Earl of Scarsdale, and had three sons and two daughters.

My uncle, Sir Bevil, the eldest son, was Governor of Barbadoes, and died in his passage home; George, the second, was created Lord Lansdown, by Queen Anne, and my father, Bernard, the youngest, married a daughter of Sir Martin Westcomb, Consul of Cadiz. My aunt, Ann, the eldest daughter, was Maid of Honour to Queen Mary, after whose death she married Sir John Stanley.[1] King William, who bestowed the usual addition to the Maid of Honour's portion, granted her the apartments in Whitehall which were afterwards the Duke of Dorset's. Sir John was at that time Secretary to the Lord Chamberlain, Duke of Shrewsbury.

Elizabeth, the youngest daughter, died unmarried.

At six years old I was placed under the care of a Madlle. Puelle, a refugee of a very respectable character, and well qualified for her business. She undertook but twenty scholars at a time, among whom were Lady Catherine Knollys, daughter to the Earl of Banbury, and great aunt to the present Lord; Miss Halsey, daughter to a very considerable brewer, and afterwards married to Lord Temple, Earl of Cobham; Lady Jane Douglas,

[1] In the List of Baronets appended to the sixth edition of Gwillym's "Display of Heraldry," 1724, and under the head "Anno Domini, 1699," and "Regis Guil. 3. 11." stands "April 14, John Stanley, of Grange Gormon, in the kingdom of Ireland, Esq. Argent, on a Bend Azure, 3 Bucks' heads caboched, Or."

daughter of the Duke of Douglas, and mother to the present Mr. Douglas, whose remarkable story in the dispute of his birth,[1] is well known; and Miss Dye Bertie, a daughter of Mrs. Oldfield, the actress, who after leaving school, was the *pink of fashion* in the beau monde, and married a nobleman.

At eight years old my Aunt Stanley took me to live with her and Sir John Stanley at Whitehall. I quitted my good and kind mistress with great sorrow, as well as Lady Jane Douglas (whose regard for me made her delight in all my little occupations; she would pick up the little flowers and birds I was fond of cutting out in paper, and pin them carefully to her gown or apron, that she might not tear them by putting them in her pocket; and I have heard of her preserving them many years after). She kept a partial remembrance of our early affection to the end of her life, though I never saw her from the moment of leaving school; but I received numberless proofs of her regard by messages and enquiries which were sent to me by every opportunity she could meet with.

At the same time London not agreeing with the health of my mother, my father settled himself and his family, consisting of two sons and a daughter, at Little

[1] Archibald, last Duke of Douglas, died in the year 1761. In right of a lineal descent from the Duke's paternal ancestors, James George Hamilton, 7th Duke of Hamilton, succeeded to the titles of Marquis of Douglas and Earl of Angus on the death of the Duke of Douglas; Lady Jane Douglas, sister of Duke Archibald, was sole heir to his fortune. She m. Sir John Stewart, of Grandtully, Bart., and had twin sons who were born at Paris, July 10, 1748. Sholto died young,—Archibald succeeded to the estates of the Duke of Douglas, assumed his name and arms, and in 1771, married Lucy, only daughter of William Graham, 2nd Duke of Montrose, and in July, 1780, was created Baron Douglas. The Hamilton family impugned his birth, and laid claim to the Douglas property.

Chelsea. My uncle and aunt, though very kind to me, were too grave and serious to supply the place of the companions I had left. But I soon formed new connections that helped to cheer me for those I had lost. The fine Gothic gate which divided Whitehall, commonly called the Cockpit, from King Street, was inhabited by Hyde, Earl of Rochester, younger brother of the Earl of Clarendon, and second son to the great Chancellor. Lord Hyde, the Earl of Rochester's eldest son, married Miss Lewson, daughter of Lord Gower, and granddaughter of Sir Bevil Granville, and they and their large family at this time all lived with Lord Rochester;[1] where I soon grew into great intimacy with my young cousins. But chiefly my acquaintance was with Miss Catherine, afterwards the celebrated Duchess of Queensbury, who was exactly of my own age, and whose wit, beauty, and oddities made her from her early years when she was 'Kitty beautiful and young' to the end of a long life, a general object of animadversion, censure and admiration. Another of my earliest connections, from inclination, was with Miss Judith Titchburne,[2] a niece of Sir John Stanley's brother's wife, who was one year younger than myself. She was very pretty, tall, and of a good figure, and very sensible and agreeable, though so shy and bashful that she by no means did herself justice.

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[1] Jane, youngest daughter of Sir William Leveson Gower, and of his wife the Lady Jane Granville, (eldest daughter of John Granville, 1st Earl of Bath;) married Henry Hyde, 2nd Earl of Rochester, who became 4th Earl of Clarendon by the death of his cousin, the 3rd Earl, in 1723. In him both Earldoms became extinct.

[2] Daughter and co-heiress of Benjamin Tichbourne, Esq. She married Charles, 3rd Earl of Sunderland, in 1717; became a widow in April 1722; and married the Rt. Hon. Sir Robert Sutton, K.B., in 1725.

During my residence at Sir John Stanley's, there happened the very remarkable attack upon the life of my Lord Oxford,[1] by Guiscard. This man had already been taken up as a spy and sent to the Tower, from whence he was brought to the Council to be examined. When he came into the anti-chamber, where the clerks were in waiting, his hands, which had been muffled, were untied; and he then contrived to seize a penknife, which he concealed till he was brought up to the Lords to be examined. He then suddenly stabbed the Earl of Oxford, and had not the blow been lessened by the thickness of the coat-sleeve, it would have been a fatal stroke: the blade came against one of his ribs, which broke it in two. In that state the knife is now preserved in the family.

In the year 10 I first saw Mr. Handel, who was

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[1] This occurred on the 8th of March, 1711; the Rt. Hon. Robert Harley, afterwards 1st Earl of Oxford, being then Chancellor of the Exchequer. Sir Robert Harley, 1st Earl of Oxford and Mortimer, was successively Speaker of the House of Commons, Secretary of State, and Chancellor of the Exchequer under Queen Anne. On the accession of George I., in 1714, he and his party fell into disgrace. Many of them were impeached for high treason, and fled the country, but the Earl of Oxford, after the passing of a bill of attainder against him, stood his ground, and was committed to the Tower in June 1715. After two years' imprisonment, he was brought to his trial in Westminster Hall. None of his accusers appeared against him, and he was dismissed. The rest of his life was spent in privacy, and he died in 1724. He was twice married, first to Elizabeth, sister of Thomas, 1st Lord Foley, and second to Sarah, daughter of Thomas Middleton, Esq.

Edward, 2nd Earl of Oxford, was the son of the 1st Earl by his first marriage. The date of his birth is *not* given either by Debrett or Burke, but it must have been been about the year 1690. He collected the Harleian MSS., which after his decease were purchased by Government for the British Museum. He married, in 1713, Henrietta Cavendish Holles, the only child and heir of John Holles, last Duke of Newcastle, of that family. Edward, 2nd Earl of Oxford, had only one child, Margaret Cavendish, born in 1714, and married in 1734, to William, 2nd Duke of Portland: she was the heiress of her mother's property. Her father's titles descended to his cousin, Edward Harley, 3rd Earl of Oxford, who married, in 1725, Martha, daughter of John Morgan, of Tredegar, Esq.

introduced to my uncle Stanley by Mr. Heidegger, the famous manager of the opera, and the most ugly man that ever was formed.[1] We had no better instrument in the house than a little spinnet of mine, on which that great musician performed wonders. I was much struck with his playing, but struck as a child, not a judge, for the moment he was gone, I seated myself to my instrument, and played the best lesson I had then learnt; my uncle archly asked me whether I thought I should ever play as well as Mr. Handel. 'If I did not think I should,' cried I, 'I would burn my instrument!' such was the innocent presumption of childish ignorance.

Here ends this Fragment, which was probably written by Mrs. Delany, in her latter years, with the intention of completing a private record of her life for her own family.

The following letters written by Mary Granville (Mrs. Delany), contain her own recollections of a great part of her life, the extraordinary accuracy of which may be judged by the corroboration of other letters to and from her family, which are introduced where they are contemporaneous, but which Mrs. Delany did not herself collect, or consequently refer to. These letters were addressed to her intimate friend Margaret Cavendish

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[1] Heidegger's term as principal lessee of the Haymarket Theatre terminated in 1734, and his partnership with Handel then ceased. A curious anecdote of Heidegger is mentioned in Schœlcher's Life of Handel—James Heidegger, commonly called the 'Swiss' Count.' He was said to be the ugliest man of his time, and his portrait, in that character, was engraved at least ten or twelve times. Lord Chesterfield laid a wager that it was impossible to discover a human being so disgraced by nature. After having searched through the town, a hideous old woman was found, but it was agreed that Heidegger was handsomer, but as Heidegger was pluming himself upon his victory, Chesterfield required that he should put on the old woman's bonnet; thus attired, the Swiss Count appeared horribly ugly, and Chesterfield was unanimously declared the winner, amid thunders of applause.

Harley, Duchess of Portland. The persons mentioned are designated by fictitious names, the key to which was given by Mrs. Delany on a separate sheet of paper, each name having a letter of the alphabet which corresponded with those on the key; but to save trouble the names given by herself are here printed in italics to distinguish them from the Editor's notes.

## LETTER I.

### AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

*Letters to my dear Friend, begun in the year* 1740.

The task you have set me, my dearest Maria,[1] is a very hard one, and nothing but the complying with the earnest request from so tender a friend, could prevail with me to undertake it. You are *so well* acquainted with my family, that it is unnecessary for me to inform you of the ebbs and flows that have attended it for many years; in the most prosperous time of our fortune you were not born.

The death of Queen Anne[2] made a considerable alteration in our affairs: we were of the discontented party, and not without reason; not only my father, but all my relations that were in public employments, suffered greatly by this change. My father being a younger brother, his chief dependance was on the favour of the Court and his brother's friendship; the first being withdrawn, he had recourse to the latter, and was offered by

[1] The real Christian name of the Duchess of Portland was Margaret, but it was the fashion of the time for friends to be known amongst each other by fictitious appellations.

[2] Queen Anne died August 1, 1714.

him a retreat in the country, and an addition to the small remains of his fortune; he retired with my mother my sister and myself. Anna[1] (my sister's name), who was then a little girl, too young to consider how much such a retirement might prove to her disadvantage, was delighted with a new scene.

I was then fifteen years of age, had been brought up under the care of my aunt Valeria,[2] a woman of extraordinary sense, remarkably well-bred and agreeable, who had been Maid of Honour to Queen Mary,[3] was particularly favoured and distinguished by her, and early attained all the advantages of such an education under so great and excellent a princess, without the least taint or blemish incident to that state of life, so dangerous to young minds. Her penetration made her betimes observe an impetuosity in my temper, which made her judge it necessary to moderate it by mortifying my spirit, lest it should grow too lively and unruly for my reason. I own I often found it rebellious, and could ill bear the frequent checks I met with, which I too easily interpreted into indignities, and have not been able wholly to reconcile to any other character from that day to this; nevertheless, the train of mortifications that I have met with since, convince me it was happy for me to have been early inured to disappointments and vexations.

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[1] Ann Granville.

[2] *Lady Stanley.* Ann, eldest daughter of Bernard Granville, Master of the Horse to King Charles II., married Sir John Stanley, Baronet, of Grange Gormon, Ireland.

[3] The seal given by Queen Mary to Ann Granville (afterwards Lady Stanley), is still preserved in the family. It has the head of Minerva in a helmet, engraved on an amethyst, with the crown and M. in the corner, also a motto round it, which unfortunately has become illegible from use and having been cut in the part of the stone which projected beyond the gold setting.

Valeria was very fond of me, but too generous to deprive my father and mother of what they might think a comfort in their retirement; so upon their going into the country, I quitted her and went with them.

My eldest brother was then at the academy, and my youngest at a public school; but I can tell you no particulars relating to them but as they are mixed with my own life; for I begin already to tremble at the tediousness of these letters. I must take breath, and next post will pursue my subject. I hope you will consider how much your patience must suffer, repent of your commands, and release me from my engagement.

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EXPLANATIONS BY MRS. DELANY APPENDED TO THIS LETTER.

Alcander[1] the year after the accession of George I. was sent to the Tower, at the same time with Lord Oxford. My father, who then resided in Poland-street, upon this change in the affairs of his family determined upon retiring into the country. He ordered two carriages to be at his door at six o'clock, and gave a charge to all his people not to mention his design, as he did not wish to take a solemn leave of his friends upon an absence of such uncertain duration. The man from whom the horses were hired, and who proved to be a spy, immediately, in hopes of a reward, gave information at the Secretary of State's Office of these private orders, affirming that it was his belief the Colonel and his family were going secretly out of the kingdom. I was sleeping in the same bed with my sister, when I was suddenly awakened by a disturbance in my room. My first idea was of being called to rise early, in order to sit for my picture, which was then painting for my father, but the moment I looked round me, I saw two soldiers standing by the bedside with guns in their

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[1] *George, Lord Lansdowne.*

hands. I shrieked with terror, and started up in my bed. "Come, Misses," cried one of the men, "make haste and get up for you are going to Lord Townshend's"[1] (then Secretary of State).

I cried violently: they desired me not to be frightened. My mother's maid was with difficulty admitted into the room to dress us. My little sister, then but nine years' old, had conceived no terror from this intrusion, but when the maid was going to put on her frock, called out, "No, no, I won't wear my frock, I must have my bib and apron; I am going to Lord Townshend's."

When we were dressed, we were carried to my father and mother, whom we found surrounded by officers and messengers; two of each and sixteen soldiers being employed in and about the house. My father was extremely shocked by this scene, but supported himself with the utmost composure and magnanimity; his chief care being to calm and comfort my mother, who was greatly terrified, and fell into hysteric fits one after another.

Here, before any removal could take place, while we were in the midst of our distress and alarm, my aunt Valeria forced her way into the room. Intelligence having reached her, by means of one of my father's servants, of the situation we were in, she instantly came, but was refused admittance. She was not, however, to be denied; she told the officers that she would be answerable for everything to Lord Townshend, and insisted on passing, with a courage and firmness that conquered their opposition. I can never forget her meeting with my father; she loved him with the extremest affection, and could never part from him, even for a short absence, without tears; they embraced one another with the most tender sadness, and she was extremely good in consoling my poor mother. She entreated that the messengers would at least suffer her to convey them to their confinement herself in her own coach, but this they peremptorily refused. She then protested she would positively be responsible for carrying her two young nieces to her own house, instead of seeing them conveyed to the messenger's, and in this point she con-

[1] Charles, 2nd Viscount Townshend.

quered, and being forced to separate from my father, she had us both put into her coach, and carried us to Whitehall.

Valeria had a very particular attachment to a young woman who attended her person, she was her god-daughter, and daughter to a governess that had lived with her till she married Sebastian. She was of a very good family in France and married to a general officer, by whom she had this child, but he was a very libertine man, and soon reduced her circumstances to oblige her to seek for a maintenance in a much lower style, upon which she quitted France and was recommended to my grandmother Granville, who placed her about my aunt. Her ill health obliged her to leave her service soon after my aunt married, but she left her daughter under her protection. The girl was then fifteen, about three years before my aunt took me from school, at which time I was eight years' old. Miss Tellier was sensible, ingenious, and very well in her appearance; perfectly mistress of French, and she behaved herself with great affection towards her benefactress, whose great partiality and indulgence to her made her expect more than she had a right to claim. She soon grew jealous of the increasing kindness *I* met with, both from my uncle and aunt, and was a strong instance how dangerous it is to the best dispositions to be too much occupied with an opinion of their own merits, for this carried her so far as to make her wish I should be removed.

She began with insinuations to my aunt to my disadvantage, as I found by my aunt's alteration in her behaviour to me. I was a lively, merry child, but I do not recollect I was mischievous, and always very fond of those that showed me any kindness. Miss Tellier fell into an ill state of health, and attributed it to a blow I had given her upon her breast, which might have happened in my sleep, as I was always her bed-fellow, but I am sure not intentionally, as I was not of a revengeful nature. But this unhappy turn in her disposition towards me occasioned me much sorrow, for as I loved my aunt with warm affection every mark of her displeasure made me miserable, therefore I was not sorry when my father and mother took me home. I never uttered a word of this affair to them. Miss Tellier soon recovered her health

and I was always received very kindly when sent to pay my duty there. I must in justice to the memory of poor Miss T. assure you that in the latter part of her life she made me all the amends in her power for the injury she had done me. She was convinced in her own mind that I had not deserved it, and for some years before her death she did me and my brother every good office in her power with my uncle and aunt, and at her death left me many valuable presents that she had received from Valeria; indeed divided between my brother, sister, and myself, all she was worth.

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## LETTER II.

### AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

I am very sorry I can't prevail with you to let me be silent; *you* will be the sufferer, but since you are obstinate, you deserve the punishment. At the age I was when I left the fine world (as I then thought it), I may own, without fear of much reproach, I left it with great regret. I had been brought up with the expectation of being Maid of Honour. I had been at one play and one opera, and thought the poet's description ofthe Elysium fields nothing to the delights of those entertainments; I lamented the loss of my young companions, and the universal gaiety I parted with when I left London. I often repeated Mr. Pope's verses to a young lady on her leaving the town after the coronation;[1] and to make the change appear still more gloomy, all this I quitted in November, travelled five days through miserable roads, and in a few days after our arrival at the Farm[2] (the name of the house we went to), were blocked up from all intercourse with our neighbours, by as severe a

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[1] Epistle v. addressed to Miss Martha Blount, and dated 1715.

[2] *Buckland, near Campden, Gloucestershire.* "The Farm" was a fictitious name.

frost as was ever known in England, which prevented company from coming to us, or our going abroad. At that time I thought it a loss, though my father's excellent temper, great cheerfulness, and uncommon good humour made him exert himself for our entertainment at home; and as I loved him excessively, and admired everything he said and did, I should soon have found consolation from his engaging manners, but the dejectedness of my mother's spirits, occasioned by the disappointments my father had met with in his fortune, and the not being able to give her children all the advantages in their education she wished to do, made her unable to support herself, and often affected her to so great a degree, as to prejudice her health: this hurt my father, and I felt it on a double account.

Three months passed in this place, without any variety of company or employments. I was kept to my stated hours for practising music, reading, writing and French, and after that I was expected to sit down to work. My father generally read to us; in the evening I was called upon to make up a party at whist with my father and mother and the minister of the parish.[1] Fortunately this man was of a most particular character, an original, and

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[1] *Mr. Tucker.* The Rev. Tretheway Tooker was instituted to the Rectory of Buckland in 1714, by the guardians of Thomas Thynne, Esq. He was succeeded in 1746 by the Rev. John Martin. There are portraits of the Rev. John Martin, of Buckland, and of his wife, at a house in Wellersey. The old rectory was built by William Grafton, the rector, who was instituted by the Abbot of Gloucester in 1515. There is an engraving of it in Lyson's Gloucestershire Antiquities, and also one of the three compartments of painted glass in the east window of the Church, representing three of the Roman Sacraments. There is some painted glass also in the rectory hall, and the rebus of Wm. Grafton, "a graft issuing out of a tun."—*Letter from Sir Thomas Philipps, Bart., of Middle Hill, near Broadway, Worcestershire.* 1860.

entertained us extremely with his extravagant notions. He never appeared to so little advantage as in the pulpit, and as compânion a grazier's coat would have become him better than the clergyman's habit: he had a sort of droll wit and repartee that was diverting, but would have been more so, had it not been somewhat out of character and unbecoming the dignity of his profession, which though not inconsistent with cheerfulness and innocent mirth (but rather embellished by it), loses its polish if sullied with the least buffoonery. He said he had a Familiar that attended him, that he often appeared to him at home and abroad; warned him against danger, and advised him how to conduct himself in all exigencies. As much as I remember of Tranio's conduct, I think it did not do much honour to his Familiar.

This was our chief entertainment till Roberto, a young gentleman, came into the neighbourhood, who was driven tos helter there by some hot-headed, misguided zealots.[1] Their chief betrayed them, and Roberto was obliged to seek for refuge at Tranio's, who had formerly been a great friend of his father's. He was twenty-two, tall, handsome, lively and good-humored: he did not want for sense, his understanding not much improved, his education that of a country squire, his goodnature and desire of obliging made up for a want of acquired politeness, and prevented his doing anything rude and impertinent. He was soon introduced into our family. The first Sunday after he came he met us all at church, and my father asked him to eat beef and pudding with his landlord: he came the next day—he came again. He pleased my father extremely, they grew so fond of each

[1] *Sir Wm. Windham at their head.*

other that by degrees "The Farm" was his home, and my mother was very glad to encourage his visits, as she found they gave my father so much pleasure. The winter, or rather spring, passed on tolerably well, the days brightened and lengthened, and we had compliments and visits from all our neighbours. In March Roberto left us to return home, all things being quiet in the country at that time, but he promised my father he would come and make him a visit the latter end of the year.

I took great delight in a closet I had, which was furnished with little drawings and cut paper of my own doing; I had a desk and shelves for my books.

About this time I contracted a friendship with Sappho,[1] a clergyman's daughter in the neighbourhood, a girl of my own age. She had an uncommon genius and intrepid spirit, which though really innocent, alarmed my father, and made him uneasy at my great attachment to her. He loved gentleness and reserve in the behaviour of women, and could not bear anything that had the appearance of being too free and masculine; but as I was convinced of her innocence, I saw no fault in Miss Kirkham. She entertained me with her wit, and she flattered me with her approbation, but by the improve-

[1] Sarah, daughter of the Rev. Lionel Kirkham, was born in 1699; she married the Rev. John Capon in 1725. In the register-book of the parish of Stanton, Gloucestershire, in which her birth, baptism, and marriage, and the birth and baptism of her five children, and the death of some of them, are entered, the name is invariably spelt Capon, but in the entry of her burial, Feb. 24, 1764, she is called "Sarah, widow of John *Chapone*." It is probable that the family was originally French, that it was once *Chapon*, but was corrupted into *Capon*, and that the *h* was restored by the above Sarah Capon, with the addition of an *e*, which in those days seemed to be used at pleasure, and added or left out at the end of names by the owners themselves at different periods of their lives.

ments she has since made, I see she was not, at my first acquaintance, the perfect creature I thought her then. We wrote to one another every day, and met in the fields between our fathers' houses as often as we had an opportunity, thought that day tedious that we did not meet, and had many stolen interviews. Her extraordinary understanding, lively imagination and humane disposition, which soon became conspicuous, at last reconciled my father to her, and he never after debarred me the pleasure of seeing her, when it was convenient we should meet. My sister was at this time a plaything to us, and often offended at our whispers and mysterious talk.

'Tis time to break off, my friend, adieu.

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EXPLANATIONS BY MRS. DELANY ON THIS LETTER.

Queen Ann had set me down for maid of honour with her own hand, and given her promise to my father.

The *Play*. The Lancashire Witches.

The *Opera*. Hydaspes, in which Nicolini fights with a lion—remarkable equally for his very fine voice and very fine action.

I also saw Powell's famous puppet show, in which Punch fought with a pig in burlesque, in imitation of Nicolini's battle with the lion. My Lord Bolingbroke was of the party, and made me sit upon his lap to see it. The rest of the company were my father, my uncle Granville,[1] Sir John Stanley, Vice-Chamberlain Cooke, Mr. W. Collier, my mother and Lady Stanley, and Mrs. Betty Granville.

Among my young companions was my Lord Clarendon's

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[1] Probably Sir Bevil Granville, eldest brother of Lord Lansdown. He was governor of Barbadoes, and died in the year 1716.

daughter, Lady Catherine Hyde,[1] afterwards Duchess of Queensborough.

The first day's journey to *the Farm* was only Uxbridge, though we travelled in a coach and six.

The minister of the parish was Mr. Tucker.

Roberto, Mr. Twyford.

Sappho, Mrs. Chapone, mother-in-law to the author of Letters on the Improvement of the Mind.

*The Farm*[2] is near Broadway, in Gloucestershire.

The Vale of Evesham.

Sir William Windham, who had gained over a great many young men in his neighbourhood to be of his party in favour of the Pretender, appointed a day to meet in order to consult how they should pursue their scheme. Accordingly they assembled (I think the number was about thirty) full of youthful fire, to proceed on this expedition, when an express came from Sir Wm. Windham to inform them that he had surrendered his person to the government, and begged they would consider their own safety; upon which, after many imprecations, urged by their resentment for what they called his treachery, they dispersed several ways to their particular friends.

## LETTER III.

### AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

As much as the vanity of my heart suffered by leaving the court, assembly, play, &c., the country grew pleasant to me as soon as the weather permitted me to consider its beauties. The Farm is a low house, with very good, convenient room in it, the outside entirely covered with

[1] Daughter of Henry, Earl of Clarendon and Rochester. She married, March 10th, 1720, Charles, 3rd Duke of Queensbury and 2nd Duke of Dover. Her two sons, who were successively Earls of Drumlanrig, lived to manhood, but died before their parents. The Duchess died in 1777—the Duke in 1778.

[2] Buckland.

laurel, the inside neat furnished with home spun stuff, adorned with fine China and prints. The front of the house faces the finest vale in England, the Vale of Evesham, of which there is a very advantageous view from every window: the back part of the house is shaded by a very high hill which rises gradually; between lies the garden, a small spot of ground, but well stocked with fruit and flowers. Nothing could be more fragrant and rural: the sheep and cows came bleating and lowing to the pales of the garden. At some distance on the left hand was a rookery; on the right a little clear brook run winding through a copse of young elms (the resort of many warbling birds), and fell with a cascade into the garden, completing the concert. In the midst of that copse was an arbour with a bench, which I often visited, and I think it was impossible not to be pleased with so many natural beauties and delights as I there beheld and enjoyed around me.

But this innocent, uniform, still life was not to last. At the end of the year, Roberto returned according to his promise; he was invited to the Farm, and accepted very readily the invitation. I found his behaviour not at all the same as it used to be; he was often silent and thoughtful. When I came down in a morning to practise my harpsichord, as was my constant custom till the family met at breakfast, which was about nine, he was always in the room, and would place himself by me whilst I played. Whenever I went to my favourite bench, if I did not find him there, he followed me immediately. This I observed, but was so young and innocent as to imagine it without design. One day he took me by the hand, as I was coming down stairs, and said "he almost

wished he had never known the family." I interpreted that very naturally—he had lived some time with us very agreeably, and was then obliged to return home to a cross father and more perverse mother, who valued herself upon being a great fortune, and living miserably to enrich her family. Roberto was the youngest of twenty children, and had only five sisters living.

After he had been a month with us my mother took notice of his being more particular in his behaviour towards me; even my little sister Anna made several observations that often made Roberto blush (which he was as apt to do as I was), and made me angry at her pertness. My mother cautioned me not to leave my room in a morning till she sent for me down, and never permitted me to walk without a servant, when she or my father could not go with me. Roberto I believe designed speaking to me first, in which being disappointed, he applied to my father, and made proposals of marriage. He told him I had no fortune, and it was very probable, for this reason, his friends would not approve of his choice; if they did he had so high an opinion of him, that he should be well pleased with his alliance; upon which Roberto returned home to try what he could do with his friends, but after some months' trial to get his parents to consent, he wrote my father word they were inexorable. This he apprehended before he went, and pressed me very much to marry him privately, but I was offended at the proposal, and desired him, if he could not gain the consent he wished to have, to think no more of me. I little thought then how fatal this disappointment would prove to him. I was very easy when the affair was over, or rather glad of it. From that time till the

September following nothing remarkable happened in our family or in the neighbourhood worth troubling my dear friend with an account of. I release you for a few posts, and then will proceed in my relation. I cannot give you a stronger proof of how entirely I am devoted to you.

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## LETTER IV.

### AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

I told you, my dear Maria, in my last letter that till the September after Roberto left us nothing new happened. I had then an invitation from my uncle, Alcander,[1] and my aunt Laura[2] to go with them to the Bath, and afterwards to spend the winter at their country seat, not very distant from it. They had been confined nearly two years, for reasons of State, in the Tower,[3] and had not been long at liberty. The invitation was a very agreeable one to me, and thought too advantageous by my father and mother to be refused. My father accompanied me himself, and delivered me into Lord Lansdown's hands, who received me with that grace and fondness so peculiar to his politeness and

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[1] *George Granville, Lord Lansdown.*

[2] "*Laura,*" *Lady Lansdown.* She was previously Lady Mary Villiers, daughter of the Earl of Jersey, and widow of Thos. Thynne, Esq., who was the son of Henry Frederick Thynne, one of the Clerks of the Privy Council, and grandson of Sir Henry Frederick Thynne, of Kempsford, Bart. Thomas Thynne, Esq., died in the year 1710, and his only child Thomas Thynne, became 2nd Viscount Weymouth in 1714, on the death of his great uncle Thomas, 1st Viscount Weymouth, eldest brother of Henry Frederick Thynne, Clerk of the Privy Council.

[3] February 8th.—The Lord Lansdown, having received his pardon, was released from his imprisonment in the Tower.—*Historical Register*, for 1717.

good-nature. No man had more the art of winning the affections where he wished to oblige. Laura and Superba[1] (a maiden sister of Alcander's, who had always lived with him) showed me great kindness. Laura was at that time about twenty-seven years of age, very handsome, and had behaved herself very well. I soon grew fond of her, and was delighted with every mark of her favour, though the pleasure I received from my uncle's distinction of me far exceeded it. I was proud of his approbation, and glad of every opportunity of conversing with him, and ingratiating myself with him. There was at that time a great deal of company in the house, and the design of going to the Bath was put off till the spring: we danced every night, and had a very good band of music in the house. Lord Lansdowne was magnificent in his nature, and valued no expense that would gratify it, which in the end hurt him and his family extremely.

I now thought my present state and future prospects as happy as this world could make them. How easily is our youth imposed upon by the gaudy show of pleasures! I soon had reason to make that reflection. My father had thoughts of returning home, well pleased at my being in such favour, but discontented with my uncle's treatment of himself, which was not what he expected. He told him that now he should lessen his income, supposing that by this time he was fallen into a method of living in the country, and did not want so large an income as at first setting out. Alcander reminded him at the same time how kind he was to his children. These were

[1] *Superba. Mrs. Elizabeth Granville.*

truths, but harsh to a generous and grateful mind, such as my father's was. He wanted no hints of the obligations he lay under to his brother, and the day before he left Lord Lansdown's house, he opened his heart to me, and talked on the subject in so moving a way, that it made a deep impression on my mind, and often after he was gone I used to walk in the gallery where we had our last conversation, and recollect it with grief of heart. I wished that I had returned with him, that I might by my duty and tender affection show him that I preferred his house and company to all the flattering views that were laid before me; but it was his pleasure I should stay.

My two aunts soon grew jealous of the great favour shown me by my uncle, and would never suffer me to spend an hour with him alone, which mortified me extremely; for though I did not pretend to much penetration or any judgment, I soon found their conversation much less instructive, as well as less entertaining than his. I had been brought up to love reading; they never read at all, or, if they did, idle books that I was not allowed to read. Alcander delighted in making me read to him, which I did every day, till the ladies grew angry at my being so much with my uncle.

About this time there came on a visit to Alcander an old friend and countryman of his, Gromio.[1] When he arrived we were at dinner: he had travelled on horseback, the day excessively rainy: he sent in his name, upon which Alcander rose from table overjoyed at his arrival, and insisted on his coming in to dinner. I expected to have seen somebody with the appearance of a gentleman,

[1] *Alexander Pendarves, Esq., of Roscrow, Cornwall.*

when the poor, old, dripping almost drowned Gromio was brought into the room, like Hob out of the well, his wig, his coat, his dirty boots, his large unwieldly person, and his crimson countenance were all subjects of great mirth and observation to me. I diverted myself at his expense several days, and was well assisted by a young gentleman,[1] brother to Laura; who had wit and malice. Gromio soon changed his first design of going away the next day, the occasion of his coming was (*it was stated*) a quarrel he had with a gentleman[2] who had married his niece; he offered to settle on him his whole estate, provided he would after his death, take his name. Bassanio (his nephew's name) proud of his family, refused to comply with that part, upon which Gromio determined to dispose of his estate, and settle quietly for the rest of his life in the country. In order to execute this design, he was going to London, and passing near Alcander's heard that the family were in the country, which determined him to make his journey one day longer by calling there. He talked of going every day, but still stayed, and I (to my great sorrow) was after some time convinced I was the cause of this delay; his behaviour was too remarkable for me not to observe it, and I could easily perceive I was the only person in the family that did not approve of it. Gromio was then near sixty, and I seventeen years of age. You may readily believe I was

[1] *The Hon. Henry Villiers*, second and youngest son of Edward, 1st Earl of Jersey. He died in 1743.

[2] *Francis Basset, of Tehidy, Esq.*, married as his second wife Mary, daughter and heiress of the Rev. John Pendarves, rector of Dunsteignton, Devonshire. She was also eventually the heiress of her father's elder brother, Alexander Pendarves, of Roscrow. The eldest son of Francis her second son, was the 1st Lord de Dunstanville.

not pleased with what I suspected. I formed an invincible aversion towards him, and everything he said or did by way of obliging me, increased that aversion. I thought him ugly and disagreeable; he was fat, much afflicted with gout, and often sat in a sullen mood, which I concluded was from the gloominess of his temper. I knew that of all men living, my uncle had the greatest opinion of, and esteem for him, and I dreaded his making a proposal of marriage, as I knew it would be accepted. In order to prevent it, I did not in the least disguise my great dislike to him; I behaved myself not only with indifference but rudeness; when I dressed, I considered what would become me least; if he came into the room when I was alone, I instantly left it, and took care to let him see I quitted it because he came there. I was often chid by my two wise aunts for this behaviour: I told them plainly he was odious to me, in hopes they would have had good-nature enough to have prevented what I foresaw; but Laura called me childish, ignorant, and silly, and that if I did not know what was for my own interest, my friends must judge for me. I passed two months with dreadful apprehensions, apprehensions too well grounded. I assure you the recollection of this part of my life makes me tremble at this day. I must relieve my spirits by concluding this letter: adieu.

The above letter suggests various reflections. The cause of the quarrel between Mr. Pendarves and his nephew Mr. Basset (both of very ancient Cornish families) will remind the reader of feuds between their Celtic kinsmen in Wales. There is, however, apparent contradiction in Mr. Pendarves' intention of selling his estates (and yet settling in the country), to punish his nephew for refusing to take his name after his death, as the punishment of such an act would appear to fall upon himself for life;—but it

may easily be supposed that if any man was sufficiently angry with another as to lose his powers of reason so far as to intend to sell the estates of his ancestors in the hope of annoying that person, that he would be quite capable of still further punishing himself, during the remainder of his life, by living in the country, after he had, by his own act, deprived himself of his principal interests there, and of his natural home; and no doubt, this is the real explanation of those intentions. It is, however, more than probable that they were partially abandoned before he arrived at Longleat, and that it was *not then* that Lord Lansdown heard of them for the *first time*; and it may reasonably be inferred that his old political ally had consulted him on the alternative of marrying, requested his advice as to an alliance, and was invited to Longleat on his way to London, for the express purpose of seeing *the* Mary Granville who was destined by Lord Lansdown for the wife of Mr. Pendarves, although she herself never knew of such intentions.

## CHAPTER II.

FROM MARY GRANVILLE'S MARRIAGE WITH ALEXANDER PENDARVES, ESQ., OF ROSCROW, TO HIS DEATH.

1717—1724-5.

### LETTER V.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

GROMIO was sometime debating with himself whether he should declare his sentiments of me or not, conscious of the great disparity of years, and often staggered (as he told me afterwards) by my behaviour; but at last a violent fit of jealousy, raised by young Vilario's[1] gallantry towards me (which I only took for very undesigning merriment), made him resolve to address himself to Alcander, and make such proposals as he thought might gain his consent. Lord Lansdown, rejoiced at an opportunity of securing to his interest by such an alliance, one of some consequence in his country, whose services he at that time wanted, readily embraced the offer and engaged for my compliance; he might have said *obedience*, for I was not entreated, but commanded. One night, at one of our concerts, all the company (I suppose by agreement) went into the room where the music was performed, which was next to the drawing-

[1] *Mr. Villiers*, second son of Edward, 1st Earl of Jersey.

room. I got up to follow them, but my uncle called me back, and desired I would bear him company, for he was lame and could not walk into the next room. My spirits foreboded what he was about to say, and when he bid me shut the door, I turned as pale as death; he took me by the hand, and after a very pathetic speech of his love and care of me, and of my father's unhappy circumstances, my own want of fortune, and the little prospect I had of being happy if I disobliged those friends that were desirous of serving me, he told me of Gromio's passion for me, and his offer of settling his whole estate on me; he then, with great art and eloquence, told me all his good qualities and vast merit, and how despicable I should be if I could refuse him because he was not young and handsome; and that if I did refuse him he should conclude my inclinations were engaged to Roberto, a name I had not heard or thought of for above half a year—a name that had never before given me much disturbance, though now it added to my distress.

How can I describe to you, my dear friend, the cruel agitation of my mind! Whilst my uncle talked to me, I did not once interrupt him; surprise, tender concern for my father, a consciousness of my own little merit, and the great abhorrence I had to Gromio, raised such a confusion of thoughts in my mind, that it deprived me of the power of utterance, and after some moments' silence I burst into tears. Alcander grew warm upon this mark of my distress, and said, "I see, Madam, you are not to be gained by merit; and if Roberto is the obstacle to my friend's happiness, and he ever dares to come to this house, I will have him dragged through

the horse-pond." Such an expression from a man of my uncle's politeness, made me tremble, for it plainly showed me how resolute and determined he was, and how vain it would be for me to urge any reasons against his resolution. With great difficulty I said I was so sensible of his goodness to me, and of the gratitude I owed him, that I would submit to his commands, but must beg leave at that time to retire, and that he would excuse my appearing any more that evening. He gave me my liberty, and by a back way I avoided the company and went to my own apartment, locked myself up in my closet, where I wept bitterly for two hours. Several messengers came to the door to call me, and at last my uncle sent me word he absolutely insisted on my coming to supper: nothing could be at that time more vexatious to me, but I proposed one consolation, which was, that Gromio and the rest of the family should see how unacceptable the proposal that had been made to me that afternoon was.

I shall not disguise my thoughts, or soften any part of my behaviour, which I fear was not altogether justifiable, and which, though your judgment may condemn, your indulgence and partiality I hope will find some excuse for. I thought that if I could convince Gromio of the great dislike I had to him, that he would not persist, but I was disappointed in that view. I had nobody to advise with; every one of the family had persuaded themselves that this would be an advantageous match for me—no one considered the sentiments of my heart; to be settled in the world, and ease my friends of an expense and care, they urged that it was my duty to submit, and that I ought to sacrifice

everything to that one point. I acted as they wished me to do, and for fear of their reproaches, made myself miserable: my chief motive, I may say, was the fear of my father and mother suffering if I disobliged Alcander. I then recollected the conversation I had with my father in the gallery the day before he left us. I considered my being provided for would be a great satisfaction and relief to him, and might be a means of establishing a good understanding between the brothers; that if I showed the least reluctance, my father and mother would never consent to the match, and that would inevitably expose them, as well as myself, to Alcander's resentment. These considerations gave me courage, and kept up my resolution.

As soon as I had given my consent, my uncle sent a special messenger to the Farm, to ask the consent of my father and mother, and to invite them to the wedding. As Alcander's heart was set upon making this match, you may easily believe he represented it to them in the fairest light; they wished for nothing more than to see me well married, and hoping I might be so now, came readily into this proposal. I had now nothing to do but to submit to my unhappy fortune, and to endeavour to reconcile myself to it. I pass over the courtship, it was awkward to Gromio (who saw too well my unsurmountable dislike), and too painful to me to raise any entertainment to you from the relation. I was married with *great pomp*. Never was woe drest out in gayer colours, and when I was led to the altar, I wished from my soul I had been led, as Iphigenia was, to be sacrificed. I was sacrificed. I lost, not life indeed, but I lost all that makes life

desirable—joy and peace of mind; but although it was plain to all the witnesses to this sad scene, how much I suffered in it, no one showed any sensibility of it but my father and mother, the only persons from whom I wished to hide my distress: they persuaded themselves, however, that my great trouble arose from the thought of leaving so many friends, and not from any dislike I had to Gromio, which gave me a happy opportunity of indulging my opprest heart. I staid about two months at Alcander's after I was married, and Gromio shewed me all the respect and tenderness he was capable of, and I returned it with all the complacency I was mistress of, and had he known how much it cost me, he must have thought himself obliged by my behaviour.

An accident happened one day at table that disconcerted me a good deal. A gentleman who came to dinner said he had heard a very melancholy story of a neighbour of his, for whom he had a great regard, and after giving him a very extraordinary character, said, "Poor Roberto! he is struck with a dead palsy." I blushed excessively, and felt a grateful compassion for a man who had always expressed a very particular regard for me. I could not help thinking I might perhaps have been the unfortunate cause of his misfortune, as *in truth I was*, though I did not know that till some years after his death. I was then told by a lady, a great friend of his, to whom he used to open his mind, that his mother's cruel treatment of him, and absolute refusal of her consent for his marrying me, affected him so deeply, as to throw him into the palsy, he lost the use of his speech, though not of his senses, and when he

strove to speak, he could not utter above a word or two, but he used to write perpetually, and I was the only subject of his pen. He lived in this wretched state about a year after I was married. When he was dead they found under his pillow a piece of cut paper, which he had stolen out of my closet at the Farm. I have made this digression too long already, or I could relate more particulars about Roberto[1] that were *very extraordinary*. It was very lucky for me that Gromio had never heard of such a person, for, as he observed my looks very narrowly, he might have been alarmed at the alteration he might have then seen in me; but as it was it only passed for common compassion upon hearing a melancholy story.

The day was come when I was to leave all I loved and valued, to go to a remote country, with a man I looked upon as my tyrant—my jailor; one that I was determined to obey and oblige, but found it impossible to love. It was a happiness to me that my sister at that time was too young to observe my distress. Had she been then to me what she is now, how would my misery have been doubled, by the grief it would have been to her! but she was then a child, and I parted with her unwillingly, but not more grieved than for a pretty lively companion, who had often made my sad heart cheerful with her wit and sprightly humour. My

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[1] "*Roberto*." Mr. Twyford might have been brother to the ladies who are buried in Kilmersdon church, under the names of Anne and Sarah Twyford, daughters of James Twyford, Esq., by Sarah, daughter and co-heiress of Gabriel Goodman, Esq., Lord of the Manor of Kilmersdon. Mr. Joliffe, of Ammerdoun Park, Somersetshire, is now the representative of this family. The Editor has not been able to discover "Roberto's" tomb.

eldest brother was the only person allowed to go with me into the country, but he was too young and inexperienced in the ways of the world for me to advise with upon any occasion, though he had a thoughtfulness and discretion beyond his years, and we loved each other with great tenderness.

Before I take this long journey I must rest. I am sure it is time, my dearest Maria, to relieve you: and your curiosity must be strong, if you can bear with patience this long narration.

Mary Granville's unaffected expression of apprehension that the Duchess of Portland would *blame her* for not being able to adopt the views and sentiments of Lord and Lady Lansdown on this occasion, and the evidence there is that her father and mother (for whom she ever expresses so much affection) approved of her marrying Mr. Pendarves, and were not at all disturbed by their disparity of years or the complete absence of congeniality in their dispositions, tastes, or habits, not appearing to have even a suspicion that her tears flowed from any other cause than parting from her family, is a very striking illustration of the complete disregard shown in marriage at that period to everything but the worldly settlement in life. Even Lady Stanley, though represented as so virtuous and so amiable, evinces in the following fragment of a letter of congratulation to her niece, written to Mrs. Pendarves in 1717, that she considered "riches, honours, and length of years," properly *to represent* "happiness."

Too stupid to write letters, that is indeed the reason that I have not writ to anybody since my last letter to my brother Lansdown. I put myself into your hands to make my excuses, I dare say you can make them acceptable. I have a new acquaintance to talk you over with, that is Mrs. (Leviston ?) I dare say you will be

happy in her acquaintance; she is a very good sort of woman, and one I hope to improve on acquaintance with myself. You see I like to talk with you, by the length of this letter, but must end as I began, wishing you and Mr. Pendarves all happiness together, *riches, honour, and length of days* is the prayer of dear niece,

Your most humble servant,

ANNE STANLEY.

The name of the lady praised by Lady Stanley as a "good sort of woman" can only be guessed, but it is probably intended for *Livingstone* (often spelt without a *g* or an *e*), in which case it must have been the sister of Mr. Pendarves, who married a Scotchman. Lady Stanley might have considered it not only courteous but *politic* to intimate, that she considered the acquaintance of so near a relation of the bridegroom would be an *acquisition to herself*. This opinion is further borne out by the evidence of this lady's being personally unknown to Mary Granville, and yet conversing about her with Lady Stanley.

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## LETTER VI.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

Must I proceed? Well, then, I will carry you a long way off. I will not hurt your tender heart, by giving you a particular account of my taking leave; under the circumstances I was, you will easily imagine how terrible it must have been to me. We were about a fortnight on the road, for Gromio being desirous of introducing me to all his friends, we went to all that were in our way, instead of going to an inn, which was very disagreeable to

me, who would much rather have hid myself in a cave, than have been exposed to the observation of any body. I met with great civility and flattery from all, but received no satisfaction from anything but a few stolen retired moments, to vent my grieved heart by my tears, which I took great care should not be seen by Gromio, for I wished to deceive him in that particular; and believe I succeeded. As my nature was very sincere, this dissimulation was painful to me, but I think I may venture to affirm that I *never* deceived him in anything else.

You say I have omitted giving you his character, 'tis true I have not been very particular in it. I fear I am not good at drawing characters, and that my prejudice is too strong to allow my doing justice. His age I have already told you; as to his person he was excessively fat, of a brown complexion, negligent in his dress, and took a vast quantity of snuff, which gave him a dirty look: his eyes were black, small, lively and sensible; he had an honest countenance, but altogether a person rather disgusting than engaging. He was good-natured and friendly, but so strong a *party man*, that he made himself many enemies, and was at one time involved in *such difficulties* that it was with great good luck he escaped *being discovered*.[1] He was very sober for two years after

[1] It must be borne in mind that there existed at that period a strong party in favour of the exiled Stuarts, among the descendants of those who had fought for King Charles I., and assisted in effecting the restoration of King Charles II., and that Cornwall had ever been the stronghold of his adherents, and was distinguished by the following especial letter from Charles II.

*King Charles' Letter to the Inhabitants of Cornwall.*

"C. R.

"To the inhabitants of the county of Cornwall.

"We are so highly sensible of the merit of our county of Cornwall, and of their great zeal for the defence of our person and the just rights of our crown

we married, but then he fell in with a set of old acquaintance, a society famed for excess in wine, and to his ruin and my misery was hardly ever sober. This course of life soured his temper, which was naturally good, and the days he did not drink were spent in a gloomy sullen way, which was infinitely worse to me than his drinking; for I did not know how to please or entertain him, and yet no one ever heard him say a snappish or cross thing to me.[1]

I have run a greater length from the course of my story than I designed, but as you desired Gromio's character and behaviour towards me, I thought it necessary to tell you this now.

When we arrived at Averno,[2] the name of his seat,

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in a time when not only no reward appeared, but great probable dangers were threatened to obedience and loyalty, of their great and eminent courage and patience, in their indefatigable prosecution of their great work against so potent an enemy, backed with so strong, rich, and populous cities, and so plentifully furnished and supplied with men, arms, money, ammunition, and provisions of all kinds, and of the wonderful success with which it pleased Almighty God (though with the loss of some eminent persons, who shall never be forgotten by us,) to reward their loyalty and patience by many strange victories over their and our enemies, in despight of all human probability, and all imaginable disadvantages, that as we cannot be forgetful of so great desert, so we cannot but desire to publish it to all the world, and perpetuate to all time the memory of their merits and of our acceptance of the same, and to that end we do hereby render our royal thanks to that our county in the most public and lasting manner we can devise, commanding copies hereof to be printed and published, and one of them to be read in every church and chapel therein, and to be kept for ever as a record in the same, that as long as the history of these times and of this nation shall continue, the memory of how much that county hath merited from us and our crown, may be derived with it to posterity. (This letter is still on the walls of Truro church, in Cornwall.)

"Given at our camp at Sudely Castle, the 10th of September, 1643."

[1] The desire evident in the above passage to give Mr. Pendarves credit for any possible merit does not however imply that he never was cross or snappish when they were alone, but that he constrained himself sufficiently to prevent the appearance of any disrespect in company.

[2] *Roscrow.*

I was indeed shocked. The castle is guarded with high walls that entirely hide it from your view. When the gate of the court was opened and we walked in, the front of the castle[1] terrified me. It is built of ugly coarse stone, old and mossy, and propt with two great stone buttresses, and so it had been for threescore years. I was led into an old hall that had scarce any light belonging to it; on the left hand of which was a parlour, the floor of which was rotten in places, and part of the ceiling broken down; and the windows were placed so high that my head did not come near the bottom of them.

Here my courage forsook me at once, and I fell into a violent passion of crying, and was forced to sit down some minutes to recover myself. My behaviour to be sure shocked Gromio, and I was sorry I had not a greater command of myself; but my prison appeared so dismal, I could not bear the surprise, not expecting to see so ruinous a place. The rest of the house was answerable to what I have described. It had not been inhabited for above thirty

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[1] The editor visited Roscrow in August, 1856, and convinced herself, (in contradiction to all she had heard,) that the present modern-looking block of building is the original *kernel* of the old granite castellated mansion here described; but that this remnant has been modernized after being deprived of its quadrangle, its gateway, and court-yard, though the walls, the chimneys, and even two or three rooms are the same; as also a small staircase which leads to the bedrooms, and which formerly must have been one of many: one or two mantelpieces and ceilings remain unchanged in lower rooms which witnessed the struggle of Mary Granville to be resigned and cheerful. The view from a closet attached to one of the existing bedrooms, is precisely that described by herself, and where probably many an hour was spent in beguiling her thoughts by early efforts in those arts of drawing, embroidery, and cutting out in paper, for which she was afterwards so celebrated. There are still evidences in modern foundations, of Roscrow having been a very considerable pile of building, though a passing traveller might at a distance now take it for a square modern shooting box. The view is magnificent, and the remains of the old walls very interesting.

years, but Gromio gave me the liberty of fitting it up conveniently to my own fancy, which helped to amuse me greatly. The situation made some amends. I never saw so beautiful a spot; it was placed on the side of a hill (which fell gently from the front of the house), surrounded by pleasant meadows, which by an easy descent opened a view to one of the finest harbours[1] in England, generally filled with shipping. The prospect was enriched with two towns[2] one considerably large, and a castle[3], placed on an eminence which at some distance looked like an island. The chief town[4] was a peninsula, and situated on a high hill; it consisted of one large street, which crossed the summit of the hill, by which advantage every house had a falling garden and orchard that belonged to it; and what is yet more singular, a rivulet that ran through each. These gardens and orchards entirely covered the hill, so that to every eye which beheld it at a distance the whole appeared a garden, and in great bloom at its proper season. Indeed nothing could be more delightful or beautiful in the months of May and June: the whole terminated in an unlimited view of the sea.

It was some time before I could make out any entertainment to myself by observing these beauties, but to make the place as agreeable to my brother as I could, and his desire to make it so to me, made us both take notice of what was pleasant in the neighbourhood. We often rode

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[1] *Falmouth.*

[2] *Penrynn and Flushing.*

[3] *Pendennis Castle*, which is a beautiful object from the upper windows of Roscrow to this day. See plate.

[4] *Penrynn.*

out together, and found many things (in a country so different to what we had been used to) to amuse us. Gromio[1] was seldom of our parties: he was often confined with the gout, and when he was not, his indolence of temper made him prefer his easy chair to his horse. This abridged me of some of my pleasures abroad, not that I wanted his company, but it obliged me to hasten home many a fine evening that I had rather have spent anywhere than in the castle of Averno.

About a month after we had been at home and had received the compliments of the chief of our neighbourhood, Gromio proposed that we should make a visit to Bassanio[2] who had married his niece. I made no objection, but was rather pleased to leave my own house for some time. Bassanio had been in his youth a man of gallantry; his figure despicable enough, but his wit and cheerfulness made amends, though at this time both were a good deal impaired by an ill state of health and a very dull wife, who with a very inferior understanding to his, was the chief agent. He seemed only to act with her permission, which was most astonishing. We were received at first I thought very coolly. Gromio's marrying was a great disappointment to Bassanio and Fulvia.[3] They expected his estate, and were both avaricious. Bassanio liked to take wine, but not to excess. When his spirits were a little raised, he was very gay and entertaining, and till then I had not laughed or shown the least sign of mirth. After having spent a fortnight at this place, Gromio grew thoughtful, and would often retire to his chamber, and at supper and dinner sat gloomy and discontented. When

[1] *Mr. Pendarves.* [2] *Mr. Basset* of Tehidy. [3] *Mrs. Basset* of Tehidy.

I was alone with him, he would sigh and groan as if his heart would break. I thought him ill, and asked him several times if he was not, to which he always answered with great sullenness, "he was well enough." I began then to examine my own behaviour to him; I was sure he could resent nothing in that, more than he had reason for before, and that I was not so grave, but (in appearance) happier than at first. After enduring great anxiety of mind for a week, I could not forbear taking notice to him of the change I found in his temper; for though he never made himself agreeable to me, it had not been for want of kindness and civility in his behaviour; but now he had laid aside both, and I own I was greatly perplexed to find out the cause. 'Tis certain that fondness from a person distasteful to one is tormenting, and what can so much hurt a generous heart that can make no return for it; on the other hand, it is very disagreeable to be treated with gloomy looks which show an inward discontent, and not to be able to account for it.

At last the mighty distress broke out in these words: "Oh! Aspasia, take care of Bassanio; he is a cunning treacherous man, and has been the ruin of one woman already, who was wife to his bosom friend,"—and then he burst into tears. I was so struck with this caution and his behaviour that I could not for some time speak; at last I said, "I am miserable, indeed, if you can be jealous of this ugly man; what am I for the future to expect?" I was so much surprised and vexed that it threw me into an agony of tears; he assured me all the time that he had nothing to charge me with; that my behaviour was just what he wished it to be, but he could not help seeing how much charmed Bassanio was with everything I said or did, and

he knew him to be a man not to be trusted. By this time I was a little recovered, and entreated him to return to Averno, but he said "no;" to convince me he had no doubt of my conduct, he would not go before the time he had first proposed. I was grieved at this resolution and tried to dissuade him, but to no purpose. We stayed a week or ten days longer, during which time Bassanio exerted himself to entertain us, and every day proposed some new party of pleasure, as riding on the sands in search of shells (which I took great delight in); or going to the Gull Rocks, or fishing. That part of the country was very romantic, and afforded variety of entertainments of that kind; but as Gromio was unable to partake of these diversions, I avoided them. I was every hour in pain—every civil thing Bassanio said to me made me unhappy, and I perceived he was more assiduous in obliging me than I wished him to be. As he knew the world and had a great deal of wit, he was well bred and entertaining, and knew how to make compliments without appearing to flatter. Whenever Gromio was absent he would say something to set him in a ridiculous light, but *so artfully* that his dull wife[1] was not offended; but as I was upon my guard, I could not help observing his design. This I resented, and he soon found that sort of behaviour would not recommend him to my favour. Good night my dear Maria; 'tis late. You shall soon hear again from your affectionate ASPASIA.[2]

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[1] Mrs. Basset was the niece of Mr. Pendarves, and his heir if he made no other disposition of his property.

[2] Aspasia was the name by which Mary Granville was often designated by her intimate friends, and was a favourite appellation of the period, where beauty and accomplishments were united, without reference to its being inapplicable from other circumstances.

Mrs. Delany's reminiscences of this period, and their correctness, are confirmed and enlarged by the following contemporary letters addressed to her.

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*Lord Lansdowne to Mrs. Pendarves.*

Sheffield House,[1] May 1st, 1718.

My Dear Niece,

I own freely to you that I was touched with so much tenderness at parting with you, that I have industriously shunned the occasion of renewing it, by writing to you. You are therefore to impute my silence to the abundance of kindness, and not to the want of it. I have the satisfaction to be *verily persuaded* that Mr. Pendarves will omit no opportunity of making you *reparation* for the friends you have left, by all imaginable testimonies of service and affection; and the greatest pleasure I have, is to think that you are happy, and to hope you will continue so. Be pleased to let Mr. Pendarves know that Lord Sunderland[2] promises to do him

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[1] "*Sheffield House.*" John Sheffield, 1st Marquis of Normanby, created Duke of Normanby, March 9, and Duke of the county of Buckingham, March 23rd, 1703, married Catherine, illegitimate daughter of King James II., by Catherine Sedley, Countess of Dorchester. After rebuilding his residence in St. James's Park, he called it Buckingham House. John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, died February 24, 1720-21. He wrote the following epitaph, and ordered it to be engraved on his tomb, but it was not considered orthodox and not permitted. It was as follows:—"Pro Rege sæpe, pro republicâ semper, dubius non improbus vixi. Incertus nec perturbatus morior. Christum veneror. In Deo confido æterno ac omnipotente. ENS ENTIUM MISERERE MEI." He was made Knight of the Garter by King Charles II., and Lord Chamberlain by his successor. He was always in the opposition against King William, made Privy Seal by Queen Anne, and the only Duke in London who was absent at the coronation of King George I. Notwithstanding his dying in a state of uncertainty (as he owned in his epitaph), he had appeared very zealous for the Church. He died 1720, and was succeeded by his son, Edmund Sheffield, who died 1735, when his honours became extinct.

[2] Charles, 3rd Earl of Sunderland, was at that time Lord President of the Council.

what service he can, but a memorial must be delivered by some hand to the Lords of the Treasury in form at their meeting, and then he need not doubt of a favourable answer and dispatch; which prospect of success is *wholly owing* to *your own interest*, and application. I intend to employ Jack Anstis[1] in it if he approves of it.

Pray accept of all our compliments, and likewise make them to the family where you are.

Believe me my dear niece, I am, more than can be exprest, your most affectionate uncle and obedient servant,

LANSDOWN.

This letter was probably written to Mrs. Pendarves, on her journey from Longleat, after her marriage, when stopping on the road to Roscrow, to pay one of the visits she alludes to in her previous narrative. It clearly indicates that Lord Lansdowne was not altogether easy or happy at the match he had insisted upon, and at the same time he is careful to remind Mr. Pendarves that the family interest of his wife is of no small importance to him. It is probable that Lord Lansdowne dated his letters "*Sheffield House*" from having been accustomed to that appellation before the Duke of Buckingham changed the name to Buckingham House.

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[1] John Anstis, a Cornishman, represented St. Germains in Parliament, in the year 1702, and in 1713 was appointed Garter King at Arms. He was the author of several heraldic works. John Anstis, when member for Launceston, was taken into custody on suspicion of conspiracy with Sir Wm. Windham, Sept. 1715. His son, Dr. John Anstis, in 1725, was appointed Registrar and Genealogist of the Order of the Bath. Died.—*John Anstis*, Esq., Garter Principal King at Arms, aged near 80. In him were joined the learning of *Camden*, and the industry without the inaccuracy of Sir *William Dugdale*. He is succeeded in his office by his son, *John Anstis*, Esq., who had a reversionary grant for the same.—*London Magazine*, March, 1744.

*Lord Lansdowne to Mrs. Pendarves.*

May 29, 1718.

My Dearest Niece,

It is with a great deal of pleasure I congratulate your safe arrival at Roscrow, notwithstanding so many overturns. I am sorry they happened upon Cornish ground, where I wished you might find everything favourable to you, and take it as a compliment to myself, that you excuse those roads, and lay the fault somewhere else. I take that tenderness very kindly in favour of *my country*, and thank you for it. I hear Sir Richard Vyvyan[1] and his lady were very early with you; you may remember I assured you, you might depend upon their kindness. Whenever you see them pray make them my best compliments, and inform yourself if Sir Richard received my letter from Longleat. It will be great satisfaction to me to know that everything pleases you where you are, and to hear sometimes how you are diverted. It is impossible to be more than I am, my dearest niece,

Your most affectionate uncle and
Faithful humble servant,
Lansdowne.

I refer Bunny[2] to be entertained by the ladies.
All our best services attend my friend Pen.

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[1] Sir Richard Vyvyan, M.P. for the county of Cornwall, in the reign of Queen Anne, married Mary, daughter and heiress of Francis Vyvyan, Esq., of Coswarth, and had six sons and four daughters.

[2] "*Bunny.*"—Bernard Granville, the elder brother of Mary Granville, Mrs. Pendarves, and nephew and heir to Lord Lansdown.

*George Lord Lansdowne to Mrs. Pendarves.*

Oct. 21, 1718.

My Dear Niece,

Not having heard, by your fair hand, nor any other, a great while from Roscrow, we are in some pain about the health of the family. But though we have not heard directly from you, I have heard lately a great deal *of you*—which, to spare your modesty, I must not repeat. You may believe I am very well pleased in being entertained with any accounts to your advantage, neither indeed can I expect any other. Among other things I have been informed that 'tis a mark of *disaffection to the Government* to lead you from the church to your coach, and that an unfortunate neighbour has lately been in trouble upon that account!

Why are you so close in your correspondence as to conceal your amusements from us? and why must we have recourse to strangers to be informed how you divert, and are diverted? Bunny I know is lazy and loves to be brief, and I expect nothing from him but "good morrow," and "your humble servant;" otherwise he is an excellent person at chit-chat, and if he would be at the pains might entertain us with some country tittle-tattle at his leisure hours. When you are weary of him you will send him to us, but I am loath to take him from you till you are willing to part with him, or till I know he is troublesome.

I should be glad to hear if Mr. Pendarves had my last letter *in answer to his.*

Shefficld House salutes you with their best wishes, and I subscribe myself to Roskrow Top-a-Toe,

My dear niece
Your most affectionate,
Faithful, humble servant,
LANSDOWNE.

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*George Lord Lansdowne to Mrs. Pendarves.*

Nov. 21, 1718.

MY DEAR NIECE,

I have been much too slow in returning you thanks for your last letter of October 31st. The excuse you make for your paper is very unnecessary: your hand will set off the coarsest, and your agreeable turn in writing make every thing acceptable and pleasing. It is the workmanship, and not the beauty of the stone or the marble that gives the value to the figure.

I find by the account you give me of your neighbours and their contentions, that, *c'est tout comme ici*, and that the world is everywhere in a quarrel some way; but as long as we enjoy peace within doors, and domestic friendship and affection is uninterrupted, the rest is of very little concern, and *you* may survey from your ascent at Roscrow with pleasure all *the storms below you.* I hope to hear in your next that my friend Pen is restored to the use of his limbs. Most of our country gentlemen who came up to town in a hurry are returning back as fast.[1] Sir Cop.[2] has allowed himself but one week more,

[1] King George I. opened Parliament on the 11th of November, 1718, and in the debate on the address, the country party strenuously objected against the words "entire satisfaction in those measures which His Majesty had already taken." The address was carried by 216 votes against 155.

[2] Sir Coplestone Warwick Bampfyld, M.P. for the county of Devon from

and then is to be met by my lady at Hardington. I take it for granted your brother is as unwilling to leave you, as you are loath to part with him whilst you have no other company. I will not be accessory to anything that might give either of you a moment's uneasiness, and therefore leave you both entirely to your own inclinations. The temptations on this side of the world are at present very moderate, and I know of nothing that could make him amends at this time for parting with you. Your aunts are extremely your humble servants. It is impossible to be more than I am,

My dear niece,

Your most affectionate uncle and faithful servant,

LANSDOWNE.

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*George Lord Lansdowne to Mrs. Pendarves.*

Jan. 2nd, 1719.

MY DEAR NIECE,

I am heartily concerned for your brother's indisposition, and must desire you not to fail giving me an account constantly how he does. Your own pain which you complain of is no small addition to my concern. 'Tis every where a very sickly time: you cannot be too carefull of yourselves. I hope you will believe me when I assure you I have nothing more at my heart than the welfare of all my friends at Roskrow. Your riding habit has been ready for you some time, and waits for Mr. Tonkin[1]

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the 12th year of Queen Anne until his death, which took place in 1727. He married Gertrude, daughter of Sir John Carew, and was ancestor of the present Lord Poltimore. One of the family seats is Hardington Park, near Frome.

[1] Tonkin of Trevaunance in St. Agnes, Cornwall, traced his pedigree to the reign of Richard II. The family became extinct by the death of Thomas Tonkin, Esq., about the middle of the last century, third son of the Thomas Tonkin who made large collections towards a history of Cornwall.

who has desired to be the deliverer of it. Your letter for Buckland I sent the same day I received it, as you commanded: I wish you a happy meeting, and am sorry it is not in my power to be myself of the party. Your aunts as well as myself are faithful servants to both our nephews, and I remain always in a most particular manner,

My dear niece,
Your most faithful and obedient servant,
LANSDOWNE.

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*George Lord Lansdowne to Mrs. Pendarves.*

July 28th, 1715.

MY DEAR NIECE,

When I look back to the date of the last letter with which you favoured me, I am out of countenance when I write this. I have indeed met with many interruptions, or I should not have appeared so slow in my acknowledgments.

I am very well pleased to hear of the mutual inclination between Sir Richard Vyvyan's daughter and your sister, as I would have it natural for our families to love one another. Your brother need not be in any hurry to leave you, since he writes me word he has settled his half-pay[1]; I was indeed in pain about that, not knowing

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[1] It is related by Collins, 1756, that William Wentworth of Henbury, Dorsetshire, "had a cornet's commission in a regiment of dragoons when he was but two years old." The abuses which had crept into the regular army by this time are thus described by Sir Walter Scott, in an article in the *Edinburgh Weekly Journal*, of January 10, 1827. "No science was required on the part of a candidate for a commission in the army, no term of service as a cadet, no previous experience whatever, the promotion went on equally unimpeded; the boy let loose from school last week might in the

who was his agent, nor which way to go about it. That concern being over, I leave him master of his own resolutions, and refer him to what will be most acceptable to his mother and yourself, only I would not have him remain to be too troublesome. Your papa gives me hopes of seeing him as soon as his harvest is in, and you may believe him as impatient to be with you as you can be to have him. It would be a great pleasure to me if we could once more be all together.

My wife had a letter from you this morning which she has not time to answer, but she heartily thanks you for it; she will in a post or two acquit herself of that debt. We are all faithful servants to Roskrow, and I remain always in a most particular manner and with entire affection,

My dear niece,
Your most faithful humble servant,
LANSDOWNE.

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course of a month be a field officer, if his friends were disposed to be liberal of money and influence. Others there were against whom there could be no complaint for want of length of service, although it might be difficult to see how their experience was improved by it. It was no uncommon thing for a commission to be obtained for a child in the cradle, and when he came from college the fortunate youth was at least lieutenant of some standing by dint of fair promotion. To sum up this catalogue of abuses, *commissions* were in some instances bestowed upon *young ladies*, when pensions could not be had. We know ourselves one fair dame who drew the pay of a captain in the —— dragoons, and was probably not much less fit for the service than some who at that period actually did duty."

*George Lord Lansdowne to Mrs. Pendarves.*

Feb. 20th, 1719-20.[1]

I cannot forbear congratulating with my dear niece in memory of this day, which I hope and make no question, will prove in every circumstance a happy one to you. As a proof that it is an auspicious one, Mr. Pendarves's Bill was read the second time, and committed this morning in the House of Lords;[2] so that he is now in a fair way of being very speedily his own master, and of answering his longing to return to you. We are now together in order to drink your health with an Huzza, and to Roskrow Top-a-Toe. All the wishes of this family sincerely attend you. Pray make our compliments to our friends with you, and believe me with unalterable truth and affection,

My dear niece,
Your most faithful, humble servant,
LANSDOWNE.

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[1] Mary Granville was married, (*vide* the Historical Register for 1718,) on the 17th of February, to Alexander Pendarves, and according to an old calendar, the 17th of February, 1718, fell on a Wednesday, so that the above letter of Lord Lansdowne could not have been written on the exact anniversary either by the day of the week, or the day of the month; but as he so perseveringly determined to disregard everything connected with his niece's marriage, except strengthening his own political Cornish connection, it is not extraordinary that he should make this slight mistake in the date, which it was evident he was determined to associate with the passing of a bill connected with that large estate which he believed would be secured to her, and which he persuaded himself ought to repay her for years of misery, if she survived Mr. Pendarves.

[2] Private Acts. Anno 6 Georgii I. (1719.)

## LETTER VII.

### AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

Let your own obstinacy, my dear friend, be your punishment, and since you insist on my finishing this little history I will not spare your patience but put it to the utmost trial, by recollecting as many particulars as my memory will permit. I have told you the unhappy situation I was in at Bassanio's, whose company would have been a great relief to my oppressed spirits, had he been less assiduous to please me. My brother was fond of his company, and was not of an age or experience enough in the ways of the world to make any observations to his disadvantage. He begged of me to prevail on Gromio to make a longer stay: I said I knew it was in vain to attempt it, for he was determined—at least I was resolved not to prevent his going home, a place I did not imagine I should ever see again with pleasure; but I soon found there were *degrees of misery*.

Some months passed after our return without any extraordinary event: all the neighbourhood came and paid their compliments, and the house was continually full of company. I endeavoured to be very civil to all, particularly Gromio's relations, who were not at first inclined to receive me well, but my youth and the application I had to oblige them gained their favour, and I had the satisfaction of being well treated by them all.

The affair that had given me so much disturbance at Bassanio's, kept me on my guard in my behaviour towards other men; I would rather have had a lion walk into the house, than any one whose person and address could

alarm Gromio. There was in the neighbourhood a young man whose father had been a great friend of Mr. Pendarves; he was a merchant, and was thought very rich; he gave his son an expensive education, and sent him to travel; on his return he married him to a young lady with 10,000*l.*, knew himself at that time to be a bankrupt, and when he died left his son in miserable circumstances. Carlo[1] was a very good-humoured agreeable man, modest and unaffected, very well in his person, his understanding nothing remarkable. He was not very entertaining, rather silent than talkative. His wife's estate and house lay about twenty miles from Roskrow, but he often came to make Gromio a visit, who loved him very much, and my brother took so great a fancy to him that he often made him stay a fortnight or three weeks at a time, in all which time his behaviour was unexceptionable.

Carlo's wife was of the dull strain, had had a private education, was sickly and peevish, and had kept very little company. I was not fond of encouraging an intimacy with her, but she came once or twice in the year to make me a visit of a few days upon the unhappy change of affairs in their family. I was much concerned for their distress, for from a prospect of the greatest affluence, and living almost with magnificence, they were plunged into downright poverty, obliged to sell all her estate, house and furniture, and board in an obscure part of the country. Mr. Pendarves and I thought it but common humanity to invite them to spend some time with us, which we did. Carlo came, expressing the highest gratitude for our taking notice of them at a time when many they once thought their friends had for-

[1] *Mr. Newman.*

saken them. He made an excuse that business obliged her to stay at home. He stayed one month, then another, and when it came to the third I began to think it strange he should stay so long from his poor unhappy wife. He grew excessively melancholy, hardly eat or spoke, and avoided all company that came to the house.

Gromio often said to me, "I grieve for this poor young man's misfortunes: I wish they do not at last distract him, for I fear he is greatly in debt." I was of the same opinion, till one morning as I was passing from my dressing-room through the parlour, I found him standing at the window with a handkerchief in his hand, which he held to his eyes. I called to him, for his back was towards me, and asked him if he were not well, upon which he looked at me with a very disturbed look and seized me fast by both hands with such a grasp that he quite terrified me. "What is the matter with you, Carlo? I fear you are in some great distress; if Gromio can in any way serve you I am sure he will, and he has a great regard for you. I am surprised at your behaviour, and beg to know what is the matter?" "You best can tell," answered he, "who are the occasion of it; you are the cause of all my distraction?" I was so innocent I thought he meant I had done him ill offices with Gromio, and said, "I assure you, you are very unjust if you think me your enemy, or capable of doing you any injury; I have ever been in your interest, and ever have had great compassion for your misfortunes. I will appeal to Gromio if I have not."

All this while he held me fast, and looked so wildly that I endeavoured to break from him, upon which he said "he wished he had died before he had seen me." This

fully explained his meaning; I broke from him, ran back into my dressing-room and locked myself up to recover the astonishment this strange behaviour of his had thrown me into; then I strictly examined my own behaviour towards him, and could not accuse myself of having in any way encouraged him, so far otherwise, as I had reason to be very cautious, and was naturally shy to strangers, especially after what had happened at Bassanio's. I often thought my conduct had been so cold and reserved towards Carlo, that he had reason to think his being at Averno not very agreeable to me, and during this whole course of my acquaintance with him, he had never said a word which could make me suspect that he had a greater regard for me than he ought to have. What was I to do? I did not dare tell Gromio, and how could I get Carlo removed? What a cruel distress! With my little judgment, no experience, without a judicious friend to advise with, I found myself in a most dangerous situation; I knew there could be no safety but in Carlo's being removed.

A shocking accident that night gave me the opportunity I wanted. After supper, and when everybody was retired to their apartment, Gromio's servant told him he had some reason to think that Carlo designed laying violent hands on himself, and thought it would be best to have him watched that night. He had asked for a pistol, and when told there was none in the house in order, he looked very gloomy and discontented. This unhappy suspicion, or I may rather say *fortunate* one (as I believe it was the means of avoiding a dreadful evil), gave me the opportunity I wanted, and I urged Gromio so earnestly to have him removed, that the next day he told

him we were obliged to "go on a visit for some time" (the custom of that country), and hoped it would be no inconvenience to him to return home. I believe Carlo suspected I had told what had passed between us, and with tears and many acknowledgments for favours received took his leave.

I most heartily rejoiced at seeing him ride away, though I was indeed touched with his unhappiness, and that I should add to his misfortunes. He never loved his wife, nor was she amiable, but that did not excuse him, and she loved him excessively. I heard nothing of him for six months after this, and then was told that he went from our house to a friend who had been very generous and kind to him, and in return seduced his sister. He lived about a year after that, and died distracted; I ought to relieve you after telling you so melancholy a story. How providentially fortunate was I to escape the snares of so villanous and ungrateful a wretch! Adieu, my dear Maria.

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## LETTER VIII.

### AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

Soon after this sad event last related, my brother was called from me. I was very sensible, though a great indulgence to me, it could be no advantage to him to be buried in a country that allowed him no opportunity of improving himself: though my reason approved of his going, the tender love I had for him, and my own unhappy state made me very miserable to part with him.

I have so much to tell you, that I must not dwell too long upon little particulars. Gromio seemed very happy and well satisfied with my behaviour, and if I showed no delight in being in his company (which my honest heart would not let me do), I took care he should have no reason to accuse me of preferring any other to it. I never made any visits without him, and as he was often confined with the gout, I always worked and read in his chamber. My greatest pleasure was riding, but I never indulged myself in that exercise unless he proposed it, and I must do him the justice to say he was very obliging in his behaviour to me, and I have often reproached myself bitterly for my ingratitude (if it can be strictly called so), in not loving a man, who had so true an affection for me. That is a most painful reflection, and has frequently added to my anxieties.

In this manner two years passed. I was happier in the third: business obliged Gromio to go to London, and my father and mother, and sister came to stay with me in his absence. *O happy year!* that made me some amends for what I had suffered!

My sister, though very young, was now grown very conversable and entertaining, and I took great delight in her company. We went to every place in the country that was worth seeing; and my father, whose family had been so long distinguished and respected in that country, was much caressed by all the neighbourhood, and had extraordinary civilities paid him by everybody; my mother though naturally reserved and weak-spirited, exerted herself to entertain me and my friends, and nobody could be more engaging or agreeable, as she was sensible, well acquainted with the world, and per-

fectly well-bred; and the beauty of her countenance, and the gracefulness and dignity of her person, could not fail to engage the regard and esteem of all that conversed with her.

This happy year passed on without anything happening worth relating to you.

Gromio wrote to me by every post, and his affairs obliging him to stay another year in London, he desired me to come to him, when my friends returned home, which they proposed doing the latter end of the summer. I was, I own, very well pleased at the thought of seeing once more a place where I had been bred up, and those friends, who had had the care of me; but these joys were damped to so great a degree, by *one* thought, that I should have preferred banishment from all I loved to the enjoyment of their company, since by doing that, I could not avoid the person who made my life miserable.

I am sure my dear generous Maria must condemn me, and have a very bad opinion of my nature, that could so obstinately repel all sense of affection for one so fond of me, but I flatter myself it was not in my power to make a suitable return, or if it had, I promised not to disguise any part of my conduct or even my sentiments from you; and I will rather run the hazard of losing some part of your good opinion, than hide myself from you, under the veil of any kind of deceit.

The day came when we were to leave Averno; it cost me *fewer* tears on leaving its solemn walls than in coming to them. Our journey was pleasant, though attended with some accidents on the road, as breaking of wheels &c., but no other harm than a little delay.

I staid a month at *the Farm* with my father and mother, and then received a summons which I durst not refuse, but immediately left that dear delightful place. My father, whose goodness to me was beyond all expression, accompanied me to my own house. I was then to enter upon a new scene of life, and must (before I lay it open to your view) beg leave to take breath.

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*Mrs. Pendarves to Mrs. Ann Granville, at Buckland, near Broadway, by Campden Bag, Gloucestershire.*

London, 29th Nov. 1720.

DEAR SISTER,

I have been very rude in not sooner returning my thanks for your obliging letter, but I really have so little time to myself, that I cannot do as I would or as I ought. Pray present my humble duty to my mama. I designed writing to her last post, but I was engaged that whole day at Somerset House, and my papa told me he would write to my mother and make my excuse. I was last Wednesday at the opera called Astartus;[1] it is a new one, and there is very fine musick in it. The stage was never so well served as it is now, there is not one indifferent voice, they are all Italians. There is one man called Serosini[2] who is beyond Nicolini[3] both in person

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[1] Schlœcher, in his "Life of Handel," writing of the establishment of the Royal Academy of Music, and of Handel's direction of the Italian Opera at the Haymarket Theatre, mentions Bononcini as a celebrated composer brought over by the R.A.M., in 1720, from Rome. "Where he had lately produced the opera of 'Astarto' with much success."

[2] Query Senesino—so called because he was a native of Sienna, his proper name being Francesco Bernardi. He was one of the most celebrated of the company of fine singers collected by Handel in 1720.

[3] Nicolini Grimaldi arrived in England in 1708, and sang in the "Pyrrhus

and voice. I wish my mama and yourself were in town with all my heart. I go as often to Somerset House as I can, for it is the greatest satisfaction I have now I can't have your company. You are now so perfect a woman in your behaviour, that I don't doubt but your conversation makes the hours pass away very agreably to my mother, but I find you have not much company. I expect my Lady Grandison to make me a visit this evening. Lady Carteret nor the Countess have yet honoured me with a visit, but the reason is, there is one of Lord Carteret's sons dead. I stick close to my spinnet, and Mr. Simmons is very good and diligent. I have not been "*mother Brown*" with him since I came to town. He and his son have almost all the business of the town, and he has raised his price to two guineas a month. Mrs. Langley (Miss Mercer that was) has been to see me; she is prettier than ever she was, but prodigious fat. My Aunt Stanley and Mrs. Tellier have both had bad colds. Mrs. Tellier is pretty well again, but my aunt is still much out of order. Mr. Cowper's gun and pistols are safe; they shall be sent by the next return of the carrier. I beg his pardon that I have so long kept them. Poll is very well, and at present with my father.

I am afraid I have quite tired you with my long letter; pray let me hear from you very often. I beg *my daughter's*[1] pardon for not answering her letter, but I will very soon; give my love to her, and I will certainly speak to

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and Demetrius" of Alessandro Scarletti, which was adapted for the occasion by Nicolò Francesco Haym, a native of Rome.

[1] Sarah Capon (afterwards Mrs. Sandford), daughter of Sarah Kirkham, the early playfellow of Mary Granville; and her god-daughter, as well as her sister's, Ann Granville, to whom this letter is addressed.

her uncle when I see him. Service to all neighbours, and be assured I am, my dearest sister,

Yours most affectionately,
M. PENDARVES.

Don't brag of my *long* letter to any of my correspondents, for I cannot afford to write to them so. All friends in Cornwall are well.

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*Lady Lansdowne to Col. Bernard Granville.*

London, June 10th, 1721.

I return you thanks, dear brother,[1] for your inquiring after me. I should make you some excuse for not having done it before, but I have not had a moment to myself. You may well imagine that after a year absence, and as things have altered in that year, there is a great deal to be done; for when I went out of England I was a *South-Sea lady*. But my fate has been as all the rest of the world, therefore we are obliged to do as our neighbours, which is to consider that the South Sea is no more, and we must make ourselves as easy as we can! upon this your brother thought my coming would be proper; he, I thank God, is very well. Your brother gave me commission among other things to speak to you, if you was in town, about your son Bevill, who has written to him that he thinks he has been long enough at school, and indeed every body is of his mind for what he learns there. I believe he would be as well anywhere else. I was in hopes that he would have gone through the school as my brother Villiers had done before him, but you must now

[1] Bernard Granville was *brother-in-law* to Lady Lansdowne.

let me know your opinion about him. You know your brother has got five hundred pounds of his, which we can pay him fifty pounds a year. Bevill is at Sir John Stanley's, and has been there for some time. The holidays being almost over makes me write to you, for I suppose he will not return to school. I wish that it was in my power to serve both your sons, but the world is so altered that I do not know anybody that will help one another. Our circumstances are so that we must retrench our family, to see if we can save anything at the year's end to get my daughters some small fortunes; for my part, I am not ashamed to have the world know the reason that I save money, we are but as our neighbours. If you have anything to say to your brother by me, you must let me know soon, for I hope to return next week. My service to my sister and niece. Believe me with great truth, dear brother, Your most humble servant,

M. LANSDOWNE.

Lord Carteret's son[1] is dead of the small pox.

## LETTER IX.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

There is one thing you will think strange, which is my not mentioning Bassanio in all this time; he was too quick-sighted not to perceive Gromio's suspicions and my great dislike of his behaviour, and as it was his interest

[1] The Hon. George Carteret, born February 14th, 1717, was buried at Hawnes, in Bedfordshire, June 13, 1721. John Lord Carteret, his father, was afterwards Earl Granville, as he succeeded to that earldom on the death of his mother, who was Countess Granville in her own right, and granddaughter to the famous Sir Bevil Granville.

to keep in favour with his uncle, he was upon his guard, and never gave either of us reason to be offended with him any more. Soon after he was seized with terrible fits that ended his life, a year and half after I married.

When I came to London, Gromio received me with great joy; he had taken a house in a very unpleasant part of the town (Rose Street, Hog Lane, Soho); but I was *very indifferent* where my situation was. I have never mentioned to you a sister he had, who was *four years older* than himself, and married the year before him, without his or any of her friends' consent. You'll say she was *old enough* to choose for herself; but her judgment was by no means equal to her years; not that she wanted sense, but she was vain and imperious, excessively jealous, and inquisitive to the last degree of impertinence: she affected all the airs of a young woman of twenty-five.

Thus qualified, you cannot be surprised that a very artful Scotchman, who knew a good deal of the world, should gain her good graces; she had a very good opinion of herself, had not a heart of adamant, and thought her charms so much on the decline, that if she refused this offer, she might not have another, so at the age of sixty-one she resigned herself and fortune into the possession of this man. The latter was what he wanted; he got two thousand pounds of it, the rest her brother would not pay. The cunning Scot walked off with his booty, and left the poor forlorn woman, to mourn his absence, for he had managed so well with her that she did not see the dupe she was. When I married Gromio, I was told of her indiscreet marriage, and how much her brother resented it; that she was in

*great distress*, and he would not see her, and I made it my request that he would be reconciled to her, which he immediately complied with; but at the same time I told him I hoped he would never insist on her living with me, for, from the character he had given of her, I was afraid of her meddling, governing temper. He promised me she *never should be imposed upon me*: this being settled between us, I was greatly surprised, upon my coming to town, to find her in the house, but hoped it was only for a few days. Vain were my hopes; I too soon found she was fixed there, and that I should suffer infinitely from her ill-humours. I believe that if I had *insisted* upon Gromio's promise, that she should not live with me, I might have had her removed; but as I feared no spy, I would not put it into the power of her malice to say I did.[1]

Hitherto I had lived in *great affluence*, and I had never known the want of money: I was as prudent in the management of my domestic affairs, as I thought our circumstances required; in the country, I had not the demands for money that attended the life I was now engaged in, and I was so well furnished with clothes and pocket-money by Lord Lansdown on my marriage, that I had no notion of ever wanting. I will not trouble you, my dear Maria, with the particulars of my distresses on that score; Gromio's excuse to me was, "bad tenants and a cheating steward," which I truly believe

[1] It is known that at this period the servants of Mrs. Pendarves were *under orders* to give a daily account of every place she went to; and it was doubtless the knowledge of this system which made her endure everything rather than ask for the removal of her duenna. This fact was mentioned by Mary Granville in the latter years of her life to her niece, the mother of the Editor, from whom she heard it.

was the case, though I had many hints given me, by his old friends, that he had some *very near relations* to maintain. This was the *last misfortune* I could have expected; I thought myself at least secure of an easy fortune. Gromio, to drown his cares, which I believe were then very heavy on him, and his remorse for having drawn me into miserable circumstances, had recourse to the society I have already mentioned: he never was at home but when the gout confined him, and then I never left him. When he had the gout, he could never bear (even in the midst of winter) the least fire in his room, and I have read three hours together to him, trembling with cold all the time. He has often been confined six weeks together: as soon as he was able to go abroad, he returned to his society, never came home sober, and has frequently been led between two servants to bed at six and seven o'clock in the morning. Unhappy, cruel state! How many tears have I shed, and what sorrow of heart have I felt! These were the scenes I had at home: it is now time to tell you what I met with abroad, which I must make the subject of another letter, this being already of unreasonable length.

I am, my dearest Maria, your faithful

ASPASIA.

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The following narrative was also written in Mary Granville's own hand; and as it concludes with the period alluded to in the above letter, it is here inserted.

In the year 1718, when I was at Roscrow, in Cornwall, Sir William and Lady Pendarvise (distantly related to Mr. Pendarves) were our nearest neighbours. (She was sister to Dean Godolphin.) Sir Wm. Pendarvise was a very handsome man, with a moderate understanding, ten years at Court, younger than

his lady, who was neither young or handsome, therefore it may be presumed he married her for her fortune and connections, and she married him for his pretty person, and was excessive fond of him. Lady Pendarvis had brought down into Cornwall with her, Miss H—— (daughter of Lord ——, the Earl of ——'s son, who had been so reduced in his circumstances that he married Mrs. Hays, who kept the rooms at Bath, for a maintenance. Lady Pendarvis, when at Bath, was moved with compassion at seeing a young creature like Miss H—— exposed to every danger that beauty, high spirits, and no education must necessarily subject her to, without a prudent relation or friend to guard and admonish her. Lady Pendarvis therefore proposed to Lord —— to take his daughter with her to Cornwall, which he very readily consented to. The prettiness of her person, the liveliness of her manner, and the melancholy situation she was in, made me very glad to show her any civility that would a little console her, and indeed a good-natured, agreeable companion was a great aquisition to me, and we soon grew very intimate; but in the course of our acquaintance, which had been about half a year, I found an alteration in her behaviour, a pertness, and an assuming manner, which I plainly saw gave Lady Pendarvis uneasiness. Miss H—— told me that though Lady P—— was very kind to her, and she was sensible of the obligation she was under, that her temper was so gloomy and captious, she really did not know how to please her.

I knew that several wild and unprincipled people were the companions of Sir W. Pendarvis, and I often warned Miss H—— to be very cautious in her behaviour, and to take no steps but what were directed by Lady P——, for which grave admonition she turned me into ridicule, and said I was "growing as crusty as the old lady;" this lively stroke made me suspect something had gone wrong. I asked her how they spent their time at Pendarvis (the name of their seat in Cornwall); she said there was a succession of men visitors, and that they generally sat a great while *after* dinner, but as she loved reading, when she could get away from Lady P——, she used to go into her own room

for that purpose, and now and then one or two of the gentlemen would follow her, and read plays with her; but she found this gave offence to Lady P——, who called her to an account for it; upon which she altered her behaviour, and did everything she could to oblige her; and after such a *sacrifice* she thought she might indulge herself after the family were gone to bed, in admitting visits for an hour or two at that time, especially as Sir W. Pendarvis was often of the party, there could be no harm in it.

I told her I was sure she did not think she was doing wrong, or she would not have allowed them such liberty; but it appeared to me as very dangerous conduct, and I could wish she would not persue it, if she did I must break off all acquaintance with her. But she laughed at me, said I was very prudish, and from that time she had never any confidence in me. It was a point I could not talk of to Lady Pendarvis; I knew her temper was violent, and thought if I raised a jealousy in her, I might make her very miserable, and had not confidence enough in my own judgment to meddle in an affair of such delicacy; and there was no intimate friend of Lady P—— that I could consult, and indeed I was without any confidential friend of my own to advise with.

My brother was at that time with me, and I soon observed, by her very forward, talkative manner with him, that she had lost that diffident modesty, which, at my first acquaintance with her, was an engaging part of her character; he was too young and unpractised in the ways of the world, for me to consult with on an occasion of such a nature, but I was soon relieved from my anxiety about her. From the time of the extraordinary conversation I had with her, her behaviour was very different; she was reserved, civil, and quiet in her manner, and, I hoped, had considered the subject with some advantage to herself. Her youngest aunt was Mrs. B——, and her eldest aunt Mrs. P. B——, who was a woman of great wit, with a certain intrepidity of behaviour, that made her very entertaining, though too often her unguarded manner gave offence to those who were of a more delicate way of thinking. Miss H——'s mother was the eldest sister of this family, but died when she was an

infant. Lady D——, her grandmother, had lodgings in Somerset House; they were all very well at Court, and had interest sufficient to obtain the place of semstress to Her Majesty Queen Caroline, for their niece, and I believe the day that Lady Pendarvis was called upon to carry her to Court, and resign her charge, was a *very happy one* to her.

I saw very little of Sir Wm. Pendarvis, or his lady, after Miss H—— left them; they were very little in the country, and Mr. Pendarves had never a very cordial kindness for Sir William. Some years after I heard that Lady Pendarvis had acted a very generous part towards Miss H——; for though she had disturbed her domestic happiness in a high degree, she never made any complaint of her, but let the affair drop quietly; indeed she did not long survive it; after which Sir W.'s house was the rendezvous of a very immoral set of men. One of his strange exploits, amongst other frolics, was having a coffin made of copper (which one of his mines that year had produced), and placed in the midst of his great hall, and instead of his making use of it as a monitor that might have made him ashamed and terrified at his past life, and induce him to make amends in future, it was filled with punch, and he and his comrades soon made themselves incapable of any sort of reflection; this was *often* repeated, and hurried him on to that awful moment he had so much reason to dread.

I went to London in the year 1720, in the beginning of November. Soon after my arrival I received a letter from Miss H——, full of acknowledgements for the civilities she had received from me in Cornwall, and hoping I would give her leave to improve the acquaintance, and appoint a day for our meeting, which I did with great pleasure. She was in the apartments belonging to her office, and seemed very happy and in good spirits, and begged I would be her chaperone when she went to public places, as the Queen, who had been so good to take her under her protection, gave her cautions with whom she appeared in public. "On Her Majesty's enquiring," said she, "who were my chief acquaintance, I named you with a particular regard, and

she said she should be "*perfectly satisfied at my going with you anywhere*." I complied with her request, and went with her to plays and Lady Strafford's assembly, which was once a fortnight, and the only one at that time, except Lady Chetwind's every Sunday, which I never attended. But I was by no means pleased with her behaviour: she was very free in her manner and conversation, which consequently drew a circle of fluttering men about her, which often distressed me, and I remonstrated with her on the impropriety of such conduct; and upon her making me a very free speech in company, which put me very much out of countenance, I declared to her I would be her chaperone no longer; and indeed I was very sensible (though a married woman) that I was too young for such an office, being one year younger than herself.

After this time there was a great coolness between us. The summer following she was ordered to go to Tunbridge for her health, which had been declining for some time; at her return to town, at the latter end of the year, she sent *to beg* I would come and spend an evening with her, as she was not well enough to go to me. I accordingly went, and found with her her sister and her uncle, Mr. W. B——, who, she told me, was not very fond of her. When they went away I would have gone, but she desired me to stay and sup with her, which I did. Her conversation was upon common topics, and rather reserved; she said she was no better for Tunbridge, and indeed she looked very ill—was in a loose wrapping gown. She desired I would let her come and spend an evening with me as soon as she was well enough to go out, which she did in about a fortnight after. *Before* my little supper was ready, she quite fainted away in her chair. I was greatly shocked and alarmed, but she soon recovered out of her fainting fit, but did not find herself well enough to stay supper, and went home directly. I heard the next morning that she had a good night, and was pretty well again.

A few days after this, Sir Anthony Westcomb, my friend and cousin-german, who lived much in the world, and was so friendly as to advise and caution me (knowing how ignorant I was of the world) told me he wished I would break off all acquaintance with Miss H——, for her conduct had been very indiscreet; that

he had his information from very good authority, but was not at liberty to tell his author. I was very much offended at the aspersion, and I hoped it was a false one; he said he did not doubt of my abhorrence of indiscretion, but feared that such *arts* as she was mistress of, might impose upon one so free from *any*, and begged of me to bear in mind what he told me, which I really did; and the recollection of many circumstances that had passed, raised some suspicion in me.

Soon after this I spent a fortnight at North-End. When I returned again to town, I received a verbal message from Miss H——, to desire I would not call on her, for she had got a complaint which obliged her to keep all her acquaintance from her; and that she would give notice when they might come. I own the message astonished me; some weeks after I received another, to desire I would call in the morning, appointing the hour. I had told Mr. Pendarves, what had passed between me and Sir Anthony about her, and my conduct upon it, which he seemed very well satisfied with. I then proposed that we should call in our way to North-End, if he would have the patience to sit in the chariot whilst I made a short visit, which he readily agreed to, having as much curiosity to hear the account of this visit as I had. I was ushered upstairs into a drawing-room (she was then at a lodging in Warwick Street). She soon came into the room, so thin, and so pale, that it put me into the utmost astonishment, and I said, "Indeed, you look very ill!" "Oh, I have been very bad indeed; but am very well now." I thought it best not to make any particular enquiries what had been her disorder, but shortened my visit by telling her Mr. Pendarves waited for me in the chariot, and that we were engaged to go to North-End.

Soon after the real cause of her confinement was made public; many and various were the conjectures, and gentle means were tried by those to whom she was under the highest obligations, to get the truth from her: her *best friend* had the humanity to wish to bring her to such a sense of it, as to make some amends for what she had been guilty of. Soon after her last visit to me, she sent for her privately, and told her what had

been suspected now amounted to a certainty, but that she had such a real kindness and compassion for her, she was willing to save her, if possible, from any further censure from the world; and that if she would honestly confess to her, and say that she was truly sensible of her bad conduct, and wished sincerely to reform, she would not only give her an opportunity of retiring, but restore her again to her place and favour in time. Instead of receiving this gracious offer with humble thankfulness, and being overwhelmed with such goodness, she flew into a passion,[1] said it was a vile aspersion, and *defied* what the world could say of her; upon which she was dismissed from the Q——'s presence and her service, and obliged to remove to other lodgings, where her only associates were her uncle and her sister, and a Col. W——, a friend of her uncle's, who met there to play at cards. To complete this horrid tale, Col. W——, a man of as little delicacy as morals, had planned, for some time, to secure her for himself, and carried her off into Wales, since which time I have never heard of either of them.

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*Mrs. Pendarves to Mrs. Anne Granville.*

Rose Street, 14th July, 1722.

You must not take it ill, my dear sister, that this is the first letter directed to you since I left Buckland, for I have been in full employment since I came to town in equiping myself with clothes for my mourning,[2] which

[1] It is recorded that this lady made use of an expression which is so very extraordinary that it is here repeated as a curiosity of the last century to show what a peer's daughter and a maid of honour *could say* more than a hundred years ago. When desired to speak without reserve, she said that "the *Devil should eat her bones if she did.*"

[2] Historical Register, 1722, April 14. Died, Mrs. Stanley, wife of Colonel Stanley, brother of Sir John Stanley, Bart. On the 3rd of May died "Henry Monk, Esq., the last heir in tail (of that family) by the will of Cr. Monk, Duke of Albemarle."

For either of these persons Mrs. Pendarves might have worn slight mourning in July 1722.

though a very slight one, was a good pretence for me to have a white lutestring. Your cheerful letter and good account of my dear papa has given me a great deal of pleasure and satisfaction; I never cease praying for his re-establishment in a perfect state of good health, and I beg I may constantly hear how he does in a particular manner, whilst he is under the physician's discipline. I desire you will present my humble duty to my papa and mama. I did design writing to-day to my father, but Mr. Pendarves prevents me, so I will defer my letter to another post. Pray assure my brother and Mrs. Carter of my humble service; I acknowledge myself their debtor, but will pay them in a very little time.

Last Wednesday I was all night upon the water with Lady Harriot Harley.[1] We went into the barge at five in the afternoon, and landed at Whitehall Stairs. We rowed up the river as far as Richmond, and were entertained all the time with very good musick in another barge. The concert was composed of three hautboys, two bassoons, flute, allemagne, and young Grenoc's trumpet. We were to have had Mrs. Robinson[2] with us, but unluckily she was engaged, otherwise our entertainment had been complete. While we lay before Richmond, we eat some cold meat and fruit, and there was variety of wines; but notwithstand[g] all these varieties of diversion I should not have enjoyed them, had I not received a letter that post from Mrs. Carter which gave me a particular good account of my father, for which favour I

[1] Wife of Edward, then Lord Harley, and afterwards 2nd Earl of Oxford, and mother of Margaret, Duchess of Portland. His father, the 1st Earl of Oxford, died May 21, 1724.

[2] The second wife of Charles, 4th Earl of Peterborough.

will return her a thousand thanks. I cannot say though the town is not full, that it is disagreable. I have acquaintance enough in it never to be quite alone, and the Park is very pleasant, for what company there is in town you are sure of meeting there.

Mrs. Andrews's sister, Miss Whiteman, is run mad, and now confined in a mad-house; her sister, I think, wants such a place as much, for nothing but one out of their senses could behave themselves so ridiculously. I expect Mrs. Nelly Warren to dine with me to-day, I have not yet seen her. Yesterday my Cousin Ogle was here, who asked very much after all friends at Buckland; she expects her husband home soon, laden with the prizes he has taken from the three pirates.

I was in the afternoon yesterday at Somerset House, where I found my Aunt Stanley better than she had been for some days; she charged me with her service and best wishes to Buckland. She would have writ to my father herself, and hopes he does not take it unkind she has not, but she was so ill and low in spirits that she was not able to write a line. My brother Bevill walked in the Park with me last night. I left him well in Stable-yard, but suppose you will have a letter from him this post. I was sitting down to write to Buckland last post, but was prevented by a message from my aunt G——ll[1] that she wanted to speak with me at Somerset House. When I came it was to give me the solitaires, which are at last arrived. I will send my mother's and yours by the first opportunity.

I am, my dear sister most affectionately yours,

M. Pendarves.

[1] Mrs. Elizabeth Granville, the unmarried sister of Lord Lansdowne, Colonel Granville, and Lady Stanley.

I rejoice at the Goldfinch's good health; Pigeon is not so gay as when at Buckland, but begs his humble service.

I am not certain when I go to Cornwall, or if at all. I will make enquiry for some right Palsye drops.

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MRS. ANASTASIA ROBINSON.

The following account of Mrs. Anastasia Robinson was dictated to Dr. Burney by Mrs. Delany, many years after the date of this letter.

"Mrs. Anastasia Robinson was of a middling stature, not handsome, but of a pleasing modest countenance, with large blue eyes; her deportment easy, unaffected, and graceful; her manner and address very engaging, and her behaviour, on all occasions, that of a gentlewoman, with perfect propriety. She was not only liked by her acquaintance, but loved and caressed by persons of the highest rank, with whom she appeared always equal without assuming. Her father's house, in Golden Square, was frequented by all the men of genius and refined taste of the times. Among the number of persons of distinction who frequented Mr. Robinson's house, and seemed to distinguish his daughter in a particular manner, were the Earl of Peterborough and General H——. The latter had shown a long attachment to her, and his attentions were so remarkable, that they seemed more than the effects of common politeness; and as he was a very agreeable man and in good circumstances, he was favourably received, not doubting but that his intentions were honourable; but a declaration of a very contrary nature was treated with the contempt it deserved, though Mrs. A. Robinson was very much prepossessed in his favour.

"Soon after this Lord Peterborough endeavoured to convince her of his partial regard for her; but, agreeable and artful as he was, she remained very much upon her guard, which rather increased than diminished his admiration for her; yet still his pride struggled with his inclination, for all this time she was

engaged to sing in public, a circumstance very grievous to her; but urged by the best of motives, she submitted to it, in order to assist her parents, whose fortune was much reduced by Mr. Robinson's loss of sight, which deprived him of the benefit of his profession as painter.

"At length Lord Peterborough made his declaration to her on honourable terms. He found it would be vain to make proposals on any other, and as he omitted no circumstance that could engage her esteem and gratitude, she accepted them, as she was sincerely attached to him. He earnestly requested her to keep it a secret till a more convenient time for him to make it known, to which she readily consented, having a perfect confidence in his honour.

"Mrs. A. Robinson had a sister, a very pretty accomplished woman, who married Dr. Arbuthnot's brother. After the death of Mr. Robinson, Lord Peterborough took a house near Fulham, in the neighbourhood of his own villa at Parsons-green, where he settled Mrs. Robinson and her mother. They never lived under the same roof, till the earl, being seized with a violent fit of illness, solicited her to attend him at Mount Bevis near Southampton; which she refused with firmness, but upon condition that, though still denied to take his name, she might be permitted to wear her wedding-ring; to which, finding her inexorable, he at length consented.

"His haughty spirit was still reluctant to the making a declaration that would have done justice to so worthy a character as the person to whom he was now united; and indeed his uncontrollable temper and high opinion of his own actions made him a very awful husband, ill suited to Lady Peterborough's good sense, amiable temper, and delicate sentiments. She was a Roman Catholic, but never gave offence to those of contrary opinion, though very strict in what she thought her duty. Her excellent principles and fortitude of mind, supported her through many severe trials in her conjugal state. At last he prevailed on himself to do her justice, instigated, it is supposed, by his bad state of health, which obliged him to seek another climate, and

she absolutely refused to go with him unless he declared his marriage; and her attendance on him in this illness nearly cost her her life.

"He appointed a day for all his nearest relations to meet him at the apartment over the gateway of St. James's Palace belonging to Mr. Poyntz, who was married to Lord Peterborough's niece, and at that time preceptor of Prince William, afterwards Duke of Cumberland; he also appointed Lady Peterborough to be there at the same time. When they were all assembled, he began a most eloquent oration, enumerating all the virtues and perfections of Mrs. A. Robinson, and the rectitude of her conduct during his long acquaintance with her, for which he acknowledged his great obligation and sincere attachment, declaring he was determined to do her that justice which he ought to have done long ago, which was, presenting her to all his family as his wife. He spoke this harangue with so much energy, and in parts so pathetically, that Lady Peterborough, not being apprised of his intentions, was so affected that she fainted away in the midst of the company.

"After Lord Peterborough's death, she lived a very retired life, chiefly at Mount Bevis, and was seldom prevailed on to leave that habitation but by the Duchess of Portland, who was always happy to have her company at Bulstrode when she could obtain it, and often visited her at her own house.

"Among Lord Peterborough's papers, she found his memoirs, written by himself, in which he declared he had been guilty of such actions as would have reflected very much upon his character, for which reason she burnt them. This, however, contributed to prove the excellency of her principles, though it did not fail giving offence to the curious inquirers after anecdotes of so remarkable a character as that of the Earl of Peterborough."

Lord Peterborough's declaration of his marriage took place in 1735, and he died at Lisbon the same year.

Lady Peterborough died in 1750.

It is said that Bevis Mount derives the first part of its name from Sir Bevis of Hampton, who is fabled to have mauled the

invading Danes, even to better purpose than Sir Guy of Warwick, who, as the story goes, smote the great Colebrand, somewhere in the vale of Chilcombe, while King Athelstan, sitting on a turret of the north wall of Winchester, beheld the progress and issue of the combat.

If Sir Bevis did not decide the fate of the Danes, by hewing down a giant in single combat, he has the credit of raising a gigantic mound of earth, to obstruct the passage of the Itchen; and this is the origin of the name.

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*Lord Lansdowne to Col. Bernard Granville.*

Feby. 15, 1722-3.

My Dear Brother,

I rejoice exceedingly at the account you continue to give me of recovering your health at the Bath. I thank you for the plan you sent me of the pillar erected upon Lansdowne, but I find the performer has not been exact in the execution, having failed in the two principal points recommended to him. His directions were to be sure of making the tables for the inscriptions so large, that the letters might be easily legible at a distance by any passenger on horseback, and the size of the tables would be a direction to proportion the rest of the work. It was likewise foreseen, that unless it was surrounded by a rail it would be impossible to hinder it from being defaced by comers and goers, who would be apt to scratch their own conceits and sentences upon it; besides cattle which are constantly grazing upon the down would be rubbing against it. These very reasons were urged by the undertaker himself, and therefore it was concluded there should be a handsome rail of stone, of which there is great plenty in all that neighbourhood and the best in

the kingdom, and unless this is performed, he has not completed his work according to his own proposition.

I have had a very grave and serious letter from my nephew Bevil, to acquaint me that he has at last taken the resolution of devoting himself to the Church. I cannot say but I am heartily glad of it; there is nothing like choosing some profession or other for young men; otherwise they must necessarily fall into idleness without any hope of being ever useful in any kind to their families or country. *A man of quality*, provided he *maintains his character* (for without that, there can be nothing expected), cannot fail of making his way some time or other, and more readily this way than any other.

He informs me that he designs to enter himself at Trinity College in Cambridge because I was of that college, which he means as a compliment to me, but I would have him well consider of that. In my time indeed it was a most flourishing college, but of late years it has been disturbed with a civil war between the master and fellows, which is carried on with so much warmth and animosity on both sides, that it cannot be comfortable living amongst them. I should think he had better choose come college in Oxford, which is nearer to you at Buckland, which neighbourhood would make that choice more convenient and agreeable to you all, and besides you would have his conduct and behaviour more under your own inspection. There is a college[1] in

[1] Lord Lansdown refers to Exeter College, Oxford, where Sir Bevil Granville graduated as Bachelor of Arts, Febry, 1613. Denis Granville, Dean of Durham, a son of Sir Bevil's, also received his education there. Lord Lansdown's father was Bernard Granville, brother to the Dean, consequently the Dean was his uncle, and Sir Bevil his grandfather, to which Lord Lansdown referred in this letter.

Oxford particular to the western gentleman; my uncle the dean was I believe of it, and so was my grandfather, whose death *that University so much honoured.*[1] Christ Church I have heard is as much divided into factions as Trinity—the same reason subsists against going there; when one is to choose a retreat, one would choose a quiet one; there is no studying in the midst of quarrels and disturbance. I have answered his letter and given him my opinion in all but this article; I would fain have him do well, and establish such a character as may give him higher views in time than barely remaining a country parson.

God Almighty bless and prosper you all. Being come to the bottom of my paper, I have but barely room to assure you of my remaining, my dear brother,

Eternally yours. LANSDOWN.

Endorsed by Col. Granville as "Received Saturday, 16 Feb. 1722-3."

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*Lord Lansdown to Col. Bernard Granville.*

March 9th, 1722-3.

MY DEAR BROTHER,

I am heartily sorry for any mistakes which happen between you and your neighbours, wishing for nothing so much as a good understanding between you. What I have always required from him, to which my circumstances oblige me, is that he should *make good to me my rent roll,* as it was always in his predecessor's time. I wish with all my heart I could make greater allowances,

[1] A collection of verses, by the University of Oxford, on the death of Sir Bevil Granville, was printed in 1643, and reprinted in 1684. To these are annexed King Charles's letters to Sir Bevil Granville, and to the county of Cornwal; and a patent of Charles I., which grants to the county of Cornwal a trade to Denmark, the great Duke of Muscovy, and the Levant.

but as my misfortunes and my family have encreased I cannot go beyond what was then allowed. I have written to him to observe the same rule as in Cooper's time. If I could make it better I would, but, as the world goes, we must each of us submit to the present necessity, and consider one another *in our turns* as well as we can, with the best husbandry; you are and shall ever be sure of me to the very utmost of my power; all that I have to ask of you in return, is to consider with the same tenderness my circumstances till I have more in my power, and whenever that happens, I will give you leave to reproach me, if your condition should not mend whenever mine does. I have already thanked you for the plan you sent me, and gave you my reflexions upon the performance, which I hope you received.

Pray tell Madam Lyndsey that I rejoice at her resurrection; she has been dead and buried with us above these twelve months, and I have been very angry with her brother, who is a principal person in this part of the world, for *not going into mourning for her*, for which I shall beg his pardon. I likewise congratulate the city of Bath for continuing under the direction of its old governour, whom our newspapers had sent of a long journey into the other world. Care shall be taken to equip my god-daughter as you desire with the very first opportunity of sending from hence.

Believe me, my dear brother, there is nothing in my power but shall be always as much as I am yours.

My wife is your humble servant.

LANSDOWN.

It is certain that Col. Granville not only lost immensely by his own attachment to the Stuarts, but that his brother, Lord

Lansdown's influence being considerable, it was probable that it was exerted to strengthen his adherence to their cause, still more to the injury of his worldly affairs in his later days.

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*Mrs. Pendarves to Mrs. Anne Granville.*

London, 16th May, 1723.

Though I have been a voyage to-day, I can't forbear writing two or three lines to my dear sister. Mrs. Carter and myself are just returned from Chelsea, where we found all friends well. Mr. Butler complains very much, but I believe he is a little hipped, for he grows fat and eats and sleeps well. When we came home we had a mortification, for Mrs. Carter found a letter from Lady H. H. to offer her two tickets for the Opera, the loss of which makes Maddy grumble, but she is very well and very good to be contented with the accomodations she meets with here. She gives her service to you, and is at this time writing out the variations of Minuett Favorita. I am rejoiced to hear by your letter to her that my mama is pretty well; if my good wishes had any influence her health would be perfect. This day my Aunt Clifford had an account from my cousin Carter of Braintree of old Mrs. Taverner's death: she died last Wednesday night.

Lady Lansdowne is expected to-night or to-morrow morning. Miss Grace has quite recovered. Sir William Carew's[1] lawsuit with Lord Coventry is just determined in favour of Sir William. The young Duchess of Marlborough[2] has settled on Bononcini for his life £500

[1] Sir William Carew, of Anthony, M.P. for Cornwall, married Ann, only daughter and heiress of Gilbert, 4th Earl of Coventry. On the Earl's decease in 1719, the title devolved upon William Coventry, Esq., M.P. for Bridport, a descendant of the 1st Lord.

[2] The great Duke of Marlborough died June 16, 1722. His widow "the old Duchess," survived till 1744. Their daughter Henrietta, wife of Francis

a-year, provided he will *not* compose any more for the ungrateful Academy, who do not deserve he should entertain them, since they don't know how to value his works as they ought, and likewise told him he should "always be welcome to her table." Lady Francis Hamilton is soon to be married to Mr. Sanderson, a brother of Lord Scarborough; she is to have ten thousand pound down, and ten thousand pound after Lord Orkney's death.

Yesterday I had a letter from Miss Legh, who asks me many questions about you: as, if you are in town? if you mind your musick? and *to crown all* if you are to be married soon? she is to suffer penance in the country some time longer. The *Countess*[1] is persecuted with lovers and with poetry by the penny post; wit flows in abundance. When I see you, I shall be able to entertain you with some very extraordinary things, but I won't trust the post; besides circumstances and several particulars must be told, which cannot so well be expressed in writing, and I hope we shall meet before the year is expired and tell old stories.

But I must tell of a new entertainment I have had, which was the Masquerade last Tuesday. We dispatched Moll and Bess before us, and said not one word of our design of going, but as soon as they were gone we dressed ourselves in black dominos, took sober Mr. Cole with us, and went after them to the Masquerade, where we should have had pure sport, if Edgcombe, who was very quick-sighted in finding out the widow, had not betrayed us. I was very much pleased with it, and like it so well as

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Earl of Godolphin, succeeded by Act of Parliament to her father's dukedom, and is here mentioned as "the young Duchess." She died in 1733, when her sister's son Charles, 5th Earl of Sunderland, became Duke of Marlborough.

[1] "*The Countess.*" Lady Sunderland, step-mother to the Earl of Sunderland, who became 2nd Duke of Marlborough.

to hope one day to have the pleasure of going with you to one. I met with no smart people, and it was thin of company to what they used to be, but as it was the first I ever was at, I did not find any faults, but a great deal of diversion: I will dress up your head, and am proud you should prefer my fingers before any other. Now I must have compassion on you and conclude, though if I had a folio sheet before me, I believe I could fill it: I am sure it would not hold all I have to say, were I to tell you with how much affection

I am yours,
PENNY PENNY.

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## LETTER X.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

Alcander, upon some discontents occasioned by political affairs, went with his family to France the year before I came to town. I was much disappointed at not finding him, for I loved him notwithstanding the unhappy settlement he had made for me, and I hoped for some redress from him. I at first lamented the absence of Laura,[1] from whose friendship I expected much consolation, for she corresponded with me in the kindest manner imaginable, and professed a sincere affection for me, but I found her conduct since my leaving her, had been very indiscreet. I told you in one of my first letters that she was very handsome and gay; she loved admiration—a most dangerous disposition in an agreeable woman, and proved a most ruinous one to Lady Lansdown. The libertine manners of France accomplished what her own

[1] Lady Lansdowne.

nature was too prone to. No woman could less justify herself than she could. Alcander, whom she married for love, had every agreeable quality that could make a husband amiable and worthy of the most tender and constant affection; he was fond of her to excess, generous to extravagance, allowing her the command of all his fortune. He had learning and sense, far beyond her capacity and wit, with the greatest politeness and good-humour imaginable; in one word, he was as fine and finished a gentleman, as in his own, or any other age, ever adorned his country.

Alcander, had he married a woman of prudence, sense and virtue, would have made a shining figure in the world to his last moments; and Laura, had she married a man of a resolute arbitrary disposition, might have made a decent wife; but she was extravagant, and given up to dissipation, and my uncle's open unsuspecting temper gave her full liberty to indulge the unbounded vanity of her heart. I have been very particular in her character, that you may the more plainly see in the progress of this little history, the dangers I escaped from her example and attempts upon me; and when I came to consider what a risk I must have run under the conduct of such a woman, I was thankful to Providence for my present situation, and that reflection reconciled me more to it than all my reasoning before could possibly do: a strong argument for humble resignation to the dispensations of that Providence, which so often from the evils we endure produces the good we could not foresee.

Though I was on my coming to London disappointed of two friends, on whom I had depended, I was not of the third. My aunt Valeria,[1] whose friendship, virtue, and

[1] Lady Stanley.

good sense, guided and supported me through several difficult paths, was the only person in the world to whom I ever made any complaint, and even from her, I concealed the greatest part of what I suffered, except where I wanted her direction to act properly, and then I was forced to tell her my difficulties without disguise. She had a great partiality for me; she was infirm and unable to go to public places, but was *very careful who I went with:* my being young and new, and soon known to be married to a man much older than myself, exposed me to the impertinence of many idle young men. It was not my turn to be pleased with such votaries, and the apprehension of Gromio's jealousy kept me upon my guard, and by a dull cold behaviour I soon gave them to understand they were to expect no encouragement from me.

Germanico,[1] a foreigner, was not so easily repulsed. His figure was by no means agreeable, his manner forward and assured, and his age placed him amongst those that I could not imagine had any gallantry in their head—but was mistaken. He was often in my company; the first time was at a ball given by one of the foreign ministers;[2] he, unfortunately for me, engaged me to dance with him, and that gave him a pretence of talking to me whenever we afterwards met, but as I did not observe anything in his behaviour to me that could give me offence, I behaved towards him with the same indifference I did to my general acquaintance. He was to give an entertainment of music and supper to some relations and intimate friends of mine: he engaged them to bring me with them. I told Gromio and Valeria of the invitation, and they both encouraged me to go as I loved music, and the com-

[1] *M. Fabrici, the Hanoverian Minister.* [2] *Danish Ambassador.*

pany were agreeable to me; accordingly I consented, and at nine o'clock we went. We were twelve in company: nothing could have been more gay and magnificent than the music and supper. When we sat down to table, it was proposed we should sit a man and a woman; it was my place to sit the lower end of the table, and Germanico sat next to me, but I soon wished for another neighbour. He stared at me the whole night, and put me so much out of countenance, that I was ready to cry: he soon checked all my pleasure at the entertainment, the music sounded harsh, and everything appeared disagreeable. I showed all the signs of discontent I could, enquired if my chair was come, and looked at my watch twenty times; at last, to my relief, the company broke up. I took a hood out of my pocket to put on, and Germanico gave me a paper which he said I *had dropped* in taking out my hood: he led me to my chair, squeezed me by the hand and offered to kiss it, but I snatched it from him with the highest resentment: I was indeed greatly offended at his impertinence, and heartily repented of my supping there.

I communicated what had passed to Valeria, who advised me to avoid him as much as possible, which I did by keeping from all public places, or wherever I thought it might be probable for me to meet him. I abhorred the wretch and could not forgive his presumption, but how was my detestation of him increased a day or two after this odious supper, when, sorting some papers I had in my pocket, I found a letter from Germanico, with a passionate declaration of love! I threw it into the fire with the utmost indignation. This was the paper which he pretended I had dropt from my pocket, which I (unpractised in such arts) took without the least suspicion.

These perplexities abroad and discontents at home, made me wish myself in a place of more solitude, and even solicit Gromio to return to Averno, where at least I should pass my time with fewer difficulties, though not with more happiness. He promised me from month to month he would go, but retirement was not then to be my lot. A few months after this I went down to my father's house in the country, Gromio was detained in town upon business; I was transported once more to see the dear Farm, and alas! it *was but once more!* My sister was now grown a very reasonable and entertaining companion though very young: she had a lively genius, improved beyond her years, loved reading, and had an excellent memory. I was surprized at her understanding, having never before attended to her but as to a child, and the goodness of her heart, and the delicacy of her sentiments delighted me still more. From that time I had a perfect confidence in her, told her some of my distresses, and found great consolation and relief to my mind by this opening of my heart, and from her great tenderness and friendship for me.

Three months of felicity soon passed over caressed and indulged by the most amiable parents in the world, but this happy scene was closed by a most severe affliction—the death of my dear father! That misfortune dispersed us all: my brother was sent for post, on this sad occasion. My mother could not bear to remain in a place where she had gone through so melancholy a scene; she removed to a town [1] about twelve miles from the Farm, where she has been settled ever since. She took my sister with her, my brother returned with us to London; business

[1] *Gloucester.*

called him and duty me, for Gromio began to resent my staying so long; but one good thing happened in my absence—the brother and sister quarrelled and parted.

I shall be, my dear friend, surprised if your patience be not exhausted by this time; I suspect it is, and beg you will own it frankly, and you will oblige yours,

&c., &c.

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*George Lord Lansdown to his Niece, Mrs. Pendarves.*

Dec. 22nd, 1723.

My Dearest Niece,

I have both your letters at the same time of the 21st and 30th of November your style this very day, the post coming in so late, that I have but just a moment to acknowledge the receipt of them. If I had received your first letter without the last, I should indeed have suffered a great deal, but the comfort which one brought, has prevented the pain which the other would have given. I beg you to assure my brother of my tenderest wishes for his health; I hope it will please God to give us life to come together again with some comfort. He and his may be always assured of my utmost affection. Pray make my compliments to my sister and my niece. The little time I have to own the receipt of your letters is what I would not omit, though it allows me no more than just to assure you, my brother and family, of my being eternally, with the truest and most tender affection,

My dear niece, your most affectionate
uncle and most faithful servant,
Lansdowne.

I hope my old friend Pen is always in good health.

*Lord Lansdown to Mrs. Pendarves.*

Dec. 31, 1723.

DEAR NIECE,

It grieves me that the first time of my saluting you in this manner, should be upon so melancholy an occasion as the death of so tender a father: my heart joins with you in all the affliction you feel. Comfort your poor mother, let that be your care. As far as it shall be in my power to be instead of a father to you all I will. Believe me, with all truth and tenderness,

My dear niece,

Your most affectionate uncle,

LANSDOWNE.

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*Sir John Stanley to Mrs. Pendarves, at Bucklands.*

London, 10th Dec. 1723.

MADAM,

No body can be more concerned at the great loss which I fear before this time you have had at Bucklands: it could be no surprise from the nature of the distemper, and the violence of the attack, and therefore I hope my sister and you were better prepared for it. I have that opinion both of your good understandings and true piety, that you will endeavour to be easy under this stroke of Providence, which though heavy when it comes, yet we know must fall on everybody in their turn. My wife is so much out of order that I have not ventured to let her know the worst, though I have prepared her for it; she knows nothing of *the express* you sent; and your brother's going down I told her was by Sir Anthony

Westcomb's advice and mine; it was certainly right, and so good a son and brother must be a comfort to you.

I am, madam,

Your most obedient and most humble servant,

J. STANLEY.

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*Lady Lansdown to Barnard Granville, Esq.*

Jan. 1st, 1724.

DEAR NEPHEW,

You can't imagine how sincerely I am concerned for the loss that you have made of so good a father: I am the more concerned, knowing what it is for a dutyfull child to lose a tender father; and enter into your loss more sensibly than another, having some years past made the same loss. But you have a comfort left, which is an uncle that *you are sure will be a father to you in worldly affairs*, and he would take it very kindly of you, that after you have seen which way your mother is, if you would make him a visit on this side of the water, when you have taken due care of the poor widow and of your sister Anne.

You that know your uncle so well, you may imagine how much concerned he is for the death of your father, after having lived so long well together. I hope that I have no occasion to assure you of my friendship; all I wish is that it was more in my power to show you how much I am, and shall always be, my dear nephew,

Your most faithful friend,

M. LANSDOWNE.

## LETTER XI.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

Gromio, who really loved me, was much concerned to see me so melancholy on the loss of my father, but that was no consolation to me. The summer following he proposed going to Windsor for a month. I liked the proposal very well, and we took lodging facing the gate that goes into the Little Park: the situation was pleasant, having a view of the Park from the upper windows. Gromio was taken ill with the gout the day we came there. I used to rise very early in the morning to walk in the Great Park, which joined to the garden of our house, attended by my maid and man. I chose to walk at that early hour to avoid company, as the Court was at that time at Windsor.

Stella,[1] a lady much distinguished and in favour at Court, who has shewn me on many occasions much civility, and with whom I was often engaged on musical parties, which we both loved, and in which she excelled, had at this time an apartment in the palace at Windsor. She heard of my being there by a particular accident, for Gromio did not design it should be known; but an artist,[2] famous for making musical clocks,[3] who was

[1] *Lady Walsingham*, niece to the Duchess of Kendal, afterwards Lady Chesterfield. Melusinda de Schulemberg, created by King George the First a peeress for life in her own right, April 7, 1722, as Baroness of Aldborough and Countess of Walsingham.

[2] *Pinchbeck.*

[3] In an old book these lines were recollected by the Baroness de Bunsen on hearing this MS. read:

"My Chinese toys must go to pot,
My Deards, my *Pinchbecks*, and what not."

"Deard" was a famous jeweller, whose descendant, Miss Deard, died at Abergavenny, South Wales, in the present century. (1859.)

recommended to me for his great skill, and at whose house I had often been entertained with his works, heard I was at Windsor, and followed me, that I might speak in his favour to Stella: he brought with him one of his fine clocks, and I could not refuse his request. Stella, as soon as she heard of my being in her neighbourhood, came to see me, and appointed a day for my drinking tea with her. I went according to the appointment, but had the vexation of finding Germanico there. I endeavoured to show him, by my cool behaviour, that my thoughts of him were still the same, and that I had a thorough contempt for him. Stella was extremely obliging to me, and desired to see me often, and she asked me if I should like to meet her in the Little Park. I said I should, and she named the next day, in the cool of the evening; I was very glad of that liberty, as it appeared with so much beauty to me out of my chamber window, that I had often wished for the privilege of walking there.

The next day, at six in the afternoon, a servant came to tell me the Park door was open, and Stella waited for me, upon which I immediately went. As soon as I got within the gate the servant locked me in. I walked up and down towards the Castle, expecting to find Stella in Q. E.'s Walk; when, to my equal surprise, I saw only Germanico! I started back with an intent to return; but recollecting that the gate was locked, I stopped for some minutes. I soon apprehended this was a plot of the audacious wretch's contrivance, and a thousand fears crowded into my mind: however, I thought it best to walk towards him with some confidence, though I trembled so much I could hardly keep my feet. He

came up to me and threw himself upon his knees, holding my petticoat, and begged I would forgive the stratagem he had made use of, for an opportunity of declaring how miserable he was on my account. I grew so frightened and so angry, that I hardly heard what he said, nor can I exactly recollect what I said to him, in the vast confusion I was in. He found it was in vain for him to expect any favour from me, but still he would not let me go. At last I was so provoked, that I assured him that "the King should be made acquainted with his presumption; that if Stella would not do me that justice, *I had friends* that would not bear to have me insulted and persecuted in such a manner; and that if he did not instantly go and acquaint Stella of my being there, I would go up to the windows of the apartment where I knew the King sat after dinner, and should not scruple making my complaint of him aloud."

He was alarmed at finding me so resolute (for he expected a dove instead of a tiger), and he asked my pardon, most submissively, for what had past, and entreated me, if I had any humanity, that I would not let his behaviour be known to the King, for if it were he should be ruined. I told him if he would immediately bring Stella into the walk where I was, and never speak to me again, or even bow to me, I would not expose him.

This conversation lasted above an hour; and what added to my distress was that the walk we were in faced the chamber-window where Gromio always sat. What a scene would it have been for him to have seen Germanico upon his knees, holding me by the petticoat! But my fears were groundless. When Stella came she chid Germanico for not sooner bringing her word of my

being in the Park, and said she "did not expect me till the cool of the evening." I kept my word with Germanico, and he kept his with me, and I think we never met but once after that. Whilst I was walking with Stella, I observed she looked back very often, as if she expected somebody, and at last exprest a surprize that "the King was not come into the Park, as he told her he would." I was alarmed at this, not desiring to be introduced to His Majesty in so improper a manner, not having been at Court, and having observed before that some pains had been taken to bring me into his way, though in vain. I hastened out of the Park as soon as I could, with civility, not without some dread that what had past might have been observed to my disadvantage; but I happily found to the contrary.

I soon found Windsor too public a place for me to live in with any comfort. Gromio could never walk out; and to be confined the whole day to a little close lodging, in one of the hottest seasons that ever was felt, was almost insupportable; and when I went out I was embarrassed with more company than was either agreeable or proper for me to allow. I made myself a close prisoner the last week I staid, and was glad to be set at liberty by going to my own house in town. Here I must rest. Adieu!

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## LETTER XII.

### AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

Since you say positively it is your desire I should proceed, I will teaze you no more with excuses. As I told you in my last I avoided all opportunities of meet-

ing with Germanico. About that time my aunt Laura came to England. I went to wait upon her as soon as I heard of her arrival; she was overjoyed to see me, and brought me a letter from Alcander, wherein he expressed the fondest affection for his wife, and enjoined me to show her all imaginable respect. I endeavored to acquit myself in the best manner I was able; she paid great court to me, her beauty was in its decline, but her love of admiration, and her coquet disposition remained in all its strength." I was upon my guard, as her reputation had suffered a great deal, and her behaviour soon confirmed all I had heard. The company I met at her house were free libertine people, and I was often shocked. I once took courage, told her of my opinion and what the world said of her conduct; she carried it off with a laugh, but never forgave it, and from that day made use of all her arts to draw me into a share in her misconduct.

Clario,[1] a gay flattering audacious Frenchman, was the person she pitched upon to serve her purpose. He had for some time been her humble servant, but they were now tired of each other. I met him one morning at her toilette, the rendezvous of idle flatterers; he by her encouragement soon grew acquainted with me. The next time I met him, I found it time to double my reserve, but that signfied little, I was turned into ridicule by Laura and Clario, and at last he came to an open profession of his having a violent passion for me; upon which I expressed great resentment to Laura for allowing me to be so improperly treated in her house, and gave him to understand I should by no means allow of such freedom: several weeks past, and I neither went

[1] *Earl of Clare.*

to Laura nor to any place where I thought Clario would probably be. Great part of that time Gromio was confined with the gout, at which time I never left him; one day when I was sitting by his bedside, reading to him, my servant brought me a letter: I opened it; guess at my vexation when I found it came from Clario! It was written in French with the true spirit of a libertine Frenchman. In it he deplored my unhappy situation in being nurse to an old man, and declared most passionately his admiration of me, and that he could teach me better lessons than I found in romances which he knew I was fond of reading and studied, which made me so shy and reserved, so cruel and haughty; and if I would allow myself to be more natural, I should be more agreeable. To this effect was his elaborate billet composed, and stuffed with high-flown compliments to me, all which I despised as much as I detested the author.

Luckily for me Gromio was fallen asleep with my reading, and the servant in bringing in the letter did not awake him. I went out and enquired who brought it, and was shocked when they told me "a servant of Laura's." I bid them tell the servant "the letter required no answer." If I had followed the dictates of my resentment at that time, I should not have given so quiet an answer, but I was afraid of exposing Laura: I resolved to go no more to her house on any account, and was above two months without seeing her. At last Gromio was surprised I never went there, and said I should disoblige my uncle, and to avoid his questioning me too closely I went to see her one day when I heard she was not well. I found her alone, and I took the opportunity of reproaching her severely for allowing Clario to behave himself towards

me as he had done: she laughed at my prudery as she called it, and said I was a fool. Immediately Clario came into the room and I rose to be gone, upon which she ordered him to lock the doors, which he did, and then pretended to be very humble and respectful. I entreated Laura to let me go—I told her I was engaged and must go—all to no purpose: she vowed I should not go out of her house till after supper, rang for a servant to send away my coach, and kept me by violence. It was by this time past nine, and the company she expected came. When I found there was to be a great deal of company I grew more composed, but did not open my lips to speak one word.

Clario kept me in continual confusion all the evening with his particular attention to me, though the rest of the company were so much engaged with each other they attended to nothing else, but had they observed Clario it would not have offended them as it did me, their wonder would have been at my uneasiness, for he was thought an Adonis by that set of ladies, but in my eyes he was most despicable, and excessively vain of his person and silly. When supper was over the gaiety of the company increased, and with it my uneasiness; they sang French catches, which gave me unspeakable offence, and when this was over, one of the ladies proposed that the same party should meet at her house, and desired a day might be named; which was accordingly done and agreed to by all but me. I said I was engaged; another day was named—I was still engaged; a third day was named, and then I resolutely said "I was engaged for as many days as she could name;" glad of the opportunity of showing my detestation of so dangerous a society. Upon this they

immediately broke up, and we all went to our different homes. Clario, by the treachery of Laura, stole a slight ring from me, which I put off when I washed my hands after supper: it gave me some vexation, not knowing what boast or ill use he might make of it, but from that day I never saw more of him, but that he left England in a few days.

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*Mrs. Pendarves to Mrs. Ann Granville, at the Deanery, Gloster.*

March 28th, 1724.

DEAR SISTER,

You should, if you keep strictly to the rules of mourning, wear your shammy gloves two months longer, but in the country if it is more convenient to you, you may wear black silk; you might have worn black earings and necklace these two months. You desire some sprigs for working a gown, which I will send you, though my fancy is not a good one.

Yesterday I was to see the bride my lady Walpole[1] who was married the day before. She was excessively fine, in the handsomest and richest gold and white stuff that ever I saw, a fine point head, and very fine brilliant earings and cross. Mrs. Rolle was in a pink and silver lutestring, and Mrs. Walpole in a white and gold and silver, but not so pretty as Mrs. Rolle's. I saw the bridegroom in his equipage, which was very fine; the liveries are extravagantly so, and everything else in

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[1] Margaret Rolle, married in 1724 to Lord Walpole, afterwards 2nd Earl of Orford. She married, secondly, the Hon. Sewallis Shirley, and in the year 1751 became in her own right Baroness Clinton.

"Mr. Harris, who married Lady Walpole's mother," is mentioned by Horace Walpole in a letter to Sir Horace Mann, dated July 7, 1742.

proportion. She looked very smiling and well pleased, and notwithstanding the vast crowd of people that came to wish her joy, was not in the least out of countenance. Every body had favours that went, men and women: they are silver gauze six bows, and eight of gold narrow ribbon in the middle: they cost a guinea a piece; eight hundred has already been disposed of. Those the King, prince, princess, and the young princesses had, were gold ribbon embroidered; they were six guineas a piece. I hope you was merry at your ball: I should have been glad to have made one among you. I expect Mrs. Hyde every minute. Mr. Pendarves is out of order with the gout, my Aunt Stanley with a bad cold. My humble duty to my mother, and service to, &c.

I am, my dear sister,
Most affectionately yours,
M. PENDARVES.

Mr. Edcombe[1] lays close siege to Betty Tichborne,[2] but the town will have it, that it is for the sake of *the widow*.[3] We walked in the park to-day, all the world there. The club is pestered with penny post love letters, but cannot guess from whence they come, that is, those that are at liberty to receive them, as the Countess Bess, and Gunpowder.

[1] "*Mr. Edcombe*," query Edgcombe.
[2] "*Betty Tichborne*," sister to Countess of Sunderland.
[3] "*The widow*," the Countess of Sunderland.

*Mrs. Pendarves to Mrs. Ann Granville.*

Beaufort Buildings, 30th May, 1724.

You are very unjust to yourself, my dearest sister, in saying you have it not in your power to make your letters agreeable: they are so to me more than I can express, and I shall always think my time well employed in writing to you, when in return I have so much pleasure as the favour of your last letter gave me. When I am writing to you I am so intent on the subject, that I forget all things but yourself, and by that means you can never fail of a long letter from me, for I never grow weary; and when I have finished my letter, I am sorry to think the conversation is broke off, for imperfect as it is, it gives me more satisfaction than any personal one that I meet with here. Though so many hills and vales separate our bodies, thought (that is free and unlimited) makes up in some measure that misfortune, and though my eyes are shut, I see my dearest sister in my dreams. I talked with you all last night and was mortified when the vision fled.

I thank you for your prayers, and hope they will be heard, and then I shall see you surrounded with blessings and the richest gifts of Providence, which will be happiness in excess to me.

I do not wonder the widower has forsaken college since the person he paid his adorations to is not there.

Mr. Pendarves is still at Chelsea, lame with the gout in his foot: we were there yesterday. My Aunt Clifford complained of the gout in her knees, but she looks very well, and was very cheerful. Mr. Butler rides every morning to drink the waters at Acton: he has found

benefit by them already. The cut paper I will get framed and mended, and send them by Mrs. Carter.

There was a great many fine clothes on the birthday. Lady Sunderland[1] was very fine and very genteel. Her clothes were the finest pale blue and pink, very richly flowered in a running pattern of silver frosted and tissue with a little white, a new Brussels head, and Lady Oxford's jewels. Bess[2] had on a pale lemon-coloured lutestring and look'd like a witch, at least her sister's good looks were no advantage to her. I was at Lady Carteret's[3] toilette, whose clothes were pretty, pale straw lutestring and flowered with silver, and new Brussels head. Lady Lansdown did not go, but Lord Weymouth[4] and Mademoiselle Lansdown[5] went, their clothes was very handsome. She danced at Court with great applause. I did design making my letter longer, but Lady Carteret has just sent to me to go to the opera with her.

M. PENDARVES.

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[1] Widow of Charles, 3rd Earl of Sunderland, the eminent statesman.

[2] Elizabeth Tichbourne, sister to Lady Sunderland.

[3] "Frances, born March 6, 1694, only daughter of Sir Robert Worsley, Bart., by his wife, Frances, only daughter of Thomas Lord Viscount Weymouth, by Frances, eldest daughter of Heneage Earl of Winchelsea, by the Lady Mary his wife, eldest daughter of William Duke of Somerset, and the Lady Frances, his duchess, eldest daughter of the famous Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, the favourite of Queen Elizabeth."—*Collins*, vol. iii. p. 451. Frances Worsley was married at Longleat, October 17, 1710, to John Lord Carteret, afterwards Earl Granville.

[4] Thomas, 2nd Viscount Weymouth, the son of Lady Lansdown, by her first marriage with Mr. Thynne.

[5] The Hon. Anne Granville, eldest daughter of George Lord Lansdown.

*Mrs. Pendarves to Mrs. Ann Granville.*

December 12th, 1724.

DEAR SISTER,

Nothing but a wedding could excuse my having been so long silent. Last Wednesday Lady Sunderland made Sir Robert Sutton[1] the happy man; she was not to have married till Thursday, and the wedding was to be kept at Writtle-Park, but Col. Stanley is so very ill, that it is thought he cannot recover. With much persuasion they prevailed with the young Countess to be married the day she was. I was at the supper: there was nobody there besides Mrs. Titchborne and myself, except Lord and Lady Delawarr.[2] All of us met there and dined with them next day. Her new house is in George Street by Hanover Square; is a very good one, and furnished with a mighty good taste. She has not made her many suits of clothes, because she had a great many fine ones by her. Her laces are all very fine. Moll Bramston has been confined with her youngest sister, who is just recovered of the small pox, and has had it very favourably; so she has had no sport with us. Sir Robert has presented Lady Sutton with earrings, cross, and girdle buckle, the tops of the earrings are middling brilliants, the drops are pink colour diamonds of a prodigious size, the cross and buckle are very fine brilliants. I hope she will be very happy; I think there is a great

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[1] Sir Robert Sutton, K.B., born in 1671; a diplomatist of the first rank; a Privy Councillor, and M.P. for the county of Nottingham.—*Burke.*

[2] John Lord Delawarr, born April 4th, 1693, who filled many important public posts during the reigns of George I. and George II.; married, first, the Lady Charlotte Macarthy, daughter of Donaugh Earl of Clancarty, and of his wife, Lady Mary Spencer, 2nd daughter of Robert Earl of Sunderland. —See *Collins*, vol. v. 1756, pp. 40-1.

appearance of her being so: her house is charmingly furnished with pictures, glasses, tapestry, and damask, all superfine in their kind. Artaxerxes is liked by most people. I think there are some very pretty things in it. I have bespoke three of the best songs in it. I will copy them, and send them to Mrs. Carter as soon as I have them. Enclosed is a song out of Tamerlane, which is a *favourita*.

I will answer Mrs. Carter's questions about her mourning to you. I think her in the right in buying a white satin to top her black, for the reasons she gives me; but that she can only wear as a nightgown, and if she was in town she should wear only mourning when she is dressed, but in the country that will not be minded, white gloves, coloured fan and coloured shoes, and edgings if she pleases, and black or white short apron and girdle, which she likes best. My mama must not wear black handkerchiefs with her second year's mourning. Mr. Pendarves is confined with the gout in his foot: he has had a very violent cold, but it is now pretty well again.

There will be no masquerades till after Xtmas. I *have leave* to go to one or two, but one will content me. I was to see the opera of Dioclesian, but was very much disappointed, for instead of Purcell's musick which I expected, we had Papuch's,[1] and very humdrum

[1] Dr. John Christopher Pepusch was born at Berlin in 1667. He came to England about 1700, where he died in 1752. About the year 1724 Dr. Berkeley, afterwards bishop of Cloyne, having formed a plan for erecting a college in the Bermuda Islands, engaged Dr. Pepusch as one of the members of the projected establishment. He and his associates embarked for the place of their destination; but the ship was wrecked, and the undertaking abandoned. His principal compositions are twelve cantatas,

25873.

it was; indeed I never was so tired with anything in my life. The performers were, Mrs. Barbier,[1] Mrs. Chambers, (a scholar of Margarettas), Legard and old Leveridge. Mr. Rich promises the town a great many fine things at the new house this winter. There is a great curiosity set up in one of the rooms in the Opera house, and nobody is admitted to see it under a guinea a piece, 'tis the Temple of Solomon; but it is too much money for me to bestow only to see a model that may be no more like the original than like St. Peter's at Rome! Lady Lansdowne just now sent me a ticket for the opera, but I have resisted the temptation, and stay at home to nurse.

I want to know how you like your things. Your laces look very grey, but they are Mrs. C.'s doing; the English head is not well dressed up, but I had not time to alter, for they came home but just before they were packed up. I am afraid Miss Matt will not like her fan, but tell her quadrille is all the mode, and the sticks were mended in so many places that they told me they did not deserve a better mount; the price was three and sixpence. I am very happy in the good account I have of my dear mama.

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*Mrs. Pendarves to Mrs. Anne Granville.*

February 9th and 11th, 1724-5.

I was interrupted by Lady Peyton[2] and her daughters,

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and he assisted Gay to select the national airs in *The Beggars' Opera*, to which he composed basses; he wrote also an overture to the opera. *Hogarth's Musical History.*

[1] Mrs. Barbier is mentioned by Schœlcher as having sung in 1713, in the opera of "Rinaldo." Aaron Hill wrote the libretto of this opera, and Rossi translated it into Italian.

[2] Anne, daughter of George Dashwood, Esq., and wife of Sir Tewster Peyton, of Doddington, Cambridgeshire, Bart.

who called on me to go to hear the musical clock, and would take no denyal; it is a new one the man has just finished, and a complete piece of ingenuity as ever I saw; it plays twenty-four tunes with as much exactness as it is possible for them to be played in concert, the price of it is five hundred pound. He was in hopes of disposing of it to the King for Prince Frederick.

I am very glad you have taken a fancy to drawing, you will find a great deal of entertainment in it. By the time I shall make you a visit, you will be able to be my mistress, that is supposing you to be a person of a quick apprehension, for I hope to be with you by the time I proposed in my last letter. I was last Sunday at Chelsea: my Aunt Clifford looks extreme well, and was very cheerful, so was the rest of our friends there. Mr. Pendarves is still with them, and will stay there two or three days longer. We drank all your healths and wished you with us but vain are wishes, or my dear Nanelia and I had not been so long divided! but as fortune sometimes smiles as well as frowns, I comfort myself with the expectation of her smiles, and as the French motto says "L'esperance me consolè."

L. L. lives a sad life, and no hopes of a reformation. I have avoided her company as much as possible, but shall still more; she is a woman of unbounded extravagance in every respect, and I am afraid will be abandoned soon by all her acquaintance. I can't say I wish her to return *from whence she came*, for some certain reasons you may guess, but I wish her far from London, and that I was not so much a favourite as I am. She makes as great a rout with me, as if she could not live without me, and I am at a loss how to disentangle myself

from her caresses, for it is dangerous to provoke a venomous tongue.

Lady Oxford's[1] coming to town is both a pleasure and vexation. I shall be extremely glad to see her, having a very sincere value for her, but then the opera-box that's surrendered, and now I must bid adieu to the charming sociable Tuesday nights, but have not much reason to repine, for I have only missed three Tuesdays the whole opera season.

Miss Bell Dunch[2] was married last week to Mr. Tomson. How Mr. Harvey and his love goes on I don't hear, nor any pretty thing. The town is stupid, and no sort of entertaining conversation stirring. There's a remarkable accident has happened lately to a famous surgeon who's name I think was St. André. A man came to him about a week ago, and told him he must go with him to a person who was in distress for him, and that he must immediately follow him, which he did, and was led through so many by-lanes and alleys that he did not know in what part of the town he was. He was conducted into a room where there was a woman who was very ill: he writ down a perscription for her, and was hand-

Henrietta Cavendish Holles, only child and heiress of John Duke of Newcastle. She married, October 31, 1713, Edward, 2nd Earl of Oxford and Mortimer. He died June 1741. The Countess died December 8, 1755. Their only child and heiress was Margaret Cavendish Harley, born February 11, 1714, and married July 11, 1734, to William, 2nd Duke of Portland. She was one of the early friends of Mary Granville, and in later life the most intimate friend of Mrs. Delany.

[2] "Arabella, the wife of Edward Thompson, Esq., one of the daughters and co-heiress of Edmund Dunch, Esq. The others were the Duchess of Manchester and Lady Oxendon." See Lord Wharncliffe's note to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's "Elegy on Mrs. Thompson," vol. iii. of her letters and works. 1837. The Dunch family were of Wittenham, Berks. In the above work, may be found an account of the marriage of Mr. Thompson of Marsden and Miss Arabella Dunch. The date there given is February 6, 1725.

somely paid; then the man desired him to drink a glass of wine, which he refused doing, upon which the man seemed to be affronted, so to reconcile matters, the surgeon said he would drink. The man drank to him in a glass of wine, and gave him a dram of cherry brandy, and then conveyed him away in the same manner.

(*The succeeding page of this letter, with the sequel of this adventure, has not been found.*)

## LETTER XIII.

### AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

The first year of my coming to London, Gromio introduced me to the acquaintance of a young lady, with whose husband he was very intimate. Her innocent agreeable manner and good humour, soon engaged me to love her, and created a friendship between us that has never ceased. She was extremely handsome, and seemed to be the only person ignorant of it. She was of a noble family, married to a man of very moderate fortune. Her name was Charlotte.[1] By being often at her house, I became acquainted with her brother Herminius,[2] a young man in great esteem and fashion at that time, very handsome, genteel, polite and unaffected. He was born to a very considerable fortune, and was possest of it as soon as he came of age, but was as little presuming on the advantages he had from fortune, as on those he had from nature. He had had the education bestowed on men of his rank, where generally speaking the embellishing the person and polishing the manners is thought more mate-

[1] *Mrs. Hyde*, sister of Lord Baltimore.
[2] *Herminius, Lord Baltimore*

rial than cultivating the understanding, and the *pretty* gentleman was preferred to the *fine* gentleman. I never went to Charlotte, that I did not find Herminius. He soon ingratiated himself so much with Gromio as to become a great favourite, who often commended him to me, and invited him to his house, which invitation was readily accepted. Herminius behaved with the greatest respect imaginable, and with so much reserve that I had not the least suspicion of his having any particular attachment to me, but I was cautious in my behaviour towards him, and feared his growing particular, but from a different motive to what I had feared it in others. I thought him more agreeable than anybody I had ever known, and consequently more dangerous. Four years I passed in this manner, from the time of my coming from Averno, and I have related to you all the material circumstances I can recollect, three years of which time I was acquainted with Herminius; and in all that time, though we often met, he never said a word that could offend me, or give me just reason to avoid his company. I now pass over many incidents that perhaps might amuse you, but I have already said so much, that I study to abridge what I have to relate.

After having been married seven years I became a widow, a state you may believe (after the sincere confessions I have made) not unwelcome, but the manner of Gromio's death was so shocking, that I cannot to this hour recollect it without horror. The day before he died we were engaged separately, he to his *usual set*, I to a particular friend with whom I past much of my time, and to whose prudent judgment and sincere friendship I had many obligations. We had been friends from children,

and she well deserves to be mentioned with the highest honour, as she was possest of every virtue that could make her dear to intimate friends, and admired and esteemed by everybody; but this subject opens a recent wound not yet healed, and you are no stranger to Placidia's[1] excellences, whose loss I shall ever deplore. But to return: I had that day a kind of foreknowledge of what was to happen. The night before, shocking dreams, and all the day following a dread on my spirits, which I could not get the better of. Placidia had made me promise to sup with her, but I found myself so unaccountably opprest, that as soon as supper came on the table, I sent for a chair and went home.

Gromio had got home just before me. He said many kind things to me on my having made him "a good wife, and *wished he might live to reward me.*" I never knew him say so much on that subject.[2] He went to bed between eleven and twelve. I slept very little that night. He slept (as usual) very uneasily, drawing his breath with great difficulty. I did not close my eyes till past four and then slept till seven. I rung my bell, my servant came and opened the window shutter; I stepped softly for fear of awaking Gromio, and as I put by the curtain to get up, how terrified was I, when looking at him, I saw him quite black in the face! At first I thought him in a fit, but immediately it struck me *he was dead!*

I ran screaming out of my room, almost out of my senses; my servant (for I was not at this instant capable

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[1] *Lady Sunderland.* The date of the death of Lady Sunderland does not appear in any extinct Peerage which has been referred to.

[2] Mr. Pendarves also expressed his desire that she would ring the bell that he might sign his will, after which he should feel happier. Mrs. Pendarves, thinking he was low, begged him to defer it till the next day. This was mentioned by Mrs. Delany to the Editor's mother.

of thinking of anything but the terror that had seized me), sent for a lady,[1] an old friend of mine, who luckily lived in the same street; she came immediately. Physicians and surgeons were sent for, but too late—they judged he had been dead about two hours.[2] This is too dismal a scene to dwell longer upon! My friends were all sent to. Valeria insisted on my going home with her, which I did, and which so offended Laura, (who had in a very earnest and friendly manner pressed me to come to her), that I

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[1] *Mrs. Catherine Dashwood*, the Delia of Hammond the poet. Lord Hervey in her name wrote an answer to one of Hammond's love elegies. Mr. Croker states that Lady Cork considered that poet to have died for love. Mrs. C. Dashwood survived him thirty-five years, and died herself in 1779, bedchamber woman to Queen Charlotte,

[2] In Davies Gilbert's 'Parochial History of Cornwall,' the following notice is given of Mr. Pendarves's death from the manuscripts of Mr. Tonkin, the Cornish antiquarian, who was an intimate friend of his. It is worthy of remark that the character here given of him by this old and partial friend corroborates what was said by his unhappy wife, who bore testimony to his having *originally* had a *good temper*, and alludes to the sensible expression of his countenance, and the best proof of his steady adherence to the interests of the political party to which he was attached, was his marriage with Mary Granville.

Mr. Tonkin writes as follows:—

"Alexander Pendarves, Esq., of Roscrow, died in 1726 [query 1724] very suddenly at his house, in London, being then a burgess for the town of Launceston. His death was a great surprise to all his friends, and especially to me, with whom I had taken a hearty breakfast that very morning at my aunt Vincent's, at Chelsea. I must add that on the Sunday before he and I bore up the pall to John Goodall, of Fowey, Esq., buried in St. Margaret's, Westminster; and that on the *Sunday fortnight after* I had the misfortune to bear up his in St. Mary's, Savoy. He was the last male of the family of Pendarves in this place, which, with the rest of his property has devolved to his niece, Mary, the only daughter and heiress of his brother John Pendarves, Rector of Drews Teignton, in Devonshire, and relict of Francis Basset, of Tehidy, Esq.; and this lady is now the possessor." "But before I leave this place I must not forget to give the just character of my deceased friend, with whom I had the honour to serve as burgess for Hilston, in Queen Anne's last Parliament, that for good humour, good sense, for a true and sincere adherence to the interests of his country, and for a harmless, merry disposition, he hath not many his equals, and none that exceed him in the country."

think she never forgave it, but I did not dare to trust her. I knew the wisdom and goodness of Sebastian[1] and Valeria would be the surest refuge I could fly to at a time when I might be exposed to the insinuating temptations and malicious arts of the world. I was now to enter it again, on a new footing. Adieu, ever yours,

ASPASIA.

## LETTER XIV.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

When this great change happened I was not twenty-four years of age. I was so much affected by the surprizing manner of Gromio's death, that I did not recover my spirits in a great while. I was not hypocritical in the concern I showed, for to a fearful nature such as mine, there could not have happened a more terrifying accident; but my natural good spirits, time, and finding myself freed from many vexations, soon brought me to a state of tranquillity I had not known for many years. As to my fortune, it was very mediocre, but it was *at my own command.* Some uneasiness attended it at first, the case of most widows, but I gave myself little anxiety about it. A lawyer recommended to me by Alcander, in whom I had confidence, managed very well for me. I had not then a turn for saving or management so as to make the best of my fortune, but I endeavoured to act prudently, and not run out, and *now* had it not been for the misfortunes and misconduct of my youngest brother,[2] I should

[1] *Sir John Stanley. Valeria, Lady Stanley.*
[2] Bevil Granville.

have been very happy, but I suffered infinite vexation on his account for some years. After a variety of distresses he went abroad, and the climate not agreeing with his constitution, he died soon after he left England, and though his life had occasioned me much sorrow, his death was a most sensible grief to me.

This is a little digression from the main story, which you must excuse; I spare you any more particulars about this unfortunate brother, though I feel myself inclined to enlarge on this subject. I had been a widow about six months when Herminius[1] sent to know if I would give him leave to wait upon me: his sister Charlotte was at that time in the country, and I had not seen her since the death of Gromio. I could not refuse his visit. The next day he came, with the permission of Valeria, whom I consulted on all occasions. His conversation turned chiefly on my circumstances, which he enquired into, not with an impertinent inquisitiveness, but with an air of friendship which obliged me: he staid two hours, and when he went away I was sent for by my aunt to come into her apartment. Valeria's husband, Sebastian, of whom I ought to have made some mention in the beginning of these letters, treated me in the most friendly manner imaginable; he was fond of me, and pleased with every mark of favour that Valeria bestowed upon me; he was of a grave studious disposition, extremely polite, but retired as often as he could from the world, to indulge his taste

[1] Mrs. Pendarves had been acquainted with Lord Baltimore during the period of her residence in London with Mr. Pendarves. His sister was her intimate friend. Charles Calvert, 6th Lord Baltimore, was a Lord of the Bedchamber to H.R.H. Frederick Prince of Wales. Lord Baltimore was born in the year 1699, and consequently was not very much older than herself.

at a little villa he much delighted in. He left the management of most of his affairs to Valeria, having a high opinion of her judgment; they had no children, and a very good fortune which at that time was unsettled. Sebastian had several nephews, but was not particularly fond of any of them; his eldest sister's son Henricus,[1] a lively good-humoured young man, very well in his person and manner, had but a moderate understanding, was uncultivated, trifling, without knowledge of the world, came to make a visit to his uncle soon after my being a widow, and unfortunately for me, liked me so well as to apply to Sebastian for leave to make his addresses to me.

Valeria had a great desire of uniting the families by making a match between Henricus and me: when she sent for me after Herminius's visit, it was to inform me of Henricus's intention; she set out all the advantages; how considerable Sebastian would make his fortune, and how much my uncle would be obliged by my not rejecting the proposal that was to be made. I was struck with astonishment at my aunt's recommending a person to me that I was sure must appear very insignificant to her—it mortified me excessively. I told her sincerely I never could give my consent; that I had no inclination to marry, and less to the person proposed, and begged of her to put it off as handsomely as she could, that Sebastian might not be offended with me, to whom

[1] *Mr. Henry Monck* was the son of Sarah, sister of Sir John Stanley, of Grange Gormon, who was ancestress to the Earl of Rathdown and the present Viscount Monck, and a branch of the family of Sir Thomas Monck of Potheridge (father of Monck, the celebrated Duke of Albemarle), who was husband of the daughter and co-heiress of Sir George Smythe of Maydford, near Exeter, and sister of Grace, wife of the celebrated Sir Bevil Granville.

I had infinite obligations as well as to herself; but she would not undertake or be satisfied with my answer, she bid me not be rash, but consider of it. The next day my brother was employed to persuade me to listen to this proposal, but he was so good as only to mention it, thinking it very reasonable to leave me at liberty on such an important point. I was much astonished at my aunt's being so zealous for him, and that fortune should ever sway so far with her generous nature as to wish me united to so insignificant a man! I was extremely perplexed and persecuted for some time, not only with his addresses, but Valeria set several of my relations to endeavour to prevail with me to alter my resolution. The visit I received from Herminius alarmed her: she immediately concluded it was more than a mere visit of ceremony, and as he came several times though I was often denied to him, it confirmed her in that opinion. She sifted me often to find out the turn of his conversation with me; I had no disguise, but told her every word that passed, having no design of carrying on any secret commerce: I rather wished to have her advice and direction in everything, knowing what an advantage it would be to me, to be guided by so experienced and judicious a person. I must defer what I have more to say to another time, my dear friend.

## CHAPTER III.

### FROM THE YEAR OF MR. PENDARVES'S DEATH TO MRS. PENDARVES'S FIRST VISIT TO IRELAND.

### 1725—1731.

*Lord Lansdowne "to the Hon. Mrs. Granville, at Gloucester."*

Paris, January 19, 1725.

DEAR SISTER,

I received, with infinite pleasure, your kind and obliging letter. I am thankful to my niece Pendarves for the justice she has done me. You may be always assured of my most tender concern for you and yours. My misfortunes have affected me in nothing so much as in disabling me from giving you those demonstrations of friendship which are rooted in my heart. If ever it shall please God to put it again in my power, my sincerity shall be known and proved by effects. In the meantime, believe me, dear sister, my best wishes shall always attend you, and in whatever I may be able to express it, you shall find me with the greatest truth, as well as affection and esteem,

Dear sister,

Your most faithful and most humble servant,

LANSDOWNE.

I wish I could send my god-daughter[1] from hence something better than a bare blessing. I am much her humble servant.

The thankfulness expressed by Lord Lansdowne for "*the justice* his niece had done him," no doubt alluded to Mrs. Pendarves's generous exculpation of Lord Lansdowne with regard to his negligence of her pecuniary interests and affairs, which appears at last to have occasioned him some remorse.

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*George Lord Lansdowne to his niece, Mrs. Pendarves.*

My dear Niece,

As Mr. Hawkeswell knew the strict care with which I charged him to keep the writings which concern you could only be for your sake, his scruple about delivering them to you, without an express order from me at this distance, is an unseasonable nicety. I hope what I have already written to yourself and Lady Lansdowne, referring to him, may already have overcome it; but for fear of the worst, I enclose you a letter for him that there may be no difficulty remaining. I am glad to find it fixed in whose hands they were left, and that they are safe somewhere. I have been under great uneasiness about it, my memory having failed me in recollecting exactly, at such a distance of time, the settlement which was made at Long Leat. If I am not much mistaken, your father took [it] with him, otherwise in all probability it must have remained amongst my own writings in your Aunt Betty's custody: how she has disposed of them, she only can give an account.

[1] Ann Granville.

I left all my papers behind me, in exact order, in my several scrutoires; what has been *their* fate is more than I can tell! Thank God *this deed* was not amongst them; my heart is the easier for that! My daughter, Grace writes me word you are a handsome widow—I *hope* you will find yourself a rich one. Pray, my dear niece, make my compliments to Sir John Stanley and my sister, and believe me, with more tenderness than I can express,

My dear niece,

Your most affectionate uncle and most faithful servant,

LANSDOWNE.

Paris, April 5th, 1725.

Your cousin Mary[1] is your most humble servant. There is open war betwixt her and Lord Clare.

By the date of the above letter it appears that Lord Lansdowne was still at Paris, whither, we are informed in Mrs. Delany's Autobiography, he had repaired in consequence of fresh political troubles, and that nearly three months had elapsed before the document was found which secured to his niece the moderate jointure upon which he had consented to Mr. Pendarves's marriage with her, implicitly depending upon the will which was to make her the "*rich widow*" he alluded to.

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*Lord Lansdowne to Mrs. Pendarves.*

July 12th, 1725.

MY DEAR NIECE,

I am to thank you for your letter of the 21st of June, your style, which I should have acquitted myself of sooner, if a circumstance had not happened to take my thoughts from everything else.

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[1] The Hon. Mary Granville, second daughter of George Lord Lansdowne, married on the 14th of March, 1729-30, William Graham, of Platten, near Drogheda, Esq.

This is the twelfth day that my daughter Mary has been confined to her bed by a malignant fever. For some days we had little hopes of her, but it has pleased God to preserve her, and she is now pronounced out of all danger by the physicians. Independently of the partiality of a father, I may say she was worth preserving, and her danger has cost many tears wherever she was known. It pleases God to give me these frequent trials, and I submit to them! His will be done! It is by this post only that I have given her mother any account of it: I would not do it till I could assure her positively of her recovery. I have had the same tenderness for my friends at Somerset House, for I am persuaded of their sincere concern for me, in all events. I have heard nothing more from Mrs. Bassett, or any of her agents, since the letter I sent you. I am heartily sorry for Roskrow's being stript—I have been very merry there in my time! I hope it was *not a sister* that did it: all sisters are not alike! Old Lear had *one* kind daughter, among three; the odds were two to one: I had but two sisters, the lay was equal, but I think myself *sure of one:* the world is not so bad as it was, pray God make it better! My dear niece, believe me with more affection than I can express,

Your most affectionate uncle and faithful servant,

LANSDOWNE.

My compliments to Sir J. and my Lady, &c.

Lord Lansdown's allusion to "Roscrow being stript" proves that he was by that time aware that Mr. Pendarves had never signed the will in favour of his wife. The comparison between his own two sisters was evidently in favour of Lady Stanley in contradistinction to "*Superba*" (Mrs. Betty Granville).

The Editor has not found any letters of Mrs. Pendarves relative to the will of her husband; but throughout her long life she ever evinced such indifference with regard to money, excepting for the benefit of others, that it may be fairly concluded she was less concerned than any of her relations at being left with an income of a few hundreds instead of many thousands a year.

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*Mrs. Pendarves to Mrs. Anne Granville.*

August 22nd, 1725.

I am glad Gloucester affords you such variety of diversions; may your beaux increase for the satisfaction of the belles. I hear Col. Churchill is gone to your city. I don't know what he may pass for among you; if assurance will recommend him he never fails of that quality, though he can behave himself with as much good manners as any body where his impertinence meets with no encouragement. Pray let me know if you was at the Sheriff's ball; if you danced, and who was your partner?

Last Thursday I went to town with Lady Sunderland; we dined at Lord De Lawarr's,[1] and was very merry. Mrs. Sandoni (who was Cuzzoni), is brought to bed of a daughter: it is a mighty mortification it was not a son. Sons and heirs ought to be out of fashion when such scrubs shall pretend to be dissatisfied at having a daughter: 'tis pity, indeed, that the noble name and family of the Sandoni's should be extinct! The minute she was brought to bed she sung "La Speranza," a song in Otho. He has been at an extravagant expense to please that whimsical creature against her lying-in;

[1] The Lord Delawarr of 1725 was John, 1st Earl.

amongst other superfluous charges, he has bought a very fine looking-glass for the child, and a black laced hood for his wife to see company in at the end of her month: in short there is more talk of her than ever there was of the Princess[1] when she lay in.

We see very little company, and I go nowhere now but sometimes to the Countesses. Mrs. Hyde is gone into the country: her old harridanical mother-in-law has stripped her house in town of all its furniture, so there is no hopes of her coming here any more, which is a mighty trouble.

The "London Daily Post" of Sept. 7th, 1741, contains the following notice—"Mrs. C—z—ni is under sentence of death for poisoning her husband;" but M. Schlœcher adds, "that it is a question whether she was ever married;" and at all events the sentence of decapitation must have been commuted into exile, as she made another appearance in England.

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*Lord Lansdowne to his nephew, Bernard Granville.*

July 17th, 1726.

DEAR BUNNY,

Your Aunt Lansdown having got perfected some writings for the settlement of my affairs according to my direction, it is possible that for form's sake, the lawyers may desire your signing with me, having made you my heir in case of failure of sons from myself.

If I had had the same fair play from my uncle, it

[1] December 7, 1724, the Princess Louisa was born; the youngest child of the Prince and Princess of Wales, who were afterwards King George II. and Queen Caroline; the Princess Louisa married Frederick V. King of Denmark. She died December 8, 1751.

would have been the better for us all. This is therefore to desire you to comply with what she shall advise you upon this occasion, and to believe me ever, my dear nephew,

Your most affectionate uncle,
LANSDOWNE.

Lord Lansdown's allusion to the disposition of the property of his uncle, John, 1st Earl of Bath, had reference to his estates having been divided between Grace, Countess Granville, Lady Gower, and Jane, instead of having been settled upon himself.

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*Mrs. Pendarves to Mrs. Ann Granville.*

You are very just to me, my dearest sister, in saying I will lose no opportunity of conversing with you, which indeed I will not; and you must lay it to the charge of anything but negligence, when I happen to miss a post. Yesterday we shifted our quarters from Somerset House to Northend. It is said we shall stay here as long as the sun shines, and to say the truth between you and I, London is a dismal place at present. The streets are filled with nothing but dray-carts and hackney-coaches, out of which sometimes peeps a pragmatical lawyer, with staring eyes and white gloves, but they might save themselves the trouble of looking, for I don't vouchsafe them my regard. If *somebody* had been with me (that shall be nameless), perhaps they would have sigh'd for "one look more before we part for ever." I have some good news for you: Ermin is in good health, and sent his compliments to you. He has been at Paris, but says he cannot pretend to give his opinion of the French ladies, for their faces and persons are so hid, he does not know what to

make of them: he is going to the provinces, and designs to return to (now your heart goes pit-a-pat) Paris, and spend his winter there; but alas! I forgot I was writing to you; I protest my imagination was so kind, that I thought I had been talking to you—it is all one to you whether he passes the remainder of the year in France or London, since you are 40 miles off: that is a *cruel thought*, and has come unluckily in my way to check a vein of merriment that I was unaccountably fallen into. Lady Lan. made us a visit the day before we went to town; she looked thin and pale, Bess *no changeling*, but you have disobliged her, and she says she is bound to curse you as long as she lives.

Phyrsis is come from the Conubian Mountains: I have not seen him, but he has paid his devoirs to the goddess of his vows. Can't you sometimes imagine yourself at Vandermine's[1] feasting your eyes with Sophonisba? I am sure *tobacca is there in its full force.* That Dutch rogue has not quite finished my piece, though there is not above an hour's work. Mrs. Hyde has taken to Woodfields' house, pulled down their furniture, and put up her own, and the Woodfields are to remain in the house—so they are happy folks. I am glad you have got an agreeable neighbour: I hope you will improve the acquaintance, and that the young lady's conversation will be answerable to her person, or I know you will despise her. Basta is a false matadore, Ombre flourishes abroad, but *content* alone is my

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[1] Francl Vandermine was a native of Holland, but lived in England, and practised as a portrait-painter both in London and the country. He loved smoking, nor would he leave his pipe, though he found it disagreeable to his employers. There is a mezzotinto of Franck, from a picture of his own painting, inscribed "*The Smoker.*" He died miserably, in Moorfields, in 1783.

game. I have had a letter from Erminia, wherein she lays a copy of verses that have been sent to Mon, to my charge; the baggage has betrayed us, for she has seen that hand of mine before. Two posts ago brought me an epistle from our friend Sally,[1] but she is grown a conjugal creature, and so fond of her husband, that it is full of nothing but "*caro sposo*," and the *terrible and dreadful* misfortune she lately met with, of being disappointed of a lodging which they eagerly and earnestly desired, after a week's absence; but strange unaccountable things happened to prevent and cross their purpose. She was at Abingdon, and he poor man mourned like a sucking babe, and galloped full speed to see his dear, and surprise her with his company, when oh (unlucky chance), she left Abingdon that very day, and return'd to Stanton a contrary way—so missed of her lover!

Pray let me know who that gentleman was that gave me the epithet of "*fine*;" it sounds as if it came out of your landlord's mouth, or the parson of your parish; but chiefly give me an account of what more particularly concerns yourself, or you shan't know who it was that I saw and spoke to, and was questioned and answer'd on a certain day of the week, between Sunday and Sunday, at the hour particularly agreeable to the purpose, and the critical minute, in the year 1726.

I don't know if Lady Stanley will keep Nanny or no; when I hear anything of it, I will write you word; but my mama is a better judge than I am, if she is fit for my cousin Lawson's service. I hope you received the harpsichord strings, the ballads and the edging. I send the rest of the strings this post. Gim is as merry as a

[1] Sarah Kirkham (Mrs. Capon.)

criket, and has got a very pretty white and black puss for a playfellow.

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*Mrs. Pendarves to Mrs. Ann Granville, at Robert Isaacson's Esq., Aspley, near Woburn, Bedfordshire.*

Northend, November 8th, 1726.

I was extremely pleased last night with a passage I met in Mr. Evremond[1] concerning friendship, where he says it softens and mitigates old afflictions, and raises good fortune to a double pitch of felicity. Without the communication of a real friend, sorrow would sink one to the lowest ebb, and pleasures lose half their advantage. It is not that the sharing one's grief with a person one loves takes off its force; the way I take it is, that after the insults of fortune, and the rubs that attend human life, the compassion a friend affords one, their advice and the fresh proofs that such accidents of life gives one of their esteem, is of that healing nature, it is like opiate to one in violent racking pain: it lulls their torments, and changes their horror into pleasing and delightful slumber. This is the advantage of friendship in trouble; but oh how much beyond expression is it in relation to our joys! I can think of all the strokes of good fortune that is possible to meet with in life—as health, honour, riches, and a train of other blessings—with a great deal of moderation; but when I suppose I may attain all this, and *not* have my dearest sister to partake with me, I am confounded with

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[1] Charles de Marquetel de St. Denis, Seigneur de St. Evremond, was born at Constance, in Normandy, in 1613. He died in 1703, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. He wrote essays, letters, poems, and dramatic pieces, much read and admired by his fashionable contemporaries. An English translation of his works was published by Des Maizeaux.—See Gorton's Biographical Dictionary.

the idea; and it plainly proves to me that you are absolutely necessary to the completing of my happiness; and without all those mighty things I have mentioned, and in lieu thereof, a moderate share of health and wealth, but a vast quantity of your love and friendship, I shall not envy any one's estate, and whilst I can be assured of that, I can be happy even in your absence.

"Your friendship at so just a rate I prize,
As I for that an empire would despise.
Friendship's a stronger tye than blood."

I shall be glad to have the rest of Mustapha[1] and Zanga. The last scene in the book is where Solyman makes Roxalana write down her own accusation; it ends with a speech of his, and the two last lines are,

"These threat'ning tumults only dangerous are
To monarchs who dare, less than subjects dare."

This is spoke to Haly who brings him an account of the tumult. To-morrow we shall go to London; I am extremely glad that you are to be at Aspley some time, I wish I could be of the party in that agreable family. I hope my mama will be so good as to excuse my not writing to her this post, but I believe she is so just to me, as not to think I can ever be wanting in duty and respect to her. If it is possible for me to write next post I will; but I will give you a sketch of what I am to do, and then you may be judge how much time will lie upon my hands. We dine to-morrow with Sir John at Somerset House:[2] at four o' the clock in the afternoon comes my

[1] Mustapha the son of Solyman the Magnificent—a tragedy, by Roger Earl of Orrery. The scene of the play is in Hungary, and was founded on historical facts. Dryden says it should have ended with the death of Zanga, and not have given the *Grace cup* after dinner on Solyman's dinner from Roxalana.

[2] Somerset House was built by John of Padua, a celebrated Italian architect, for Edward Duke of Somerset, the Protector, in the reign of King Edward VI.

lawyer and my taylor, two necessary animals. Next morning I send for Mrs. Woodfelds to alter my white tabby and my new clothes, and to take my black velvet to make; then comes Mrs. Boreau to clip my locks, then I dress to visit Lady Carteret, then I come home to dinner, then I drink coffee after dinner, then I go to see my niece Basset, and Mrs. Livingstone, then *they reproach me*, then I give them as good as they bring, then we are *good friends again*, then I come back, then if it is a possible thing, I will write to mama, then sup and go to bed. My new pussey is of the Northend family, she is white, with a black nose and a black chin, and regularly spotted with black spots of the bigness of half-a-crown. I will give you a full and true account of all the fops and fopperies I meet with. I will remember La Belle Assemblée, which is at my cousin Lawson's service to read. Pray let me know if by mistake among your books you have got "the Golden Medley." So now, adieu. My aunt, brothers, and Mrs. Tillier's service, and duty as due.

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*Mrs. Pendarves to Mrs. Anne Granville.*

Somerset House, November 27th, 1726.

Lady Stanley is much pleased at the thoughts of her plum-cake, and we shall eat with a particular pleasure when we think of the fair hands that made it. I have

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At the duke's death it was forfeited, by his attainder, to the Crown, and assigned as a residence to the Princess Elizabeth, who was afterwards queen. Subsequently this palace was successively the residence of Anne of Denmark, wife of King James I.; of Henrietta Maria, wife of Charles I.; and of Catherine of Braganza, the wife of Charles II. It belonged also to each succeeding queen as an appurtenance until Buckingham House was, by Act of Parliament, settled on Queen Charlotte in its stead, in the year 1775. The old palace was immediately taken down, and Sir William Chambers in the course of a few years erected on its site the pile of buildings now known by the same name.

borrowed Pharamond[1] of Lady Delawarr for you, and desire you will take care no accident happens to it. No wit is stirring.

A poor woman, dead as was supposed and going to be dressed for her coffin, was thought by the people about her to have some signs of life; upon which they sent for Sir Hans Sloane,[2] who ordered her to be let blood; they cut a vein but she would not bleed. She has a little pulse, and her flesh not at all discoloured, though she has lain in this way seven days; when she wakes I may have some pretty dream to give you an account of.

Last Saturday I was at Camilla[3] with Lady Carteret and her daughter, who grows very handsome. That morning I was entertained with Cuzzoni. Oh how charming! how did I wish for all I love and like to be with me at that instant of time! my senses were ravished with harmony. They say we shall have operas in a fortnight, but I think Madam Sandoni and the Faustina are not perfectly agreed about their parts. Well, as I was saying, I was at the opera of Camilla: it is acted at Lincoln's-Inn play-house, performed by a Mrs. Chambers, Mrs. Barbiere, Mrs. Fletcher, a Signor Rochetti, Mr. Leveridge, Mr. Legard. I can't say I was much pleased with it, I liked it for old acquaintance sake, but there is not many of the songs better then ballads. Enclosed I have sent you a riddle, but lest you should

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Pharamond, a romance, containing the history of France. Done into English by T. Phillips. London, 1677.

[2] Sir Hans Sloane, the founder of the British Museum. This eminent physician, botanist, antiquary and virtuoso was born 1660, and died 1753.

[3] Schœlcher mentions that the opera of "Camilla" was first performed April 30, 1706, and that the music was chiefly borrowed from Mario Antonio Bononcini, brother of the celebrated Giovanni Bononcini.

take it in a wrong sence, I must expound it to you: it is the game of quadrille; the four ladies are the queens, the gallants the kings; if you have a notion of the game you will easily find out the rest, it does not differ much from Ombre. I have been this morning to make a visit to Mrs. Basset, and to desire she will conclude my affairs as soon as possible, which she promises to do.

I am by appointment to go and drink tea with Lady Tirrawley, which will hinder me from making my letter so long as otherwise I would. Since I writ this letter, Mr. Paulin has sent me word I cannot possibly have mama's gown till late to-morrow night.

In reference to the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, mentioned in the above letter, the following extract is interesting. It is stated by Smith that "Portugal Street was so named in compliment to the queen of Charles II., and is celebrated as the site of Sir William Davenant's theatre. Though it is the general opinion that there was but one theatre in this quarter, there appear to have been two; but it is not a little difficult to determine the exact site of each, and the exact period when they were opened. Killigrew, in the year 1661, had a theatre in the Tennis Court, Vere Street, Clare Market, but he and his company removing to Drury Lane, in 1663, there was an end for the time of this first of the Lincoln's Inn Fields theatres. In 1662, while Killigrew was still in his old quarters, Sir William Davenant's (or the 'Duke's' company, as they were called to distinguish them from Killigrew's, or the 'King's' company,) removed from Salisbury Court to a new theatre in Portugal Street. Davenant's company performed here till 1671, when for some reason or other, which does not appear, they returned to Salisbury Court. In 1694, Betterton and Congreve re-opened the theatre in Portugal Street, under a licence from King William III., and Betterton continued to manage its affairs until 1704, when the neighbours complained of it as a nuisance. He then assigned his patent to Sir John

Vanbrugh, who, finding the premises too small, erected a theatre in the Haymarket. The Portugal Street Theatre, being thus abandoned, remained empty for about ten years, when it was re-opened by Mr. Rich. 'The performers,' says the author of the introduction to Baker's 'Biographia Dramatica,' 'were so much inferior to those at Drury Lane, that the latter carried away all the applause and favour of the town. In this distress the genius of Rich suggested to him a species of entertainment which, at the same time that it hath been deemed contemptible, has ever been followed and encouraged; Harlequin, Pantaloon, and all the host of pantomimic pageantry were brought forward, and sound and show obtained a victory over sense and reason. The fertility of Mr. Rich's invention in these entertainments, and the excellence of his own performance, must at the same time be acknowledged; by means of these only he kept the managers of the other house at all times from relaxing their diligence, and to the disgrace of public taste, frequently obtained more money by ridiculous and paltry performances, than all the sterling merit of the other theatre was able to acquire.' Rich and his company removed, in 1733, to the then newly-erected theatre of Covent Garden, and the old one was shut up for about two years. It was then taken by a Mr. Giffard, from Goodman's Fields, who, not finding his speculation answer, gave it up in 1737, when it ceased to be a theatre. It was afterwards occupied as a pottery warehouse, and has now disappeared altogether. It stood nearly opposite to the burial-ground. Many curious particulars relative to the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields are to be found in Pepys's 'Diary,' who says, that at the theatre in Vere Street, he *first saw a woman on the stage.*"

The Lady Tyrawley mentioned by Mrs. Pendarves was Frances, daughter of Jarvis Rous in the county of Worcester. Her son was created Baron of Kilmaine, and succeeded his father 1724, and in 1727 was appointed Envoy Extraordinary to the King of Portugal. Horace Walpole says (Nov. 1742): "My Lord Tyrawley has come from Portugal, and has brought three wives and 14 children; one of the former is a Portuguese with

long black hair platted down to the bottom of her back, he was asked the other night what he thought of England, whether he found much alteration from fifteen years ago. 'None at all,' said he; 'there's my Lord Bath is just what he was, and I found my Lord Grantham walking on tiptoe as if he was still afraid of waking the Queen.'" In 1743 he says "Lord Tyrawley, who has been fifteen years in Portugal, says he finds nothing but a *fog whist*, and the *House of Commons*." And in June 1762 he says that the Count La Lippe is to Pcommand the ortuguese, and Lord Tyrawley the English." And in July, he adds, "Lord Tyrawley is coming home disgusted vith the nomination of Count La Lippe, and in truth I cannot see the wisdom or honor of that measure. If we protect Portugal, is it not more creditable to give them an English commander, and the general, who was almost a Portuguese—almost naturalized among them—trusted and beloved there? How can English soldiery prefer him to their countryman?"

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*Mrs. Pendarves to Mrs. Anne Granville.*

January 26th, 1726-7.

I heartily grieve to think how ill you have been used by your landlord. I am glad my mama has given him warning, and that she designs to remove in the Spring. I should be very happy could I flatter myself with the hopes of her steering her course this way of the world, and should rejoice to join with her in any way; but I shall approve of everything she thinks most proper. I shall be very glad to know her determination, because I will, if possible, wait on her before she leaves Brickhill[1] if she intends to go farther.

[1] Great Brickhill, Buckinghamshire, is a seat of the Duncombe family. Sir Charles Duncombe was knighted when Lord Mayor of London in 1709, and

This day dines here Lord and Lady Fitz William[1] and the charming Faustina, who is the most agreeable creature in the world (except my Lord Mayer) in company, and we are to have our senses ravished by her melodious voice. Oh that you had wings! Mrs. Legh[2] is transported with joy at living once more in "dear London," and hearing Mr. Handel's opera performed by Faustina, Cuzzoni and Senesino (which was rehearsed yesterday for the first time) that she is *out of her senses.* To add to her joys, somebody has presented her with a pelican crane and a little St. Anthony in wood: I design to get her *a pig,* and send it by the porter, for her Saint is nothing without his pig! She has enquired after you. The Countess and her little one continues well; the babe is to be made a Xtian next Sunday. Miss Legh is fallen in love with *the Basilisk,*[3] and says he is the most charming man of the world; he happened to commend Handel, and won her heart at once.

Yesterday I made a visit to Mrs. Moody. Mrs. Misson was there, and they were prodigiously glad.

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his nephew, Anthony Duncombe, after having represented the city of Salisbury in Parliament, was created an English peer, by the title of Lord Feversham, in 1747. He was thrice married, and by his last wife Anne, daughter of Sir Thomas Hales, baronet, he left two co-heiresses. The peerage became extinct at his death in 1763.

[1] John, second Earl Fitzwilliam, succeeded his father in 1719, and died 28th August, 1728. He married Anne, daughter and sole heir of John Stringer, Esq., and left a son and three daughters.

[2] The Leighs mentioned in these letters appear to have been of the Adlestrop and Longborough family.

[3] The same person as "*Herminius,*" and "*The American Prince*"—*i. e.*, Lord Baltimore.

## LETTER XV.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

Herminius continued very assiduous in his visits, and his manner gave me reason to believe he had a particular regard for me. I confess I wished it might be so, and it gave me resolution absolutely to refuse Henricus. Valeria was by no means pleased with my determination, but she found it in vain to prevent me any longer. She had received an impression to the prejudice of Herminius; I now believe she made a better judgement of him than I did, but his behaviour to me was so respectful and engaging, that the natural vanity of human nature led me to think more favorably of him than he deserved. He had not many opportunities of seeing me, for as I suspected my own inclination towards him increased, I grew more reserved.

All the summers I spent either with my mother a great distance from the metropolis, or at a villa of Sebastian's, a few miles from it, where I had spent some of my most youthful and happy days. From thence I frequently went to town, either on business of my own or my aunt's, or to see some of my intimate friends. As Herminius was a good deal on the watch to see me, he generally found an opportunity of calling on me at Lady Stanley's house in town; I was not shy of receiving his visits as his behaviour towards me was unexceptionable. The last day we ever met *there* he proposed to me a party on the water. The weather was excessive hot and

fine: he said his sister was ready to wait on me, and desired me to take what company I pleased, and that he had bespoke a barge of musick to attend us. The temptation was almost irresistible, but I thought it *not prudent*, and refused all his entreaties, at which he left me disappointed and chagrined, and instead of going on the water, put off the barges that were waiting on the waterside and went to the Tennis Court, where a ball struck him between the eyes and knocked him down. All the company thought him killed; he was carried to his sister's house (being nearer than his own), weltering in his blood, but with some signs of life.

I was gone out of town before this accident happened, for I went as soon as he left me; his sister, almost distracted, sent a letter to inform me of it, and to beg to see me as soon as possible. I was extremely shocked, believing myself (though innocently) the cause of this misfortune. The next day I went to town; when I came to Charlotte's house I found her drowned in tears and under the greatest apprehensions for her brother's life. He had lost so great a quantity of blood that he was reduced to the lowest weakness; he said he wished extremely to see me, and begged of me to go to his bedside. I could not bring myself to do it, as he had never *positively* made any declaration that could warrant my granting him such an indulgence, and I thought it might disturb him; I was therefore resolute in my refusal, and poor Charlotte thought me inhuman; but I left her with a promise that if he continued as ill the next day, and desired to see me, I would not refuse him.

I was so affected after this visit that for some days I was ill and not able to go to town, receiving every day

very doubtful accounts of his recovery; but his youth at length prevailed and he grew better. I avoided going to town, thinking it sufficient to send and enquire after him. He went to his country-house as soon as it was safe for him to remove; when he was gone I went to see his sister. She reproached me with my indifference to her brother, and called me ungrateful, for he expressed so great a regard for me all the time of his illness, that he seemed to desire life only for my sake, and would take nothing that was prescribed him, but as he was told it was my request. A lady of his acquaintance sent him a necklace of bloodstones to wear (as it is vulgarly thought a specific against violent bleedings), he threw it away with the utmost indignation. Charlotte got one from me she had seen in my cabinet, which he wore without any difficulty and honorably restored. Soon after Herminius going out of town, I received a letter from him to return me thanks for the concern I had expressed for him, and to assure me that his recovery was more owing to that than to the skill of his physicians, and concluding with some warm expressions of his great regard. Not long after I was desired to use my interest with him in favour of a person who wanted to be recommended to him; I mentioned it to Charlotte, and in a few days received another letter from him to assure me "my request was granted, and how happy he was to have any opportunity of obeying my commands, and that he wished for nothing more than to show me how much he was my devoted humble servant."

Though there was nothing more in this letter than a little polite compliment, yet as there was something very particular in his whole behaviour, I own I could not

help thinking somewhat more was meant by his letters than mere politeness of manners: however, I answered neither of them, nor did I make a confidence of my secret thoughts to anybody. His sister often said her brother had a higher opinion of me than of any woman he knew, and said many things in my favour.

I went to Tunbridge at the end of that summer with Sebastian and Valeria, but heard nothing of him. At my return to town he came to see me (I was still with Valeria); he told me he was going to make a tour abroad for three months, and had fitted up a little vessel for that purpose; that he had great lowness of spirits, partly occasioned by his late accident at tennis and some vexation he had met with; that before he went he had a request to make me, which, if I knew how great his regard was for me, and how much his happiness depended on it, I would not refuse him: he paused, and I was in such confusion I could not say a word, nor could I guess what this earnest request was to be. At last he begged me to give him my picture in miniature to take abroad with him. I told him it could not be, that though I had a great opinion of his honour, *I did not think it right*, and hoped he would not be offended at my refusing it. If I could comply with such a request to anybody it should be to him; he protested solemnly I should have no reason to repent of bestowing on him such a favour, but I absolutely refused him. He looked vexed and disappointed, but made me a thousand professions of love and esteem.

So we parted, neither of us pleased with each other; I looked upon him as *a flutterer*, and was at a loss to know what his intentions were. He went to sea, and staid the greatest part of the winter. It was

reported, and generally believed, that his ship was cast away; he was much lamented by everybody, and I own I was not insensible on the occasion. One night as I was at the drawing-room, who should I see in the crowd but Herminius making up to the circle. I was so prepossessed with his being drowned that had I really seen his apparition I could not have been more startled. As soon as he had been noticed by the King, on his return home, he came up to me; he looked dejected and ill, which I attributed to the great fatigues he had gone through. As soon as I could get a seat he came and sat down by me, and expressed great satisfaction at seeing me again. I felt in some confusion, and to disguise it rallied him on his stratagem of giving out that he was cast away to try how his friends would lament him. I came thus far before I remembered I was writing a letter, and will not add more before we have both taken breath.

I am your most affectionate and obedient,

ASPASIA.

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*Mrs. Pendarves to Mrs. Anne Granville, at Gloucester.*

October 5th, 1727.

Mrs. Badge nor I could not rightly understand you about the Bohea tea; for she does not remember she was ordered to bespeak any, and you say in your letter that I must send the Bohea tea that was bespoke, and a pound more. She imagines the tea mama meant was "*tea dust*," but she can't get any for love nor money, but has bought two pound of Bohea, at thirteen shilling a pound, which the man says is extraordinary good; but every thing of that kind grows very dear, chocolate especially. I have

sent you a pound at three and sixpence, the best in town at that price, but I am afraid it is not such as my mother[1] will like, but I desire her approbation of it as soon as she has tasted it. In the box with the linnen there is mama's black poudesoy gown and pettycoat, your white pettycoat, and mama's two hoods; (but I will never again employ these people), also three japan bords, six forks and spoons, and French silver saltsellers, and a pair of China ones, which *you* may think old fashion, but it is the *new mode*, and all saltsellers are now made in that manner. There is a little Tunbridge jewel box which Mrs. Tillier desires you to accept as her *fairing;* in the first partition there is three cakes of lip salve, in the next a solitary ring which begs the honour of embracing one of your fingers, the *motto* will inform you from whom it comes; in the next is the overplus money of the five guineas, and in the last is my mother's six pound ten shillings, and Mrs. Badge's account how she has laid out the money. There is also two "*Tunbridge voiders,*" which I hope mama will not think me saucy, if I desire the favour of her to make use of, and the standish is for Mrs. Viney, her ingenuity will direct her how to set it together, for I was forced to unscrew it least it should break in the carriage.[2]

I was at Court last Thursday morning, and the King asked me if I had been in Cornwall, for he had not seen

[1] Mrs. Granville having been brought up in Spain, was particularly fond of chocolate.

[2] This account of the manner Mary Granville packed all these odd trifles, and her exactness in giving the account, is a part of her character, and of the qualification in which she excelled of packing well, as also the principle she practised as well as preached of never executing commissions by deputy.

me a great while; and when I told him where I had been he asked me abundance of questions how I had passed my time at Tunbridge? The Queen has upon her petty-coat for the coronation, twenty-four hundred thousand pounds worth of jewels. Her train is to be held up by the three young princesses, and Lady Frances Nassau,[1] Lady Mary Capell,[2] Lady Margaret Herbert,[3] Lady Anne Lumley.[4]

What interest I have, I shall be very willing to make use of for *my sweetheart's*[5] service, but nothing can be done till he is sent to school to Westminster. I saw Captain Molesworth yesterday, he asked after Gloucester friends.

The "*Tunbridge Voider*," mentioned in this letter, was probably a sort of basket for waste paper. "Dr. Johnson defines the word 'voider' as "a basket in which broken meat is carried from the table." In Tudor times an afternoon refreshment of confectionary used to be called a "void," of this Dr. Johnson does not seem to have been aware, but a light cake-basket might perhaps have borne the name of "voider" in the early part of the 18th century.

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[1] Lady Frances Nassau was the youngest daughter of Henry de Nassau, Lord of Auverquerque, and sister of Henry, 1st Earl of Grantham, and of Isabella, who married Charles, 2nd Earl of Bath. Lady Frances was consequently connected with the Granville family. Lady Frances married Nanfant Cote, Earl of Bellamont.

[2] The Lady Mary Capel, third daughter of Algernon, 2nd Earl of Essex, was one of the ladies of the bedchamber to the Princess Royal, Anne, daughter of King George II., and married in 1729 Alan Broderick, Viscount Middleton.

[3] The Lady Margaret Herbert, second daughter of Thomas, 8th Earl of Pembroke and 5th Earl of Montgomery, died, unmarried, December 15, 1752.

[4] The Lady Anne Lumley, third daughter of Richard, 1st Earl of Scarborough, afterwards married Frederick Frankland, Esq., M.P. for Thirsk, and died in February, 1740.

[5] "*Sweetheart*" was a word then often applied to children.

*Mrs. Pendarves to Mrs. Ann Granville.*

Somerset House, the day after the Coronation.

You require a full and true account of all the pomp I saw yesterday. I cannot say my dearest sister is unreasonable, but how can I answer your demands? No words (at least that I can command), can describe the magnificence my eyes beheld. The book I sent you informs you of all the ceremony and manner of proceeding. I was a spectator in Westminster Hall, from whence the procession begun, and after their Majesties were crowned, they returned with all their noble followers to dine. The dresses of the ladies were becoming, and most of them immensely rich. Lady Delawar was one of the best figures; the Duchess of Queensborough depended so much upon her native beauty that she despised all adornments, nor had not one jewel, riband, or puff to set her off, but everybody thought she did *not* appear to advantage. The Duchess of Richmond pleased everybody; she looked easy and genteel, with the most sweetness in her countenance imaginable; in short all the ladies young and middle-aged, though not handsome, looked agreeable and well. The Lords' dress is not altogether so well, but those that walked well had the advantage. Lord Sunderland, Lord Albemarle, the Duke of Richmond, Lord Finch, and my Lord Lichfield were *the top*.

The Queen never was so well liked; her clothes were extravagantly fine, though they did not make show enough for the occasion, but she walked gracefully and smiled on all as she passed by. Lady Fanny Nassau (who was one of the ladies that bore up the train) looked exceeding well; her clothes were fine and very becoming,

pink colour satin the gown (which was stiff-bodied), embroidered with silver, the petticoat covered with a trimming answerable. Princess Anne (who is now distinguished by the title of Princess Royal), and her two sisters, held up the tip of the train: they were dressed in stiff-bodied gowns of silver tissue, embroidered or quite covered with silver trimming, with diadems upon their head, and purple mantles edged with ermine, and vast long trains; they were very prettily dressed, and looked very well. After them walked the Duchess of Dorset and Lady Sussex, two ladies of the bedchamber in waiting; then the two finest figures of all the procession—Mrs. Herbert[1] and Mrs. Howard,[2] the bedchamber-women in waiting, in gowns also, but so rich, so genteel, so perfectly well dressed that any description must do them an injury. Mrs. Herbert's was blue and silver, with a rich embossed trimming; Mrs. Howard scarlet and silver, trimmed in the same manner, their heads with long locks and puffs and silver riband.

I could hardly see the King, for he walked so much *under* his canopy, that he was almost hid from me by the people that surrounded him; but though the Queen was also under a canopy, she walked so forward that she was distinguished by everybody. The room was finely illuminated, and though there was 1800 candles, besides what were on the tables, they were all lighted in less than three minutes by an invention of Mr. Heidegger's, which succeeded to the admiration of all spectators; the branches

[1] Mrs. Herbert. Mary, daughter of John Smith, Esq., Speaker of the House of Commons, Bedchamber-woman to Queen Caroline, and wife of the Hon. Robert Sawyer Herbert, of High Clere, 2nd son of Thomas, 8th Earl of Pembroke, and 5th Earl of Montgomery.

[2] Mrs. Howard, afterwards Countess of Suffolk.

that held the candles were all gilt and in the form of pyramids. I leave it to your lively imagination after this, to have a notion of the splendour of the place so filled and so illuminated. I forgot to tell you Lady Carteret looked charmingly, and nothing was ever more beautiful than her fine throat, which appeared to the utmost advantage.

I went with Mrs. Garland, a particular friend of my Lady Carteret's, and one of a general acquaintance. We went to the Hall at half-an-hour after four in the morning, but when we came the doors were not opened, and we were forced to go in to a coffee-house, and staid till the doors opened, which at half-an-hour after seven they brought us word they were. We then sallied forth with a grenadier for our guide: he conveyed us into so violent a crowd that for some minutes I lost my breath, (and my cloak I doubt for ever). I verily believe I should have been squeezed as flat as a pancake if providence had not sent Mr. Edward Stanley to my relief, and he being a person of some authority made way for me, and I got to a good place in the Hall without any other damage than a few bruises on my arms and the loss of my cloak; and extreamly frighted with the mob, so much that all I saw was a poor recompense for what my spirits had suffered.

I got home without any accident about ten of the clock at night. It was not disagreeable to be taken notice of by one's acquaintance when they appeared to so much advantage, for everybody I knew came under the place where I sate to offer me meat and drink, which was drawn up from below into the galleries by baskets at the end of a long string, which they filled with cold meat and bread, sweetmeats and wine. I think I have told you as much as I at this time can remember. Considering the fatigue

I underwent, you have no reason to complain of my letter, for all blunders that must be an excuse: I hope you have found the worsted; I packed it with the flax,[1] which if it proves good I desire you will give me the satisfaction of knowing. Pray present my humble duty to my mama. Sir John and Lady Stanley are at North-end. My eyes have been so much dazzled, that I can't see to fill this sheet of paper.

The Coronation of George II. and Queen Caroline took place 11th October, 1727. King George I. died 11th June in the same year. Lord Harvey says—"In October the ceremony of the Coronation was performed with all the pomp and magnificence that could be contrived; the present king differing so much from the last that all the pageantry and splendour, badges and trapping of royalty, were as pleasing to the son as they were irksome to the father. The dress of the Queen on this occasion was as fine as the *accumulated* riches of the city and suburbs could make it; for besides her own jewels (which were a great number and very valuable), she had on her head and on her shoulders all the pearls she could borrow of the ladies of quality at one end of the town, and on her petticoat all the diamonds she could hire of the Jews and jewellers at the other." Horace Walpole in his "Reminiscences" says—"At the death of Queen Anne such a clearance had been made of Her Majesty's jewels, or the new king had so instantly distributed them among his German favourites, that Lady Suffolk told me Queen Caroline never obtained of the late Queen's jewels but one pearl necklace." The above fact is cited, in a note to Lord Hervey's Memoirs, as an excuse for borrowing and hiring.

[1] There are frequent allusions in these letters to the purchase and selection of flax. Mary Granville and her mother were celebrated spinners, both in flax and in that preparation of wool called Jersey. The Editor still possesses the wheel of Mary Granville, and a piece of purple poplin of her spinning. There are also in existence damask napkins, of the finest texture, spun by her mother and sister.

*Mrs. Pendarves to Mrs. Anne Granville at Gloucester.*

Somerset House, 31 October, 1727.

After a Coronation a Lord Mayor's feast cannot presume to make a figure in print, but as I love to keep my word on all occasions, I will, according to my promise, describe as well as I am able what I was yesterday witness of, though with gazing my eyes are so weak to day, that I fear I shall hardly be able to see my way quite through the crowd. The Duchess of Manchester,[1] Lady Carteret, Lady Fanny Shirley,[2] called on me at half-an-hour after one; the streets were prodigiously crowded with mob and the train-bands, whose ridiculous appearance and odd countenances were very entertaining, and all the windows from the bottom to the top loaded with people. We were in no bustle of coaches, for no hackneys were allowed to pass, and all went the same way; but there was so great a throng they could move but very slowly for fear of trampling the people to death, so that we were a whole hour going from Somerset House to Guildhall. When we came to King Street, the officers upon duty said we must not go any further, but get out of our coaches in Cheapside, for none but the royal family were to drive to the Hall gate, but as the street was well swept and soldiers planted to keep off the mob, it was very good walking. When we had walked about half way up the street, one of the Lord Mayor's officers with a blue and gold staff met us, and said, with an audible and

[1] Isabella, wife of William, 2nd Duke of Manchester, who bore the golden spurs for the Earl of Essex at the coronation of George II. She was the eldest daughter of John, Duke of Montague.

[2] The Lady Frances Shirley, 4th daughter of Robert, 1st Earl Ferrers. She died unmarried in 1778.

formal voice, "Ladies, open your tickets," which accordingly we did. "Very well, ladies, you will have admittance into the Hall, and, *ladies, you may tarry till the morning; indeed from this time until six o' the clock you may tarry.*" Then we were all conducted into the room where my Lady Mayoress and all the Aldermen's ladies were seated. Our names were told, and everybody made a low curtsey to her ladyship, who returned it with a great deal of civility, and told us if we would follow her we should dine at her table—an honour not to be refused, and indeed it was a particular favour. We attended her, and had a very fine dinner, and all the polite men of our acquaintance waited behind our chairs and helped us to what we wanted: I had to my share Sir Robert Sutton and Mr. Stanley.

As soon as we had dined the Lady Mayoress got up, and we followed her to a very pretty room with a good fire, where there was closets. After that we went back to the first room, at the upper end of which was placed two armed chairs and two stools for their Majesties and the Princesses. All this while my Lord Mayor was performing his part through the City, but *wind and tide* being against him made his return very late.

The King, &c., were at a house which they say has always been kept for that purpose, over against Bow church, to see the procession. His own coach and horses, that conveyed him to the Hall, was covered with purple cloth; the eight horses, (the beautifullest creatures of their kind), were cream colour, the trappings purple silk, and their manes and tails tied with purple riband; the Princesses horses were black, dressed with white ribands. The King was in purple velvet; the Queen and Princesses in black, and very fine with jewels.

At six o' th' clock my Lord Mayor and Aldermen returned, and in three quarters of an hour after the King came. My Lord Mayor, after having received him and paid the usual homage at the gate, conducted him, &c. into the room where we sate. He and the Queen and the Princesses stood before the chairs and stools that were placed for them, which were raised four steps, and a very loyal speech was made by one of the Aldermen and an acknowledgment of the honour received. Their Majesties were very gracious, and then the Lady Mayoress and the Aldermen's wives were presented. All that ceremony being over, it was time they should have some refreshment, which they had in a very magnificent manner in the Hall.

We followed the train and saw them at dinner. The Lady Mayoress waited at the Queen's elbow. Having satisfied our curiosity so far, we thought it convenient to secure a place in the gallery where the ball was to be, which indeed was much too straight for the purpose, but we solaced ourselves with tea and coffee. About ten the royal folk came where we then were, but the crowd was so insupportable we made made the best of our way out of it. I had one glimpse of *our Alderman*, who was endeavouring to get to me, but that was not to be effected, so we were parted and saw no more of him. The King and Queen went about twelve o' clock away, and we stayed an hour and a quarter after them, not being able sooner to get to our coach.

We got home very well, and I must own I was very well pleased with my day's expedition. The Lady Mayoress and those that *had been*, and the High Sheriff's lady, wore gold chains, but not as a necklace, —they were tacked on the robings of their gowns in

loose scollops in the manner of a galloon, and looked very pretty upon black velvet. There was a vast many people of quality, and, considering the great number of people, less confusion than I expected. I have come now to the end of my journey. I am, my dearest sister,

More yours than words will express,

M. PENDARVES.

My humble duty and service.

Mrs. Badge[1] is now here, and presents her humble duty to my mama and yourself.

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*Mrs. Pendarves to Mrs. Ann Granville.*

Somerset House, 11th Novr. 1727.

I was yesterday at the rehearsal of Mr. Handel's new opera called King Richard the First—'tis delightful. There I saw Captain Elliot. I was in Lady Sunderland's box, Mrs. Dashwood and Miss Peyton[1] with me, and he came and sate behind me. I reminded him of his promise about the poor man, and he said he had spoke about him and would try further; he goes to quarters next Tuesday to Warwick. You ask me if the Lady Mayoress was young or handsome?—she was neither. Masquerades are not to be forbid, but there is to be another entertainment *barefaced*, which are balls. Twelve subscribers, every subscriber pays ten guineas a night, and

[1] The Dashwood and Peyton families were closely connected by frequent intermarriages. The Mrs. Dashwood and Miss Peyton here mentioned appear to have been Anne and Margaret, daughters of Sir Sewster Peyton, 2nd baronet, and of his wife, Anne, sister of Sir Robert Dashwood, of North brook, bart. Their father being dead, their brother Thomas was then 3rd baronet. Anne Peyton married Richard Dashwood, Esq., of Cocklylley. Margaret Peyton married "her cousin," George Dashwood, Esq., and her descendants (1857) represent the Peyton family.—*See Burke's Peerage and Baronetage.*

is to have three tickets to dispose of, two of them to ladies and the other to a gentleman, that will make up four-and-twenty couple. There is to be a handsome collation, and they will hire Heidegger's rooms[1] to perform in. Some prudes already have attacked the reputation of those ladies that will accept of the tickets, but as all the subscribers are men of the first quality, and most of them married men, I don't see what scandal can ensue, only spiteful people make harm of everything. There are to be no spectators, nor tickets to be sold, and there are to be twelve of these balls. I am sorry my mama has any perplexing thoughts about her present undertaking,[2] because it will be in her power to quit it, provided it does not answer her purpose. I hope she has her health, and that God Almighty will continue her that blessing, and then she will find a chimney-corner of her own, with such a companion as my sister, very comfortable and happy.

Make my compliments to the fair society, and though it is almost a pity to part you, I cannot but wish the knot was broke—I mean that another should be tyed. But to speak seriously, *matrimony is no way in my favour*—far from it; for I would rather *see you all* as you are, unless you each of you met with a man worthy of you, but that I really think is hardly to be found; therefore you are better as you are, were *you* but in my reach. Heigh ho! that thought damps my spirits and spoils many a pretty thing I had thought of before that melancholy reflection came in my way. Monimia is out in her conjectures.

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[1] At his theatre in the Haymarket.

[2] This alluded to Mrs. Granville's change of residence and permanent settlement at Gloucester.

Memnon trembled and looked pale when I said she had been ill; he speaks to me only to have an opportunity of naming her.

Now for the modes:—undrest people wear all sorts of second mourning, unless they go to Court, then they must wear black silk or black velvet. There is great liberty taken in dress; everybody pleases themselves. A great many people curl the hair round the face, the young and handsome become it. Ribbon is not very much worn. Mr. Wise[1] has been in town some time: he told me he had writ to my mother or I had mentioned him sooner. I am very glad my brother Bevill is in France; it is what I advised him to long ago, and the only secure step he could take; for as he has managed his affairs I doubt he could not have staid in England with any security. You have given me many instances of your friendship, but I believe I must esteem *the last* as the greatest I ever received: to *stay from College prayers*, where your time would have been so well employed, was an indulgence I acknowledge with many thanks.

Poor Ha Ha has undergone great misfortunes, he must take a companion of *another kind* to make amends for those he has lost. I saw him one night at the play: he stood just behind me, and I was in an agony to ask him after you: you can't think what a struggle it was to me to deny myself that vast satisfaction. What is "*Monsieur Fenelon?*" You shall have Cyrus as soon as I can get him. Adieu, I am ever yours. I go to-night to the opera with Lady Oxford.

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[1] In the list of deaths appended to the London Magazine for December 1738, occurs the following:—"Henry Wise, Esq., chief gardener to King William, Q. Anne, and King George I."

When friendship such as yours our hours *Bless*
It soothes our cares and makes affliction—*Less.*
Opprest by woes from you I'm sure to—*Find*
A sovereign cure for my distempered—*Mind;*
At court or play, in field or shady—*Grove,*
No place can yield delight without your—*Love.*

When me, with your commands you *Bless,*
My time is yours, nor can I offer—*Less.*
There so much truth and love I—*Find,*
That with content it fills my—*Mind;*
Happy to live in unfrequented—*Grove,*
Assured of faithful Nanny's—*Love.*'

Although I have received a letter in the packet that came from Gloucester to Brickhill, I cannot say I am satisfied; three posts have passed and no letter except that—which was without a date. My dearest sister must excuse my troublesome fears, but where two such friends as my mother and yourself are the constant object of my tenderest thoughts, I cannot help yielding to my apprehensions when I miss hearing from you, but I know you blame my weakness, and think your sister a simpleton. You are very merry about your new habitation; I wish you merry in it. I am glad you won't want *light*, but I doubt, by your account, you will be very much troubled with *wind*. Alas! you would fain make a poet of me; the words[1] you sent me are soft and pretty, and I have aimed to tell you by their means a small part of what I feel, but I find it a great difficulty to express my sentiments on that score, but you must think the rest for me. Pray tell me the meaning of your sending those words? I ought to be

[1] "*The words*" sent alluded to the rhymes which were filled up. Sending rhymes to each other, "*Bout rimés*," appears to have been a favourite amusement with the ladies of that period.

even with you and put you to your wit's end in return, therefore make sense of these six words—*tender*, *render*, *joy*, *boy*, *fasting*, *lasting*. I dined yesterday at Lady Suns, her girl is very well, and like *Dada*. I will take care of your letter to France, but you must not direct any more in that manner. Dinner is just ready, and I undrest. Adieu.

I am faithfully yours,

PENELOPE.

My humble duty and service, as due. Pray don't forget to date your letters.

25th November, 1727.

When I finished the other side of my paper I was afraid I should not find time to add to it, but I have stole away to say a little more. I have read so much of *philosophy* lately that I am convinced there is no real happiness but in a faithful friend. As Doctor Swift says to his Vanessa, it is a "*rational delight*," it fills the mind with generous motives, and I must have a mean opinion of those that call it *romantic*: it is the most improper name for it in the world, for the foundation of a worthy friendship is truth. People may fancy themselves in love, and work up their imagination to such a pitch as to really believe themselves possessed of that passion, but I never yet heard of anybody's carrying friendship on by mere imagination. Herminius is really a pretty boy, but I fear he is not so bright *within* as *without*, but travelling will improve his judgment and fancy. Mr. Wise is now here, and presents his humble duty to mama and you; he writ her a letter some time ago, which he hopes she has received. Last Wednesday was per-

formed the musick in honour of St. Cecilia at the Crown Tavern. Dubourg was the first fiddle, and everybody says he exceeds all the Italians, even his master Geminiani. Senesino, Cuzzoni and Faustina sung there some of the best songs out of several operas, and the whole performance was far beyond any opera. I was very unlucky in not speaking to Dubourg about it, for he told me this morning he could have got me in with all the ease in the world. One piece of extraordinary news I had almost forgot to tell you, the Duchess of Buckingham and Doctor Chamberlayne are parted, she has no further business for him, and so has sent him home to his wife.

I doubt operas will not survive longer than this winter, they are now at their last gasp; the subscription is expired and nobody will renew it. The directors are always squabbling, and they have so many divisions among themselves that I wonder they have not broke up before; Senesino goes away next winter, and I believe Faustina, so you see harmony is almost out of fashion. I have been making up some packets of musick for Dublin. Our friends are certainly safe there, but the wind continues contrary for the return of the packet boats. I beg pardon for not having lately enquired after your pussey, I hope she is well: all the animals belonging to this house are in good case. Pray let me know how the fish proves. I expect an answer to every paragraph. I believe this is the fourth letter you have to answer. Once more farewell.

I am eternally yours.

*Mrs. Pendarves to Mrs. Ann Granville.*

Friday, New Year's Day, 1727-8.

I must again repeat my wishes for my dearest sister, that she may be blessed with many very happy new years; nothing can be more self-interested than I am in that wish, my peace of life depends upon it. You are *the "cordial drop heaven in my cup has thrown,"* and I unwillingly submitted last post to a painful silence. Our mornings, to tell you the truth, are strangely dangled, and I, who am no friend to idleness, am obliged to saunter away a great deal of time. Mrs. Tellier's ill health makes her lye long a-bed in a morning. I am summoned to breakfast at my aunt's tea-table, the ceremony of which generally lasts till twelve! By that time the necessary duties of the morning are over, part of which the toilette engrosses, 'tis two or three; then what time have I to write? why, after dinner! and then I am liable to impertinent visits; or am engaged to go abroad.

This sketch of my life is to show you that it is, some days, impossible for me to find an hour to write. There is nothing that can make me amends for robbing myself of one moment's conversation with you, but I frequently meet with those interruptions, or my letters should be as regular as the return of the day. Thus far of my epistle was writ last night. I have received my dear mama's obliging letter and your P.S., and will pay my duty and thanks next post in a more particular manner.

I am glad Mr. Stanley has made you a visit; I find he knew what could make him welcome. I suppose the young fellow was Bob Scawen: I assure you he *could* have give you a full and true account of all our pranks

at Tunbridge. His father and mother, I believe, are the two most miserable parents that ever lived: they have had abundance of children, all very handsome except Bob and his eldest brother. One of her daughters, that was married to a Mr. Trenchard, cut her own throat, Sir John Shelly's[1] lady (who was another) broke her neck off of her horse, another daughter has been almost distracted with the vile usage of her husband, and about a fortnight ago the eldest son, who is immensely rich, run quite mad. Sir Thomas is a downright alderman, but my Lady Scawen is a sensible, well-bred, religious woman as ever was born, but was so miserable as to be mad herself at times, but at all other times a woman of excellent conduct in every respect, I think I never knew a more melancholy relation, but we may learn from them that riches will not procure happiness; for they are possest of all the plenty and affluence of fortune imaginable. I beg your pardon for telling you so sad a tale; but the moral is good, how thankfull ought we to be to Providence that we have no such terrors to struggle with; nay, I think I should sooner envy a beggar the quiet possession of his morsel than these poor people's greatness and riches, embittered with the sorrows they feel.

I believe I never told you of poor Mr. Head's death: you must remember we joked with Mrs. Peyton about him. He died about a month ago very suddenly, to the great grief of his acquaintance, for they say he was a very honest good young man.

I am going to dine with Lady Sunderland, and am to go to the opera with her. Mrs. Hyde made me a visit

[1] Sir John Shelly, 4th Baronet of that name, married first, Catherine, daughter of Alderman Sir Thomas Scawen, Knt.

yesterday; her youngest son has had a violent fever, and my goddaughter is so ill in the country that she fears she can't recover. Sir John Stanley complains of his spirits and want of sleep and appetite, which alarms us very much, it being the same time of year he was taken ill before, but I hope it is only a little effect of the spleen, and when the weather is better that he will also brighten up. I had a very kind long letter last post from Lady Carteret, with a copy of verses made by a lady, which I designed sending you this post, but last night I showed them to Piggy, and she seized them and said I should not have them again till next post.

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*Mrs. Pendarves to Mrs. Ann Granville.*

Somerset House, 19th Jan, 1727-8.

MY DEAREST SISTER,

O may I long the sacred pleasures know
Of strictest amity, nor ever want
A friend, with whom I mutually may share
Gladness and anguish, by kind intercourse
Of speech and offices. May in my mind
Indelible a grateful sense remain
Of favours undeserved!

*Mr. Philips's Poem on Cyder.*[1]

Since my confinement at home, among other things to divert me, I have read "Cyder, a Poem." I have it in very great veneration, and the above written words speaking my own sentiments, I could not help transcribing them, though I believe you are very well acquainted with them. I thank you for your letter, which came into my

[1] Mr. John Philips, son of Dr. Stephen Philips, Archdeacon of Salop, was born, December 30th, 1676, at Bampton in Oxfordshire, educated at Christchurch, Oxford, under Dr. Aldrich. He wrote "The Splendid Shilling," "Blenheim," "Cyder, a Poem," and several odes. He died at Hereford, 15th of February, 1708.

hands last night. I am now perfectly recovered of all my complaints, and am sorry I gave you or mama a moment's anxiety. I am so little used to sickness, that I fancy myself very bad when anything ails me, though it should be but a pain in my finger, but I assure you I am now as well as ever I was in my life. Sir John is pretty well, but my aunt is very much out of order; Mrs. Tellier has been very ill too, but is now better, in short we have been a crazy family. Yesterday I dined with Lady Sunderland. Bess is always complaining. Your harpsichord is not yet come; when it does I will do my best about it. You may keep the Fables a month longer if you please. To-night I go to the opera with Lady Oxford.

Next Thursday there will be a masquerade in the Haymarket; I believe I shall make one among them; if I do, I will give you a faithful account of all transactions there. Next Monday I go to the new play, which is very much applauded, everybody that has seen it commends it extremely. I go with Lady Peyton. Yesterday in the afternoon I made some visits—Lady How,[1] Duchess of Manchester, Mrs. Percival, Mrs. Cavendish and Mrs. Page;[2] found none at home but the last, who, poor woman, has had a melancholy confinement; her name was How, a sister of my Lady Pembroke's,[3] an extremely

[1] Lady Howe. Sir Richard Howe, who represented the county of Wilts in nine parliaments, married, in 1673, Mary, daughter of Sir Henry Frederick Thynne, Bart., of Kempsford, Gloucestershire, and sister of Thomas, 1st Viscount Weymouth. They had no children: he died in 1730, and his widow in 1735.

[2] Judith, wife of Thomas Page, Esq., of Battlesden, co. Bedford, second son of Sir Gregory Page of Greenwich, in Kent, Bart.; was the second daughter of Scroop, 1st Viscount Howe, by his second wife Juliana, daughter of William Lord Allington. Mrs. Page survived her husband, and died in 1780.

[3] Mary, daughter of Scroop, 1st Viscount Howe, and third wife of the 8th Earl of Pembroke.

pretty woman. Mr. Page married her for love; her fortune, which was but three thousand pounds, she gave, with his consent, to her youngest sister. He is immensely rich, and has vast expectations, for Sir Gregory Page[1] his brother is worth three hundred thousand pounds at least, has been married several years and has no children. This poor gentleman for sixteen years has been subject to a violent pain in one of his legs, the effects of a fever; his torment has been inexpressible, he would roar so loud that they could hear him across the street,—a terrible sound for a wife who loves him. At last a surgeon that was accidentally called in; (for he has been sadly mangled and at last resolved to cut his leg,) opened his leg and screwed out a piece of the bone, and has taken out the marrow, and since that they say he has recovered wonderfully.

When that visit was over I returned to Lady Sunderland, and we went together to the Princess Royal's, where was a vast crowd of people, and I returned home about nine o' the clock. Lord Thanet[2] is dead. He has left but one daughter unmarried, Lady Bell Tufton, a handsome black

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[1] Gregory Page of Greenwich, an eminent merchant, was created a baronet Decr. 3rd, 1714. He was for many years a Director of the East India Company, and M.P. for Shoreham. He married Mary, daughter of Thomas Trotman, citizen of London, and died May 25, 1720. Their eldest son, Sir Gregory Page of Wricklemarth in Kent, married Mrs. Martha Kenward, but had no children, and dying at the age of 90, in 1775, his property descended to his great nephew, and the baronetcy became extinct. The Page-Turner family, baronets of Ambosden, now possess the Page estates as descendants from the sister of the last Sir Gregory.

[2] Thomas Tufton, Earl of Thanet, born August 30, 1644, married August 14, 1684, Catherine, daughter and coheir of Henry Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle. He died July 30, 1729, leaving five daughters; the youngest, Isabella, was married subsequently to the Lord Nassau Paulet, brother to the Duke of Bolton.—*Collins's Peerage.*

woman; her fortune two thousand pounds, which her father has left her with this proviso, not to marry Lord Nassau Paulet—a hard injunction, as they have long had an inclination for one another. His estate is about two thousand a year, but my Lord Thanet, not thinking it sufficient for his daughter, forbids the banes; I have no patience with his memory, for who can judge of our happiness but ourselves, and if *one* thousand pound a year and a great deal of love will content me, better than *ten* thousand with indifference, it is the reasonable part to choose that which will give me the most satisfaction. I have no notion of love and a knapsack, but I cannot think riches the only thing that ought to be considered in matrimony: however this will prove Lord Nassau's love, if he does not persist in his addresses to her now. I have not seen the Missons[1] or Moodys a great while, not having been abroad these twelve days.

"Epicurus declares it his opinion, that wisdom among all the ingredients of happiness, has not a nobler, a richer, or a more delightful one than friendship." I could hug the old philosophers, whenever I meet with a passage that speaks my own sentiments. The book which has obliged me with this sentence, has no meaner person for its author than Cicero, the title is "Tully of Moral Ends." I have read but half yet, and though I quote Epicurus, I at present have no vast opinion of him, but Cicero charms me with his eloquence, and I am delighted to have that sensual philosopher confuted in his false notions. I believe you may borrow the book if you have

[1] The Historical Register of 1722 records, January 12: "Died Maximilian Misson, Esq., author of the 'Voyage to Italy,' in four volumes." Probably "the Missons," mentioned by Mrs. Pendarves in 1728, were of his family.

a mind to read, or I will try and borrow it for you. But now I must discourse with you about some certain manuscripts of more importance and value to me, as they speak the tender friendship of my dearest sister. I designed writing to you last post, which was Tuesday; had pen and ink before me for that purpose, and they brought me up word there was "a gentleman below who desired to speak to me about a servant that had lived once with me," (a brother of John Treubattis). Upon my permission up comes the gentleman, so spruce and so finical you would have sworn he had been just taken out of a box of cotton. Smirking, he sat down, and from the hour of twelve till past one, did he entertain me with the economy of his family; and gave me to understand he lived with "my lady," "his mother;" he kept four stout horses that will work fifty mile a day, many servants, and is never drunk;—in short the thing talked over his own perfections so much, that I am in some doubt whether he had not a mind to offer his service to me; but the conversation was broke off by Mrs. Badge[1] giving three gentle taps with her fan at the door, upon which *Essence* made me a bow and desired me to command him, and so retired. You may easily guess how provoked I was; he talked so ridiculously that I was forced to bite my lips to refrain laughing.

Yesterday I received one of your favours, and am also indebted to you for that conveyed by Mr. Skin, who with me has not yet been. I have taken care of all the enclosed letters. Great news stirring: Lady Betty Berkeley, daughter to the Earl of that name, being almost

[1] "*Mrs. Badge*" was evidently an old waiting-woman.

fifteen, has thought it time to be married, and ran away last week with Mr. Henley[1] a man noted for his imprudence and immorality, but a *good estate* and *a beau*— irresistible charms in these days. The next I present you with is an old fool known and distinguished by the title of Duchess of Buckingham[2] going to be married to Monsieur Visconti, the Duchess of Shrewsbury's relic. The Duchess of Kingston,[3] they say, is actually married to my Lord Clare;[4] she may be his mother, but that's nothing, she has grown weary of a single life, and he is poor and glad of a maintenance at any rate. Sir John Hobart[5] is married to Miss Bristol, and 'tis reported

[1] The Lady Elizabeth Berkeley, daughter of James, 3rd Earl of Berkeley, married, February 11, 1727-8, Anthony Henley, Esq., elder brother of Robert, 1st Earl of Northington. She died in 1745.

[2] Catherine, illegitimate daughter of King James the Second, and of Catherine Sedley, widow of James Earl of Anglesea, and of John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, to whom she was the third wife. Her son Edmund Sheffield, 2nd Duke of Buckingham, died at Rome, a minor, in 1735.

[3] Evelyn, Duke of Kingston, married, first, the Lady Mary Fielding, secondly, August 2, 1714, the Lady Isabella Bentinck, fifth and youngest daughter of William, Earl of Portland, (by his first wife.) She died at Paris on February 23, 1727-8, leaving two daughters.

[4] There was a renowned series of O'Briens, Lords of Clare, of which Daniel, the 3rd Viscount, fought for King James the Second, at the battle of the Boyne; Daniel, the 4th Viscount, accompanied that king to France; Charles, the 5th Viscount, was mortally wounded at the battle of Ramilies; and Charles, the 6th Viscount, heir to the Marquisate of Thomond, who won for Louis the Fifteenth, the battle of Fontenoy, (1745,) who must have been the "Lord Clare" mentioned by Mrs. Delany, as "*a Frenchman*," in 1724, and in 1728. He died in 1761, and on the decease of his son Charles, the 7th Viscount, in 1774, the male line of the race became extinct. The memory of the 6th Lord Clare has been renewed by the "Ballad of the Brigade," by Thomas Davis—"Thrice at the huts of Fontenoy," &c., but neither of the O'Brien Clares married a Duchess of Kingston.

[5] "Married February 10, 1728, Sir John Hobart of Blicking, in the county of Norfolk, Knight of the Bath and Baronet, to Mrs. Bristow."—*Chronological Diary for* 1728. In the last century it was usual to pronounce the town of *Bristol* as "*Bristow*," it is therefore probable that Mrs. Pendarves wrote the name of the bride alluded to as she was accustomed to write the name of the town of *Bristol*.

Lord Blandford is married at Paris, but I have not heard to whom—I wish it was to one of my cousins. Yesterday I was at the rehearsal of the new opera composed by Handel: I like it extremely, but the taste of the town is so depraved, that nothing will be approved of but the burlesque. The Beggars' Opera entirely triumphs over the Italian one; I have not yet seen it, but everybody that has seen it, says it is very comical and full of humour; the songs will soon be published, and I will send them to you.

To-morrow night I go again to see the Westminster boys act Julius Ceasar; it is bespoke by the King and Queen; it is acted at the theatre over against the opera house. Julius Ceasar performed by my Lord Danby, Mark Anthony a Mr. Roberts, Brutus Master Hay (a son of my Lord Kenoule), these parts are done to perfection, Cassius, Lord Middlesex, son to the Duke of Dorset, a handsome creature. Portia and Octavius by his two brothers. I am infinitely obliged to the dear *Unity's*[1] for remembering me. I doubt in their heart they think me unworthy of their regard, having in appearance neglected answering the favour of their letters, but I declare it is want of time. I do a thousand disagreeable unavoidable things, and I have it not to say I am mistress of my time, for I must comply with those I live with, which makes me lose some agreeable moments. Poor Mary is in great sorrow, her mother is dead. I have often promised to pay her humble duty to my mother and yourself, she had the news last night.

[1] A family of the name of Unet.

*Mrs. Pendarves to Mrs. Anne Granville.*

29th Feb$^{y}$., 1727-8.

To-morrow is the Queen's birthday. Great preparations are made for it: abundance of embroidery. I once thought of going, but upon second thoughts I changed my mind. We are just going to Northend to avoid the bustle of the day, and return on Sunday night to be ready for the entry of the Dutch Ambassador on Monday. Yesterday Mrs. Peyton and I went to Court in the morning; I afterwards dined with the family of the Peytons and Dashwoods, and supped. Sir Tom was brighter than ordinary, which makes me fancy Cymon has met with an Iphigenia. We were very merry, and sung the Beggars' Opera, talked, and wished for my mama and you, but all in vain. By Monday's coach I will send the chocolate and tea, and the new plays, and a tippet[1] of my own making and invention, which I desire your acceptance of.

After the birthday I believe everybody will go into colours, except at Court; if there is any alteration in the fashions I will tell you. The *curly murly* fashion of the hair is not much worn now. The town is mussy, though very full. I have not been at an *assemblée* this winter, but I will go to my Lady Strafford's[2] to put me in mind

[1] The tippet here mentioned was probably made of feathers. A most beautiful tippet of this description has been preserved, and is still in existence. It is long, narrow, and flat, lined with white satin, made to fit the neck, and fall with long ends over the chest. The principal feathers are those of the macaw, dark blue gentianella colour relieved with scarlet, and interspersed with small feathers of the canary bird.

[2] The Lady Strafford of 1727-8, &c., was Ann, daughter and heir of Sir Henry Johnson, of Bradenham in the county of Bucks, and wife of Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, Baron of Raby, K.G., and a Baronet, a distinguished military commander and diplomatist. The Earl died in 1739, and Countess in 1754.

of some happy hours I have had there with you; though they never are out of my memory, but I love those places best where we have been together. The Opera will not survive after this winter; I wish I was a poet worthy the honour of writing its elegy. I am certain excepting some few, the English have *no real taste for musick*; for if they had, they could not neglect an entertainment so perfect in its kind for a parcel of ballad singers. I am so peevish about it, that I have no patience. Mr. Voltaire's Henriade is not yet come out; 'tis writ in French, which for your sake I am sorry for. You may remember in his criticism on Milton, a passage he takes notice of, and finds great fault with—of the allegory of Sin and Death, upon which my Lord Harvey (who by-the-by has been dying) said of Voltaire, who has not the reputation of being the best man in the world,

> "So much confusion, so wicked and so thin,
> *He seems at once a Chaos, Death, and Sin.*"

He spoke it extempore. Let me know if you have seen the ballad on the King's speech, if not I will send it you. I have this moment had a letter from my brother Bevil; he has had a bad cold, but is now much better. Our Irish friends talk of coming the middle of April.

Yesterday morning I had a visit from my sister Livingstone;[1] she grows younger and younger, I never saw her so brisk and lively. I writ you word Mr. Kemp was retired to Devonshire. I had a letter from Lucy Worth, who enquired after my mama and you. I don't know if I writ you word of my Lady Ogle; she is in a fair way of doing well. Mr. Page, who has been in such torment

[1] Livingstone, (?) sister of Mr. Pendarves, who married the Scotchman?

with his leg, is now under a salivation; for they dare not heal it up without he submitted to that sad medium. Mrs. Page is a mighty agreeable creature. Mrs. Grace[1] comes here almost every day; she never fails drinking your health, and would not forgive me if I omitted her duty and service to her aunt and cousin Nanny.

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*Mrs. Pendarves to Mrs. Ann Granville.*

My Dear Sister, 12th March, 1728.

Should have heard from me last post, but I took that day to make a visit to Lady Sunderland, not having had the pleasure of seeing her in above a fortnight; and Sunday we went to Northend and took the lover (Monsieur Bury) with us; he seems very much enamoured, but talks more reasonably than generally people do under his circumstances. He is to be a happy man in a month or six weeks. We returned last night. I am in a hurry, as you may guess by the distance of my words and lines, but I will jumble together all the news I have heard.

First 'tis said that Lady Mary Capel and Mr. Mordaunt have taken pet at one another, and that match is broke off. Lady Harriot Hamilton will shortly be yoked to Lord Boyle, son to my Lord Orrery; and Mr. Clinton,[2] brother to Lord Lincoln, was married last week to one of the Miss Carls, the youngest of them. The preliminaries of the peace is settled, and all that grand affair is almost at at an end.

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[1] Honourable Grace Granville, daughter of Lord Lansdowne.

[2] The Hon. George Clinton, second son of Francis, 6th Earl of Lincoln, was an eminent naval officer, and died Senior Admiral of the White in 1761. He married Anne, daughter and heiress of Major-General the Honourable Peter Carl.

Sir Robert Walpole and Mr. Pultency are very hot every day about the debts of the nation, and nobody understands them but themselves. I shall go to the opera to-night I believe. I have sent to Lady Sunderland to know if she has any room in her box. To-morrow morning an opera is to be rehearsed; I have not heard of the fame of it, its name nor author. The last is a charming piece of musick, but quite neglected for the Beggars' Opera. I sent by a gentleman who came from Mr. Skin[1] last Friday, three pounds of chocolate at four shillings per pound, one pound of Bohea thirteen shillings, a little box with some plays, and the tippet. When lampreys come in, I shall be glad to have as many potts sent me as will come to the money I have laid out in the chocolate and tea, which is twenty-five shillings. I would have them when they are plenty enough for me to have ten or twelve potts for that money.

Mrs. Badge has just come in, and desires me to present her most humble duty to my mama and your ladyship; she grunts mightily, poor woman, but I hope the sun will revive her, as it does the butterflies. Considering I begun my letter with an apology for the haste I was in, I have played my part very well with you.

I believe I wrote you word Miss Thornhill[2] was come to town. Mrs. Roper has just made us a visit, and enquired after you.

I am, my dearest sister,
Most affectionate and faithful,
M. Pendarves.

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[1] A carrier.

[2] Johanna, third daughter of Sir Bevil Granville, married Colonel Richard Thornhill. Miss Thornhill was probably a member of this family.

*Mrs. Pendarves to Mrs. Ann Granville.*

Somerset House, 14 March, 1727-8.

I desire you will introduce the Beggars' Opera at Glocester; you must sing it everywhere *but at church*, if you have a mind to be *like the polite world*. I was last Tuesday at the Italian Opera with the club, 'twas sweet and lovely: it gave me infinite pleasure, and you accompanied every delightfull note. I have undertaken a large sheet of paper, but I doubt neither my will nor my time will hold out to the end of it. I have this morning writ a long letter to my uncle Lansdown. Yesterday my aunt Stanley received a letter from my brother Bev., I am sorry he has an ague, although it is in the spring. I dine to-day at Mrs. Dashwood's; next month S^r^ John spends at Northend. The eighth chair is now in hand, and is to be finished forthwith; the frames are making, they are for the new room at Northend.

The Alderman's name[1] I danced with is Micajah Perry, a married man and as blind as a beetle, so I was in no danger of being liked or disliked; but I won't have a fusty alderman unless he was Lord Mayor elect! As for your rural squires I detest them, and your town fops are my abomination. Tom Titt's[2] eyes are very smart, and look as if they did not belong to the sockets they are placed in. The Doctor is still in the country, and going

[1] "February 24, 1728, Micajah Perry, Esq., unanimously elected Alderman of Aldgate Ward, in the room of Sir Francis Porteen, Knt., deceased."—*Historical Register* for 1728.

[2] Sir Thomas Peyton.

to his studies at Cambridge. Monsieur Bury's goddess's name is Hutchinson, a young lady of an extraordinary good character. Well, my dearest sister, don't think me the maddest thing in the world for writing such a *rantum scantum* letter; my spirits are very alert to-day, and I don't know why. I am to be curled and friz'd, and am not yet a bit dressed; I can no longer rob my toilette of my person, but must take my leave of you for this post.

PENELOPE DARVES.

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*Mrs. Pendarves to Mrs. Ann Granville, in Gloucester.*

Somerset House, 19 March, 1727-8.

I was just returned from making my Court last night, when your letter came to my hands. Yesterday was a very racketing day with me, for at noon the sun shone very bright, and enticed me and Miss Thornhill to take a turn in St. James's Park; we went, but, alas! the wind and the dust had like to have demolished us: we made the best haste we could into our chairs and went to Piggy's.[1] I returned home with an intention to sit sedate till Court hour, but I found a message from Mrs. Hyde, wherein she begged I would dine with her, and afterwards go to a concert of musick with her, which I could not refuse. I thought it barbarous to disappoint one who has so few pleasures in this life. Matrimony! I marry! Yes, there's a blessed scene before my eyes of the comforts of that state.—A sick husband, squalling brats, a cross mother-in-law, and a

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[1] "*Piggy.*" The Editor has not been able to discover the real name of this lady, but it might possibly be one of the Bellenden family.

thousand unavoidable impertinences; no, no, sister mine, it must be a "*Basilisk*" indeed: but stop my rage! Be not too fierce. I may be dashed on the very rock I endeavour to avoid, and therefore I will say no more against a station of life which in the opinion of some people is not in our power to prevent,

> "If Fate be not, then what can we foresee?"
> Or how can we avoid it if it be?"

But you are a mere wag, sister, to think London ladies such gudgeons as to bite at anything. I am sorry for the poor man's fever, but my conscience does no way accuse me of being accessary to it. You have said a great many pretty things *for him*, or if they were his own 'tis likely, since his fever is so high, that he was *delirious* when he uttered so many things to my advantage. I desire you will persue the scheme of performing the Beggars' Opera, but you must defer it till I come to you, for I put in for the part of Mrs. Slamikin! I must say you was a little unconsionable to expect a letter last post: you think wit springs up as fast as mushrooms. You are mightily mistaken, a very little now-adays goes a great way—all the butterfly men were at Court last night, no great plenty of females.

Last Sunday I staid in town on purpose to hear my friend Mr. Williams preach at Whitehall: he gave us an excellent practical sermon. I dined with him afterwards at Lady Peyton's. Sir Tom is gone out of town for a week or ten days. I supped with the family the night before he went, and *he* laid aside Spadill and all his *mistical healths* to toast my dearest sister by her own proper name, which has inclined me a little to him.

Operas are something mended within this fortnight;

they are much fuller than they have been any time this winter. Captain Elliott was at the Cour last night, he has been returned from his quarters about a fortnight. He asked after pretty Miss Scudamore.[1] I told him she had been ill and you had nursed her, so he had some obligation to you; he conducted me to my chair.

Lord Hermitage[2] is at Nottingham, where he deverts himself very well, for he visits all the ladies whether they will or not. Pray is not Miss Sally Blizzard a sadler's daughter; for he told me the town of Glouces-ter was so obliging as to say he was in love with such a one! Lady Sun was here last night, and left word I must go to Court with her this morning, and I suppose go to the opera at night.

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*Mrs. Pendarves to Mrs. Ann Granville.*

April 16th, 1728.

I am indebted to you, my dearest sister, for a very kind letter. I expect a faithfull account of all your doings at the assizes. I think my mama had best tye you by the leg, for fear some of the lawyers should clap you into their bag, for you are a portable thing and not much heavier than a bundle of papers, though a person of great consequence. If you did not tiff out for the fine men, it was out of arrogance and pride, you thought your native

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[1] The Hon. Frances Scudamore, born in 1711, only child of James, 3rd Viscount Scudamore. She married first in 1729, Henry Somerset, 3rd Duke of Beaufort; and second, Charles Fitzroy Scudamore, Esq. Her only child, Frances Scudamore, married, in 1731, Charles Howard, 11th Duke of Norfolk.

[2] Francis Scott, eldest son of Henry, 1st Earl of Deloraine, was the Lord Hermitage alluded to as being then at Nottingham.

charms were sufficient, and scorned to be obliged to any ornament for the conquests of your eyes. Northend has all the beauties of Arcadia—the trees, the water, the nightingales, the flowers all now are gay and serene; only now and then a gentle breeze serves as a thorough bass to the singing birds. But as for a Celadon we have no room nor desire for one. If such a mad nymph as Annabella were here, I don't doubt but those kind of animals would find encouragement, but I will have you know that I have a forbidding way, and make them keep their distance. Enclosed I have sent you Sally's[1] letter; pray take care of it, and send it me by the first opportunity, but I desire you will read this first, for you can never bear these trifles after *her solidity*. Mr. William Stanley talks of taking a tour to Gloucester some time this week. I am very much obliged to you, my dear sister, for all the trouble you have taken about Mr. Gibbs: I wish he was more worthy of it, but I hope he is not quite so bad as he is represented.

Oh the charming month of May—charming, charming month of May. June succeeds May, and please God I will be with you before the first of July. Never did woman take so much pains about love powder as I have done about "*cassia*," and am now as wise as I was a fortnight ago. What they give me for it can never be what you mean, for there is no possibility of sending it in a letter, therefore be pleased to describe the thing to me, for neither apothecary, druggist, nor confectioner can tell me what I mean when I ask for it; and they desire me to tell them what kind of a thing it is. I believe you meant I should ask for it on the first of April, but

[1] Sally, (Sarah Kirkham,) Mrs. Calton.

to be serious, there is two or three sorts, and you must be more particular before I can supply you.

Mr. Mulinex[1] is dead, the rabbit merchant; he married a sister of my Lord Essex's. Last week as we were sauntering agreeably in the King's Road to take a little air, we met Princess Amelia in her way to the Bath. She is carried in a chair, not being able to bear the motion of a coach: our coach was very close to her, and she looked smiling and pretty, bowed to us all, and asked who we were. I wish the Bath may do her good, for she has lived hitherto a life of misery, and everybody commends her temper. I hear our Irish friends will be here the first week in May, but I doubt not till the later end of the month. I think it will a scandal upon your sheriff if he does not give you a ball. Pray what cavaliers have you now at Gloucester, or have they all forsaken your noble city? Where is Harry Harvey? his brother, my lord, they say is past recovery. My Lord Essex has lost his only son, but a new match at Newmarket will dispel the grief. Sir John has his health perfectly well. I doubt my aunt is very bad, but she will not own it, nor do any one thing she is ordered. They constantly drink your healths, and desire me to make their compliments, as doth Mrs. Tellier, who is now hard at work.

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[1] The Lady Elizabeth Capel, third daughter of Algernon, 2nd Earl of Essex, "married first, (says Sir E. Brydges,) on April 5, 1727, to Samuel Molineux, Esq., Secretary to George the Second when Prince of Wales; secondly, on May 27, 1730, to Nathaniel St. André, Esq., and died on March 21, 1759."

*Mrs. Pendarves to Mrs. Ann Granville.*

Northend, 27 April, 1728.

Though Mrs. Belenden and Miss Thornhill are just arrived, I have withdrawn myself from their presence to pass an hour or so with my dearest sister, though they abuse me and say I am always talking of writing letters, to make the world believe I have a good knack at it. Every place to me is a lonely desert without you, and I had more pleasure in walking through the dusty lanes at Ealing, than in the beautifullest gardens that ever art and nature conspired to embelish; we saunter every day and lead as dull a life as Prior's "John and Joan." I long to have some opportunity of saying everything I think, and doing as I please; but notwithstanding I meet with great indulgences I have a sort of awe upon me that will not permitt me either to say or do so much as I verily believe without offence I might.

We have been in the coach this morning all round Chiswick—the sun was as bright as your eyes; it now rains most violently, and the wind rattles the sashes about my ears. How sudden an alteration! and how true an emblem of most things in life! everything is mutable, but friendship built upon the never-failing basis of truth and honour, and I may without presumption say ours is such. There are a thousand amusements and advantages in life you have *at present* no opportunity of obtaining, and which whenever they do come in your way, I am sure you will make an excellent use of, but nature has bounteously supplied the want of art, and has given you a turn of mind that makes you superior to your fellow-creatures with all the adornments of the most polite education, and

I think it more glory for you to be author of such letters as you make me happy with, than to have borne away the bell at a splendid birthday. I know I offend your modesty, but as I speak from my soul you must forgive me; I would rather you had heard I said this of you than write it you, but I cannot help doing you this little justice, which is but a very small part of what I think. You must send Sally the letter, and I will charge her to return it, but for fear I should not have an opportunity of writing to her so soon as I wish to do, I desire you will send her word that I require it at your hands again. Alas! sister, it is well for me that my indifference secures me from languishing, for I may walk and sigh, and write verses and all these pretty amusements without any other effect than growing lean, for the scarcity of agreeable men is as great here as at Gloster. But I have no romantic symptoms, I sleep well, and eat well, and when my thoughts are so employed as to make me forgetful of my company, it is only of a female that I think!

You are certainly in the right in saying that we create the greatest part of our miseries by the uneasiness of our own tempers. I never had one to vex me extremely, but when it has been over, and I have examined the cause of it strictly, I have been convinced I had no reason for half the unhappiness I had felt. I hope this reflection will be of service to me, but I can be very courageous when danger is out of sight. I know none of General Evans's blusterers, but pray keep Harry Harvey and the mountebank till I come, that they may divert me; I don't wonder the stage is erected under your window, for the doctor I suppose designs you should slay for him, to show his skill in bringing people to life again. Lord

Hervey is recovered I guess, for I met him one day last week with Mrs. Oldfield in her coach. Did I talk of "*an alderman*" and "*purling streams*," sure I did not? but I don't know any creature but a female friend that can put one in mind of anything so smooth and gentle; for if I am inclined to any country squire, presently I think of a horse-pond and a kennell of hounds; if a spruce beau intrudes upon my thoughts, I can think of no water but honey water, and no place but an opera; and an alderman, as you say, is fitter for a nine-pin alley, or the Mulberry Garden, than anything else. But *when I rove* to *shady grove*, 'tis you employ *my care*; in *moonshine bright*, or *dark or light*, I wish for you, *my dear:* no swain so *gay* tho' brisk *as May*, can ever please *so well*; ye muses *nine*, with me *combine*, to say I love *how well?* I was going on rhyming but am interrupted, and can only say that I am,

Yours for ever and aye,
M. PENDARVES.

What do you mean by a packet? I have received none yet. We go to London on Tuesday to stay. My humble duty to my dear mama, compliments from rest of the house, mine to Mrs. Viney, &c. Since my writing this letter, I am informed my sister *Levington*[1] is a widow, Mrs. Woodfield is now making her weeds. I shall make it as slight as I can without offence.

[1] Sister of Mr. Pendarves.

*Mrs. Pendarves to Mrs. Anne Granville.*

Somerset House, 11th May, 1728.

I am glad you have had an agreeable jaunt. I shall be glad to partake of any of your amusements. London is so full of entertainment, that if I lived a polite life I should not have a moment my own; as it is, with only visiting intimates, I am so hurried I can hardly comb my hair as I ought to do. Poor Lady Sunderland has been very ill indeed, and the surprise and vexation for Mr. Gibbs has been the occasion of it. She has done everything that was possible to save him, and spared no pains nor cost; but it is all in vain, she begged of me to present her humble service to you, and to return a thousand thanks for all the trouble you have had about this unhappy affair: she has been extremely ill these three weeks, or she would herself have acknowledged all your favours; she is now better, but looks miserably, and is so low-spirited she can hardly speak without crying—it grieves me to see her.

I spoke to Mrs. Badge about the tea for Mrs. Viney. The man at the Poultry has tea of all prices,—Bohea from thirteen to twenty shillings, and green from twelve to thirty. At last after rummaging the whole town over, I have met with *cassia*,[1]—it is six shilling an ounce.

Mr. Dubourg[2] is just come from Dublin; our friends there propose being in England some time this month;

[1] *Cassia*—a pod with a pulpy fruit, much used for medicine in Italy.

[2] Matthew Dubourg, a celebrated player on the violin, who commenced his public performances in early childhood, and was long a member of Handel's band. In 1753, Handel writing from Dublin, said:—"For the instruments they are really excellent, Mr. Dubourg being at the head of them." See *Anecdotes of Handel*. An account of him may be found in *Burney's History of Music*.

he left my brother in good health. I had a letter from Bevil last post, but have heard nothing of his wife lately; I suppose she is gone back to Weedon. The weather is excessively hot; St. James's Park very pleasant. I walked there last night with Piggy, who has had a melancholy time of it with Mrs. Drake[1] upon the death of her husband. Last Wednesday Miss Anne How[2] a sister of Lady Pembroke's, was married to Coll. Mordaunt that was to have had Lady Mary Capel. It is an extraordinary good match for her. She married him without her mother's consent, because when he addressed her before my Lady How forbid him. She came home to her mother as soon as she was married, and told her what business she had been about, upon which she turned her out of doors, but as she had a very good house to go to, her husband consoled her, and carried her to my Lord Peterborough's at Parsons Green, where she has been ever since;—a sweet place for lovers.

There is to be but four opera nights more, and then adieu to harmony of that kind for ever and ever. Senesino and Faustina have hired themselves to Turin and to Venice for the next winter and the carnival following. Next Wednesday the Duke of Norfolk gives a masquerade; everybody is to be extravagantly fine, and to pull off their masques before they leave the house.

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[1] Robert Dobyns, Esq., of Evesbatch, Herefordshire, assumed the surname and arms of Yate of Bromesberrow, in 1759. His eldest daughter, Catherine Gorges, married Benjamin Hyett, Esq., of Painswick, Gloucestershire. His second daughter, Eleanora, married the Rev. Dr. Drake, Vicar of Rochdale, Lancashire.

[2] Anne Howe, daughter of the 1st Viscount Howe by his second wife, Juliana, daughter of William Lord Allington of Horseheath, married May 8, 1728, to the Hon. Lewis Mordaunt.

*Mrs. Pendarves to Mrs. Anne Granville.*

Northend, 18th June, 1728.

I was in town from Tuesday till Saturday, and London is not a place of leisure, especially when it is taken flying as I have done lately. If anything may be depended upon, I may presume to say you may assure yourself of my being at Gloucester by the tenth of next month.

If you have not got Mrs. Capon's letter, nor sent it enclosed as I once desired, it will be too late now, for Sir Robert Sutton, his bag and baggage, set forward of their journey this week. When you and I are rich enough, we will take a jaunt too; at present we must be contented to jog on the same dull path of life without striking into any new road. But why do I call it dull? when enlivened with the greatest blessing that heaven has in store—a strong and faithfull friendship! that's the true zest of pleasure, the refinement of life, which mends the heart, and mitigates a thousand sorrows. A fairy spot of ground to be enjoyed with a friend is preferable to the whole world without that happiness; at least I that know what it is to be so blest, can never love anything *for my own sake only*, and I may venture to say where one person has a right notion of friendship, there are hundreds that never examined what the word meant. I hope Mrs. Viney does not take it ill that I have not writ to her, but I protest I have so little time, that I wonder how I write so much as I do to you, for if I am missing half-an-hour, there is a hue and cry all over this house.

I have not had any private conversation with Lady

Oxford, I was at the Cour on Tuesday with Lady Carteret, went to town from hence at seven o' the clock in the morning, my head ready drest: there was no new clothes upon the occasion. I was to see the Provoked Husband. Mrs. Oldfield[1] acted to oblige Lady Carteret, because she was at Dublin during the time of its performance. She topped her part, and notwithstanding it deserves criticism in reading, nobody (let them be ever so wise) can see it without being extremely pleased, for it is acted to admiration.

Your country entertainment delights me more in your description, than all that I saw at Court; and I assure you we had no such pretty sport. We had ogling and tweezing, and whispering and *glancing*; no eating or drinking, or laughing and *dancing*: there was standing and walking, and *fine ladies airs*, no smart repartee and *not one word of prayers*. I cannot rime more; if you knew how hard my muse is, you would be thankful for this production, which I believe is the effect of a quart of whey which I have drank this morning.

I hope your wax work will not leave Gloster till I come, for I have had no opportunity of seeing it in

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[1] Anne Oldfield was born in 1683, and became an actress at the King's Theatre, under Mr. Rich, the patentee, having been recommended to him by Sir John Vanburgh. Her ability in comic parts gained her great celebrity, and her fine person and engaging manners made her a general favourite both in public and private life. Although she was the avowed mistress of Mr. Arthur Mainwaring, and afterwards of General Churchill, the lax morality of the day and her many amiable qualities obtained the esteem of several respectable persons. She died in 1730, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. Writing of genteel comedy, Horace Walpole says:—"Why are there so few genteel comedies, but because most comedies are written by men *not* of that sphere? Etherege, Congreve, Vanburgh, and Cibber, wrote genteel comedy, because they lived in the best company; and Mrs. Oldfield played it so well, because she not only followed, but often set the fashion."

London. My aunt's and Mrs. Tellier's compliments. My aunt I fear grows worse, though I dare not add she has drank asses milk these two months.

A gap here occurs in the correspondence with Ann Granville, between 18th June 1728, and 7th of November 1728, in which interval Mrs. Pendarves probably visited her mother and sister.

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*Mrs. Pendarves to Mrs. Anne Granville.*

London, 7th November, 1728.

It was the last command I was so happy to receive of my mama to write my first letter to you, therefore I make no further apology about it; I finished my journey with good success, and was received very kindly. Sir John is cheerful, my aunt endeavours to appear so, but wears a melancholy cloud that I fear will not soon be dispelled. This morning has been spent with tenderness and concern on both sides, and I have been detained so long by her, that it has robbed me of the time I intended to dedicate to you.

I believe that you have some curiosity to know how I was entertained during my journey. At the end of the town some part of the coach broke, and we were obliged to get out, and took shelter at an alehouse: in half-an-hour we jogged on, and about an hour after that, flop we went into a slough, not overturned but stuck. Well, out we were hawled again, and the coach with much difficulty was heaved out. We then once more set forward, and came to our journey's end about five o' the clock without any other accident or fright, and met with no waters

worth getting out of the coach for. I writ to you from Oxford, and hope you receiv'd it.

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*Mrs Pendarves to Mrs. Ann Granville.*

From my apartment Sunshine,
19 November, 1728.

Last night I returned from Court, cold and weary, with the expectation of finding a letter at home to recompense me for the toils I had endured; but, alas! I was sorely deceived, for I only found a room full of smoke, the wind and rain beating against my windows, my pussey lost (as I thought), but she was found. Well, into bed I tumbled about half an hour after one. I slept tolerably well, dreamt of nothing at all, waked at eight, roused Mrs. Bell, huddled on my clothes, bought eighteen yards of very pretty white silk for Trott, something in the nature of shagreen,[1] but a better colour than they ever are; it cost sixpence a yard more; the piece came to three pounds and twelve shilling. Then I called for my tea-table, sent John of a *Howdée*[2] to my Aunt Stanley, and at his return he brought me a letter from my dear sister.

I suppose you will write to my aunt as I desired you in my last, when you have received the things. You

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[1] "The term 'shagreen,' when applied to silk and not to the prepared skin of fish or beasts, was a kind of taffeta, and is an Anglicised form of the French *chagrin*, which is also used to signify a sort of silk, as well as prepared skin. Referring to silk, shagreen does not appear to indicate *colour*, or strictly speaking *quality*, but rather intimates the grained or pimpled fabric of the silk, resembling the sort of skin or leather which was called shagreen, and formerly much more used than at present."—*Notes and Queries.*

[2] *Of a Howdée*, query How d'ye do?

must write to let her know they came safely, and then you can't avoid mentioning Mrs. Tillier as one you always had an esteem for.

Yesterday at one o' the clock I went to Lady Carteret, to wait on her to Court; in tip-top humour you may be sure I was, and in my best airs, for *Puzzle* had been with me in the morning. On Sunday after church, Mrs. Bellenden and I sought a walk in the garden, the sun shining: there I met the man of the law;[1] he said he had designed himself the honour of waiting on me ever since he knew of my being in town, but had been so confined with business at Westminster, he had not been able. Yesterday (as my tail was pinning up) he came: he was not very gay, but enquired very much after you, and entertained me with his journey to town; he then took courage and asked for a tune upon the harpsichord, pretended to like it prodigiously, and took that opportunity to show his art of complimenting, and told me that morning he had given up those letters that were entrusted with him. Well, to Court I went in the morning, with Lady Carteret and the Duchess of Manchester[2]—a great croud; fortune almost huddled me into the arms of his Grace of Kent. After dinner, I went with Lady Carteret to Lady Granville's, and tarried there till Court hour, which is half an hour after nine, then the Duchess of Manchester called us, but sure so thin a drawing-room was never seen; I don't believe there were twenty

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[1] "*Man of the law*," probably Mr. E. Stanley, afterwards Sir Edward Stanley of Alderley.

[2] Isabella, eldest daughter of John, Duke of Montague, married, April 16, 1723, to William Duke of Manchester. Becoming a widow in 1739, she afterwards married Edward Hussey, Esq., who was subsequently made a Knight of the Bath, and assumed the surname of Montague.

people besides their own family. The King asked me where I had been, and why I did not go to the Bath, and three or four other questions. Guyamore[1] was the only *bright thing* in the circle, he and I had some conversation, but not of consequence enough to insert in this paper. I enquired last night if Ha Ha was in town; I long to see the verses, you had best procure them. I have not met with any wit since I came to town, it is a scarcer commodity here than at Gloucester.

Who is Lavinia? I don't remember any verses about her. Will. Stanley was at Somerset House last Sunday night, and told me that Sir Robert Baylis before he was chosen Lord Mayor was very inquisitive to know if I was come to town, and when I was to come, for he designed to ask my aunt's leave that *I might represent the Lady Mayoress!* Sir John said he intended dining with him in a few days, and desired to know if he asked him about it (for there is to be a feast at Xtmas), what answer he should give? I told him, *I did not understand being a sham Lady Mayoress!*

Pray tell Dr. Greville that it is not the fashion in London to make long courtships, and he will be very unpolite if he dangles any longer.

"*Ha Ha*" was probably the Honourable Henry Hervey. He was the fourth son of John, Earl of Bristol, by his second wife, the only daughter of Sir Thomas Felton. Henry Hervey was born January 5, 1700; he married Catherine, sister and heiress of Sir Thomas Aston, Bart., took the name of Aston, and entered into holy orders. Boswell, in his Life of Johnson, under the year 1737, says:

[1] Guyamore—Lord Baltimore.

"Amidst this cold obscurity, there was one brilliant circumstance to cheer him; he was well acquainted with Mr. Henry Hervey, one of the branches of the noble family of that name, who had been quartered at Lichfield as an officer of the army, had at this time a house in London, where Johnson was frequently entertained, and had an opportunity of meeting genteel company. Not very long before his death, he mentioned this among other particulars of his life which he was kindly communicating to me; and he described his early friend, Henry Hervey, thus: 'He was a vicious man, but very kind to me. If you call a dog, HERVEY, I shall love him.'"

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*Mrs. Pendarves to Mrs. Anne Granville.*

5th December, 1728.

I was prevented last post by an impertinent Puzzling visit: the clock struck two when he left me, and I was summoned over the way. I fully resolved writing to my mama in the afternoon, but I was seized upon to deal with the *Devill's books:* cross enough you may be sure I was, and made blunder upon blunder, set the table in an uproar, and was inhumanly scolded at; and all was your fault, for I could not help thinking of you, and overlooked my aces, trumped my partner's king, and a thousand such mistakes, and sometimes I did it out of spite, because they would make me play against my will. Now I proceed to make my acknowledgments for your letters. And first for the first dated "Cold" and "raw." 'Tis impossible for me to answer those nice touches of yours, and therefore I will be dumb upon the subject, and can only tell you, that nothing can express the merits of Seraphina, or the love of Barsina; but remember your promise of finishing the *Conversation Piece.*

If you have not those verses of *Ha Ha's* that *Mon* sent me, I will send them to you. I have not heard from Sally since I writ last, but I don't care for his Asturian Highness. I design to be at *Rest*,[1] and a fig for all the young fops.

Without putting yourself to any manner of *expense*, (you want for neither wit nor *sense*)—high day! I am writing in *rhime*, and never thought less of it than at this *time! Chatter-chops* (Mrs. Laroche),[2] is just come in, and desires me to present her *très humble service*. The Universal Spectator[3] was very indifferent last week; they will prove but dull; that was a pretty one by chance, which I sent you, but I own I think the ladies' rules about matrimony not easily to be maintained, unless the man proves a Phœnix for goodness, and then there would be no difficulty: what she says of love and courtship I think exceeding good and right. I don't believe you have studied Coke upon Littleton enough to make verses with law terms, or I should suspect you had a hand in "*the Clients;*" pray tell me who has been so witty? I have not time now to answer them; I will peruse them again, and if I think it worth my while, perhaps may do them the favour. Ay (says my sister), "Madame Pen's style is exalted, she tosses up her nose at everything." "A saucy flirt, may be humbled, and brought down in her wedding-shoes soon." Yesterday I

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[1] "*Rest.*" A pun upon *Wrest*, the Duke of Kent's, in Bedfordshire.

[2] John Laroche, Esq., born in 1700, was for many years M.P. for Bodmin. He married Elizabeth, daughter of Isaac Garnier of Westminster, a celebrated apothecary. Their third son, James Laroche, Esq., of Over, in Gloucestershire, was created a Baronet in 1776.

[3] The *Spectator* ceased in December, 1714. The *Universal Spectator* for 1720 was a flimsy publication, and failed.

dined at the Percivals, and tweedled away upon a lovely harpsichord, and I was not bid to "*mind my time.*" I played an hour and half without ceasing.

Most affectionately thine, my Seraphina,

And your faithful, BARSINA.

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I will write to the two Unitys very soon; at present I n haste. I made Piggy a visit one day last week; she has been extremely ill, but is pretty well again. She enquired very much after her friends at Glocester, and desired me to present her humble service when I writ. Yesterday was married my Lord Carnarvon and a daughter of my Lord Bruce's,[1] the ugliest couple this day in England; but then there's *riches* and great alliance, and that is firstto be considered. Beauty, sense, and honour are things not required; if thrown into the bargain, why well and good; but the *want of them will not spoil a match now-a-days*, but if the fortune prove short of what was reported, and the lady has all other accomplishments that can be desired, it is said by her, as once of virtue "being its own reward," *the lady is a very pretty lady, but no match for me*; this is the way of the world, and a sad world it is.

I desire you will burn this letter, for hereafter if it should come into a stranger's hand, they will say, Surely the person that writ it must have received great injuries from all mankind, that she writes so inveterately against them. But indeed they will lie under a

[1] Henry, Marquis of Carnarvon, only surviving son of James, 1st Duke of Chandos, married on December 21, 1728, Mary, eldest daughter of Charles, Lord Bruce, only son and heir apparent to Thomas, Earl of Aylesbury.

mistake, for my reflections proceed from my observations on the world in general, which I will endeavour to profit by, and act as cautiously as possible, though that may not secure me from the common calamity; but when I have done my part to the utmost of my power, I will trust Providence with the rest, and be contented. Will. Stanley is gone to Glocester, that is to Mr. Window's. Puzzle goes to Glocester next week. Pray remember me to Mrs. Wilkinson. My compliments in particular to Mrs. S., and tell her I often think of those few hours that I spent in her company. I hope all the family is well at Painswick. I have not been able to make one visit to my cousin Izaacson's since they came to town, which I doubt they take ill, but I have not had one afternoon to spare since their arrival, and they live at the farther end of Westminster, which is a mile and a half from any other place I go to.

I think now I have writ you a long letter of nothing at all; I wish I could make it more entertaining. Sir John is gone to Northend. I have not seen Bevil this fortnight, but hear he is well and very busy about his play, which I fear he will manage simply, and he does not care to be advised: he has long promis'd me a copy of it for you, but I cannot yet get it. Mrs. Dashwood and the Peytons will be in town soon after Xtmas: I shall not have much of their company, I doubt, for I confine myself very much to my aunt, though sometimes she sends me abroad whether I will or no. I am in great concern at your being without a servant.[1] There are none without multitudes of faults, and they will be

[1] *Servant.*" One of the many changes in the last 100 years is the sense in which the word "*Servant*" is used. No gentlewoman would now speak of her "Servant"—meaning her maid, but it was constantly used for a personal female attendant in the last century.

plagues if we *expect perfection* from them. Adieu, my dearest sister.

M. PENDARVES.

Poor Badge has been very ill with a cold, and overwhelmed with the vapours: she has not been able to write, and is afraid my mama will think her very ungrateful for not having herself thanked her for the favour of the chine, which was the best that ever was eat.

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Bernachi[1] has a vast compass, his voice mellow and clear, but not so sweet as Senesino, his manner better; his person not so good, for he is as big as a Spanish friar. Fabri has a tenor voice, sweet, clear, and firm, but not strong enough, I doubt, for the stage: he sings like a gentleman, without making faces, and his manner is particularly agreeable; he is the greatest master of musick that ever sung upon the stage. The third is the bass, a very good distinct voice, without any harshness. La Strada is the first woman; her voice is without exception fine, her manner perfection, but her person *very bad,* and she makes *frightful mouths.* La Merighi is the next to her; her voice is not extraordinarily good or bad, she is tall and has a very graceful person, with a tolerable face; she seems to be

[1] The *Daily Courant,* of July 2, 1729, says:—"Mr. Handel, who is just returned from Italy, has contracted with the following persons to perform in the Italian opera: Sig. Bernacchi, who is esteemed the best singer in Italy; Signora Merighi, a woman of a very fine presence, an excellent actress, and a very good singer, with a counter-tenor voice; Signora Strada, who hath a very fine treble voice, a person of singular merit; Sig. Annibale Pio Fabri, a most excellent tenor and a fine voice; his wife, performs a man's part exceedingly well; Signora Bertoldi, who is a very fine treble voice, &c." Schœlcher says Signora Bertoldi was a contralto, and that her *right name* was Bertolli.

a woman about forty, she sings easily and agreeably. The last is Bertoli, she has neither voice, ear, nor manner to recommend her; but she is a perfect beauty, quite a Cleopatra, that sort of complexion with regular features, fine teeth, and when she sings has a smile about her mouth which is extreme pretty, and I believe has practised to sing before a glass, for she has never any distortion in her face.

The first opera is Tuesday next, I have promised Mrs. Clayton to go with her. Lady Delawar has been very ill of a sore throat, but is better. I went with Lady Sunderland to see her, and passed an hour or two very merrily; she has wit and humour when she pleases. I dined yesterday at Lady Sunderland's, and in the afternoon came Miss Legh. She was in her good-humoured flights, and made us all laugh: she is very fond of me since I sent her word that I would never set my foot within her doors when I knew her father was at home, but would avoid him as I would *a toad*. She says I am "dear creature," and she *loves me dearly*.

Your's eternally,

M. P.

My humble duty to my dear mama. I had a letter last night from Bunny. Let me know if Erminia has made any new conquest. I know Mat. is satisfied she has a slave she likes, and looks no further.

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*Mrs. Pendarves to Mrs. Anne Granville.*

10th February, 1728-9.

As for the rotten-apple water, I sent Mrs. Badge to Mrs. Clark about it, and she says it is wonderful the

quick effect of it, and very safe; and that if you use it at all, you should do it night and morning. It must be the rottenest apples that can be had, put into a cold still, and so distilled, without anything besides. But I am under no apprehensions of your being marked, and I dare say your complexion will be better than ever it was.[1] I hope the play will entertain you; pray let me know your opinion. I am very much offended at Dr. Greville's neglect, but this love, that shoots at the peasant as well as the beau, spoils those that have anything to do with his darts. I should have thought his heart so much at rest by being in possession of his *goddess*, that he might have had leisure to have attended his *patients* with diligence.

If ever I see Ha Ha I have a great mind to tell tales, but he has not yet come in my way. His Grace of Kent is speedily to be made happy: the nymph is wafting o'er the seas, and he as impatient as any lover in romance. She will hardly mend the De Greys, for she is homely enough; I am glad Mrs. Woodward is in your neighbourhood, because I have often heard you commend her. Since my eyes have been cloudy, I have kept house—and *open house*, too, I assure you. I have had my circle of beaux and belles, and now and then a tête-à-tête friend and backgammon; and have been as careful of myself as you could wish me to be. Mrs. Bellenden is a very agreeable neighbour, and very good in coming often to me: she has met Puzzle once or twice, and is so taken with him and he with her, that I shall soon lose the reputation of his being my humble servant. She has sung ballads to

[1] The apple-water was probably after measles or chicken pox, to restore the complexion.

him, and ravished his senses. You must be so good to make my excuse to Miss Unetts for not writing to them; but all the time I can allow myself for writing I must dedicate to you. My Aunt Stanley is never well; I hope better weather will be of use to her. Sir John is at Northend. I hear of no news. The Duchess of Queensbury gave the Prince a ball and supper last Tuesday—everything was elegant: my Lord Burlington[1] intends the same for next week. What can be happier in appearance than that young man[2] is at present? but he will pay dear enough for it when the weight of the nation lies on his shoulders. I don't hear of his marriage yet, nor have I taken any steps towards what I once mentioned; for till I am satisfied that the salary is the same as the Queen's, I will not make any interest about it: if it is, it will be very well, as three hundred pounds a-year, with the dividend of the clothes (if the same as the Queen's), will be a pretty addition to my fortune.

The Duke of Kent mentioned in this letter was Henry Grey, 12th Earl of Kent, and 1st Duke of that family. He was twice married; first in 1713, to Jemima, eldest daughter of Thomas Lord Crewe of Stene, by whom he had four sons and seven daughters. The sons all died before their father, the eldest of them being the Lord Harold, the first husband of Lady Mary Tufton. The duke's second wife was the Lady Sophia Bentinck, a daughter of William, 1st Earl of Portland, by his second marriage. The Duke of Kent and Lady Sophia were married in 1728.

The Bentinck family at this period were still essentially Dutch, and both the brothers of the bride were nobles of Holland. She was probably brought up there, and might justly be described

[1] Richard Boyle, 3rd Earl of Burlington.
[2] Frederic, Prince of Wales.

as a "*nymph coming over the sea.*" The duke and his second wife had one daughter named Anna Sophia, who married John Egerton, Bishop of Durham, great nephew of the 1st Duke of Bridgewater, and the son of that bishop became 7th Earl of Bridgewater.

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*Mrs. Pendarves to Mrs. Anne Granville.*

Somerset House, 16th February, 1728-9.

I have not been 'abroad' lately, and therefore cannot entertain you with foreign affairs. I am now at my Lady Stanley's elbow. I wish I could give as good an account of her health as of my own; but she is never free from violent colds.

There is a tragedy now acting in Lincolns-Inn-Fields that bears a tolerable character: as soon as I have read it I will dispatch it to wait on you; and the Village Opera likewise, though that is but a so-so affair. There was a masquerade last Thursday at the Opera House, but I have not heard any report about it. People seem to be tired of that sort of diversion; I have not been at one this winter, and don't find any inclination in myself to make one of the rabble-rout. The subscription for the Opera next winter goes on very well, to the great satisfaction of all musical folks.

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*Mrs. Pendarves to Mrs. Anne Granville.*

From our fireside, 28 February, 1728-9.

First receive my thanks for your dear letters, "more welcome far, than gold to misers or to soldiers war." That puts me in mind of Mars's *pockett pistol*, alias *Apollo's Imp*, alias *Ha Ha*. He likes me for somebody's sake that shall be nameless; he was at my door last

Sunday morning, but I was doing what he ought to have been employed in. The little man of mettle (*not Corinthian*) was not discouraged, but came again on Tuesday. Molly Bramston was with me; he staid two hours and chattered away very agreeably. I think he is like you. Gloster was the chief of our discourse, it being the chief in *our affection*; and there is a young lady dwells there that has more perfections than any mortal has a right to; her "wit so poignant, her judgment so wonderfull, her good-nature so excessive, that she always delights but never offends." I guessed who he meant, but was not obliged to take it; I think it was very rude to say so many fine things of an absent lady, it made those that were present look very silly, but the fops of this age know no manners. He saw my clothes; I said you would I suppose want the description of them, but I should not give myself that trouble; quoth he, "perhaps she may receive it from a third hand."

On Wednesday I dined at Lady Carteret's, and went in the afternoon to a consort of musick for the benefit of Mr. Holcomb; the Duchess of Manchester and the two eldest Miss Carterets were of the party. Holcomb sung six songs; we had two overtures of Mr. Handel's and two concertos of Corella by the best hands. I was very well pleased; the house was exceeding full and some very good company. Ha Ha was to be distinguished, though in the midst of a great crowd, and so was *the peer* among ten thousand, &c. Tiny did not see me, but Guyamore made me a respectful bow. I am already, or shall be very soon married to the *Black Don*[1] upon his having

[1] This passage alludes to a joke with her cousin, Sir Anthony Westcomb. The "Gumley" alluded to was Deputy-Commissary-General. Sir Anthony Westcomb succeeded him in that post.

the prospect of succeeding Gumley, so I sent to him and desired his acceptance of myself and fortune! You country ladies that love to be in the fashion, I must give you notice that nothing is so unpolite as telling the truth, and if you are ambitious of being thought excessive genteel, let two or three rousing l—s escape you, and you will gain immortal reputation. I was just come to this place, when who should enter my chamber but the American Prince,[1] gay and fine—the second visit he has made me: his manner is the same it used to be.

To-morrow is the Birth-day. I shall be fine, but like the jay in borrowed feathers.[2] I have not heard anything about the comet you mention, I believe it has been discovered by some Gloster conjurer. My head is drest, and Mr. Wise who is at my toilette says, "prodigious well."

Upon receiving a lock of hair from Anna which she unjustly call'd *a trifle.*

"The gift which you a trifle call,
To me is far beyond
That celebrated lock[3] of which
The poets were so fond.
Nor gold nor titles can impart
Such pleasure as your love,
Possest of such a faithful heart
With happiness I move.
All things but *friendship such as yours*
*Inconstant pass away,*
This lock the emblem of your love
Like that will ne'er decay.
Then what have I to do with care,
With joy my days I'll spend,
Since I'm secure of heaven's best gift,
A faithful, tender friend.

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[1] *American Prince.* Lord Baltimore.

[2] "*Borrowed feathers.*" The practice of friends lending each other jewels for Court, appears to have been much more common in the last century than at present.

[3] *Berenice's hair.*

*Mrs. Pendarves to Mrs. Anne Granville.*

Somerset House, 4th March, 1728-29.

On Saturday the first day of March, it being Queen Caroline's birth-day, I dressed myself in all my best array, borrowed my Lady Sunderland's jewels, and made a tearing show. I went with my Lady Carteret and her two daughters. There was a vast Court, and my Lady Carteret got with some difficulty to the circle, and after she had made her curtsey made me stand before her. The Queen came up to her, and thanked her for bringing me forward, and she told me she was *obliged to me* for my pretty clothes, and admired my Lady Carteret's extremely; she told the Queen that they were my fancy, and that I drew the pattern. Her Majesty said she had heard that I could draw very well (I can't think who could tell her *such a story*); she took notice of my jewels; I told her they were my Lady Sunderland's; "Oh," says she, "*you were afraid I should think my Lord Selkirk*[1] *gave them to you*, but I believe he *only admires*, for he will not be so free of his *presents*." (I think it is a great condescention, after all this, to correspond with a country girl!) Who should I spy in the crowd but Ha Ha, bedecked with azure—a proper colour for a poet and a lover: *en passant*, he made me a compliment, said "*he could write more than he dared to speak*." Miss Carteret heard him, and lays him to my charge, when Cupid knows he only is civil to me for *sake's sake*, however, I had the reputation of him for *that day*.

At night sure nothing but the Coronation could exceed

[1] Charles Douglas, 2nd Earl of Selkirk, died unmarried in 1739.

the squeezing and crowding that was there, the ball-room was so excessive full that I could not see one dance, but was thrust quite from my company. However, a little to recompense that loss and the fatigue I had undergone, it was my fortune to be thrown in the way of Guyamore, who very gallantly got me a seat and sate down by me; his aunt, Lady Betty Lee, was oposite to us. I asked him why he would not go and pay his duty to her? He "hated to look at her," he said, "she was so confounded ugly;" and "that he should be a happy man were I as ugly." Miss Tolmash came to the place where I sat, and I resigned my place and made an attempt to find my company, but all in vain, I might as well have attempted to swim cross the sea in a storm; and after having been buffeted about and crushed to a mummy, my Lord Sunderland espied me out, and made me take his place.

The clock struck twelve, the French dances were just over, and every man took the woman he liked best to dance country-dances, the Prince set the example by choosing the Duchess of Bedford,[1] who is the queen of his fancy at present. Ha Ha found me out and entreated me to dance one dance, but the crowd was so monstrous I had not courage; he looked disappointed. *I was sorry* to refuse him; but though I would not make use of him in his own way, I did make a conveniency of him, for by his means I found my Lady Carteret. We went away at half an hour after one; and I was so tired all Sunday, I could hardly hold up my head; but yesterday I was very well, and dined with my Lady Carteret; and went in the afternoon to my Lady Sunderland.

[1] The Lady Anne Egerton, only daughter of Scroop, Duke of Bridgewater, and of his wife the Lady Elizabeth Churchill, married Wriothesly, 3rd Duke of Bedford, in 1725.

The King was in blue velvet, with diamond buttons; the hat was buttoned up with prodigious fine diamonds. The Queen was in black velvet, the Court being out of mourning only for that day. Princess Royal had white poudesoy, embroidered with gold, and a few colours intermixed; the petticoat was very handsome, but the gown looked poor, it being only faced and robed with embroidery. Princess Amely had a yellow and silver stuff, the pattern marked out with a thread of purple, and purple ribbons with pearl in her head, which became her. Princess Caroline had pink colour damask, trimmed with silver. The Prince of Wales was in mouse-colour velvet, turned up with scarlet, and very richly embroidered with silver; he dances very well, especially country-dances, for he has a great deal of spirit. Lady Carteret's clothes were the finest there—green and gold, embroidered and trimmed; Miss Carteret yellow and silver. Lady Hartford had a blue manteau, embroidered with gold, and a white satin petticoat; it looked very whimsical, and not pretty. Ha Ha told me, (for his mortification), he had seen the cause of all his woe; she was very fine, but, says he, *'tis all outside*, oh that she were as bright within!

I suppose you will have some odd account of me, pray let me know what they say of me behind my back? The Duchess of Queensbury, to the great amazement of the admiring world, is forbid the Court, only for being solicitous in getting a subscription for Mr. Gay's sequel of the Beggars' Opera, which the Court forbid being acted, on account that it reflected on the Government. The Duchess is a great friend of Gay's, and has thought him much injured; upon which, to make him some amends, for he is poor, she promised to get a subscription for his

play if he would print it. She indiscreetly has urged the King and Queen in his behalf, and asked subscriptions in the drawing-room, upon which she is *forbid the Court*—a thing never heard of before to one of her rank: one might have imagined *her beauty* would have secured her from such treatment! The Vice Chamberlain went with the message, and she returned the answer which I have enclosed.[1]

Last week I had Mr. Haws with me, Mrs. Basset's steward and her lawyer, to ask me to accept a sum of money for my jointure. I told them it would not be reasonable in them to suppose I would lessen my income, and they best knew if they could afford to give me what would bring me in an equivalent. I have not had their answer; they want me to name a sum, but that is not my business. I know what I will accept, but if they don't offer me that, I am pleased to keep my jointure as it is. I spoke of it to Sir John; he says money is troublesome, and difficult to get good security for it; but if they offer very largely I shall be tempted.

Your shoemaker is dead; but I believe Mulinix will make them as well.

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Feb. 27, 1728-9.

[1] "The Duchess of Queensbury is surprised and well pleased that the King hath given her so agreeable a command as to stay from Court, where she never came for diversion, but to bestow a civility on the King and Queen; she hopes by such an unprecedented order as this is that the King will see as few as he wishes at his Court, particularly such as dare to think or speak truth. I dare not do otherwise, and ought not nor could have imagined that it would not have been the very highest compliment that I could possibly pay the King to endeavour to support truth and innocence in his house, particularly when the King and Queen both told me that they had not read Mr. Gay's play. I have certainly done right, then, to stand by my own words, rather than his Grace of Grafton's, who hath neither made use of *truth*, *judgment*, nor *honour*, through this whole affair, either for himself or his friends."

"C. QUEENSBERRY."

*Mrs. Pendarves to Mrs. Anne Granville.*

8 March, 1728-9.

Yesterday I went to *Cour* with my Lady Carteret: it was excessively full, but I have some reward for my trouble, for the King asked me many a question. Mrs. Clayton, who was the person employed by my Lady Granville in the affair I told you of, has refused. I am mighty easy in the matter; but my cousins, who are very fond of me, insist upon my going another way to work; they say they are sure if it was only named to the King and Queen I should be accepted. My brother Bevil has met with great disappointments in his play, which is not to be acted, but he is going to print it, and wants to dedicate it to the Princess Royal. I am going this morning to Lady Fitzwilliam's to see if I can get the Princess's leave.

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*Mrs. Pendarves to Mrs. Anne Granville.*

Somerset House, 6 March, 1728-9.

Last night when I returned from the Duchess of Norfolk's Assembly, (muzzy enough, not having met with agreeable conversation), I had the delight of reading your letter.

So you cannot guess who the *absent lady* was, that Ha Ha sung the praises of; *don't be so affected*, the picture was too well drawn not to know who it belonged to; there was no occasion to write "Annabella" under it; the limner is too good an artist to be so treated, and I won't allow you to give yourself such airs. The *Pocket Pistol* says he has writ to the Doctor, he talks of recruiting, and that he shall visit Gloster, not only to recruit men, but spirits; he proposes great happiness to himself,

but, poor thing! if he should be disappointed and the bird flown, it will be pity. He told me of some verses (golden ones says he) that he had the happiness of seeing upon Mrs. Grevill's marriage, quite poetic. I will be cautious of what I say to Ha Ha, for I believe he sends everything to his correspondent; Puzzle saw him here one morning, and it would have diverted you to have seen how queer he looked. Ha Ha's gaiety makes one fall into the same sort of humour; Puzzle outstaid the other, and when he was gone, begged for God sake I would let him sit still to recover himself, for if he went home in the humour he was in, he should hang himself. I have seen him once since, he seems to be very well recovered; and I must give him his due, he behaves himself with good manners and respect, and I believe is convinced he had best hold *hold his tongue.*

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*Mrs. Pendarves to Mrs. Anne Granville.*

From my fireside, 14th March, 1728-9.

Sally's letters are what I prize next to yours, but her last was *too crabbed* to please me. She confounds me with her ideas. I had much rather she would descend to the style that I am acquainted with, for I cannot deny my ignorance, which is so great that I do not comprehend her logic, and I really think she has cramped her way of writing extremely. The beauty of writing (in my opinion) consists in telling our sentiments in an easy natural way; whatever expressions seem laboured must disgust, unless they discourse on an abstruse subject, and then it must be treated accordingly. Without partiality to you, you have attained that art in writing

which alone makes it delightful; your sense is so intelligible that it is known at first sight, whereas Sally's is in masquerade, and I must examine the sentence more than once to find her out; but she has fallen into this way since her being *the half of a parson*, for her letters used to please as well as instruct. I think my uncle's play has more things in it to be condemned than applauded, but yet I am so much inclined to any production of his, that I cannot entirely give it up; the characters I allow are unnatural, but there is wit in it, and that is more than can be said of any other modern comedy.

I have begun to answer your letters, as the witches do their prayers—backwards. I am afraid the Dr. will think I set up for a poet, and that is a character I detest, unless I was able to maintain it as well as my Lady Winchelsea. Nothing is so impertinent as dabblers, despised by men of sense; I wonder the doctor has not yet received Ha Ha's letter—he told me he sent it a week ago. He made me a visit last Tuesday morning, enquired after all friends at Gloucester, and desired me to make his compliments. I gave you a hasty sketch last post of the Imp and Guyamore; I don't know whether I can mend it. The American Prince has what is generally thought an advantageous person, he is tall, genteel, a handsome face, no feature in his face but what you may allow to be good; but the sparkling fire is more conspicuous in Ha Ha and his vivacity, which is really attended with wit, will at any time make those that converse with him, give him the preference. But I think he has a fault though a good-natured one (if that is an expression may be allowed), which is a turn of compliment to a degree of flattery, and he must think a woman mightily possessed with herself to believe all those

flourishes her due, but it is more excusable where they are spoken with ease, which indeed I must say he does,—for that gives them an air of sincerity. Puzzle is of a very different composition, and has his merit in his way. When he talks it is sensibly, but he never makes a compliment but in a way that without a great deal of vanity one may be allowed to take it, and to believe he speaks what he thinks. He discovers in his manner a great deal of honesty, and though plain-dealing seems to be what he prides himself in, it is accompanied with *so much manner* as not to offend; for though he will not praise where he thinks it not due, he is not a satirist nor apt to spy little faults. In short my three visitors are as *different* in their manners as *their persons*; they give me a great deal of entertainment, and if by their means I have given you any, I shall be better pleased with them than ever I was.

I and my clothes were too slight to be taken notice of by Apollo's favourite, though he intimated he had given an account of both; as for myself your own imagination always draws me to so much advantage that I will let you think as favourably as you please. My clothes were grave, the ground dark grass green, brocaded with a running pattern like lace of white intermixed with festoons of flowers in faint colours. My ribbons were pink and silver, my head well drest, French and a cockard that looked smart, my clothes were a French silk, I happened to meet with a great pennyworth—they cost me seventeen pounds.

The Duchess of Quensbury[1] is still the talk of the town.

[1] The celebrated Catherine, Duchess of Queensbury, having in old age attended the funeral of the Princess Dowager of Wales, as one of the attendants to the chief mourner, Horace Walpole wrote the following stanza on the occasion:—

She is going to Scotland: she has great reason to resent her usage, but she was provoking first, and her answer though it shows spirit was not worded as her friends could have wished; good manners ought to be observed to our equals, and our superiours certainly have a right to it. My Lady Hervey told her the other day, that "*now she was banished,*[1] *the Court had lost its chief ornament,*" the Duchess replyed, "*I am entirely of your mind.*" It is thought my Lady Hervey spoke to her with a sneer, if so her Grace's answer was a very good one. I am amazed at the odd proceeding of Thresher: he acts like a madman or a rogue—'tis charitable to suppose it the first. I am heartily concerned at poor Bessy's[2] indisposition. I don't at all wonder at her being affected by this man's odd behaviour; I dare say Providence has a better lot in store for her, and more suitable to her merit.

You say you are the dullest thing alive: I cannot be of your mind at all, but I am still angry that you have not sent me those verses Mrs. Greville had on her marriage: I shall be more cautious for the future how I send the inventions of my noddle[3] since you don't use me in the same way. Last night I was at a concert of

"To many a Kitty, Love his car
Would for a day engage;
But Prior's Kitty, ever fair,
Obtained it for an age."

[1] On two occasions the Duchess of Queensbury got into disgrace at Court. She usually wore an apron, and when this article of attire was forbidden to be worn at the royal drawing-rooms, the Duchess appeared in it one day: her entrance was consequently opposed by the Lord in waiting, when she tore it off, threw it in his face, and walked on. Her second offence was that of soliciting subscriptions for the poet Gay in the royal presence.—See *Horace Walpole*, &c.

[2] Bessy Tichbourne, sister of the Countess of Sunderland.

[3] Here is an allusion to other verses written by Mrs. Pendarves, who was as well as Ann Granville evidently in the habit of sending each other little "*jeu d'esprits*" both in prose and verse.

music with Mrs. Clayton, Mrs. Percival's daughter: it was a charity business for the benefit of Mr. Grant, my mercer's partner, who has had losses lately; I was glad the poor man had a full house. The music was not extremely well performed, Mrs. Barbier, Mrs. Wright, and Mrs. Chambers sung. Puzzle was there, I was in the stage-box, Captain Hyde sat behind me, and conveyed me to the coach when the concert was done. I have no news to send you, only the enclosed verses. I don't know the authors of any of them, you may know of whom I had the manuscript by the hand.

Interest is making to get Mr. Horatio Walpole[1] to let my brother Bevil go over with him to Soissons where he is going *Plenipo*, and I fancy it will be obtained: it must be a secret.

Lord Lansdown's play alluded to in this letter, may have been "Once a Lover and always a Lover," which came out in its improved form in 1728. Dr. Johnson, in his Life of Lord Lansdown, says: "In the time of his retirement, it is probable that he composed his dramatic pieces, "The She Gallants" (acted 1696), which he revised and called "Once a Lover and always a Lover;" "The Jew of Venice," altered from Shakspeare's "Merchant of Venice" (1698); "Heroic Love," a tragedy (1701); "The British Enchanters" (1706), a dramatic poem; and "Peleus and Thetis," a masque, written to accompany "the Jew of Venice." The comedies, which he has not printed in his own edition of his works, I never saw."

Warton remarks, "Pope in 'Windsor Forest' having compared his patron, Lord Lansdown, with Surrey, *he* was im-

1 The Horatio Walpole, who went to Soissons as Minister Plenipotentary, was brother to the Prime Minister, and uncle to the Horace Walpole of epistolary renown: a coarse shrewd man, who owed his elevation to his brother. He was created Lord Walpole of Wolterton, and his descendants inherited the Earldom of Orford on failure of the elder branch of the family.

mediately reprinted, but without attracting many readers, although it was vainly imagined that all the world would eagerly purchase the works of a neglected English poet, whom Pope had called "*the Granville of a former age.*"

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*Mrs. Pendarves to Mrs. Anne Granville.*

13th March, 1728-9.

Never did I want your assistance more than last night to compose my spirits, which for these two days past have suffered a good deal on my Aunt Stanley's account, for she has been very ill, but thank God is now much better. All Sunday she complained extremely of her head, and was very hot, her spirits very much upon the flutter, and for four-and-twenty hours she neither slept nor lay in a posture for a minute together, and now and then seemed to be light-headed. I was very much frightened, and begged her to send for a doctor; but she would not bear the thoughts of it till Sir John came. I writ him an account how she was, in as moderate terms as I could; but he apprehended I made the best of it, and was so much affected by it, that when he came to town I thought him almost as ill as my aunt; but she is very much mended; I did not leave her till twelve o' the clock, and I have just had an account of her which is a very good one, and Sir John is pretty well again.

I am glad my drawing pleases you. I endeavoured to keep up to the originals, but fear I have done them an injury, particularly Ha Ha. Regular features may easily be expressed, but there is a certain agreeable air that no limner can hit off, where there is a great deal of variety it will pose the most skillful to describe. Now for answering your questions three. I have seen Mr. Hays's handywork, and think him so great a proficient, that is

pity he has not an opportunity of being instructed by some good master. Mr. Wise's picture, and the copy of my aunt's is extremely well done; as for mine, I cannot say so much, for I never saw so *crabbed a witch*—but considering what he copied after, I think it very well! I am much obliged to him for his cantata and minuet, and think them very pretty. I desire, when he comes to town, that he will call upon me, for I have a mind he should copy a picture for me of my Aunt Stanley's.

Well, I do think I have showed some indifference to you; I had my designs, I thought you would have dropt the proposal, and that I should not be plagued with you. If half a man, half a maid, half a room, half a bed, and half a French roll for breakfast will satisfy you, you shall be as welcome as my whole heart can make you, and I hope my dear mama will be able to spare you; and I hope I may promise her that I will restore you to her safe and sound upon demand. You see I am full of *hopes* about it, and *hope* they will not be blasted. "*Hope of all ills that men endure*," *&c.*

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*Mrs. Pendarves to Mrs. Ann Granville.*

Somerset House, 1st April, 1729.

The first thing that happened to me this morning was being made a fool of—a thing easily done, so they acquired no great honour who set their wits at work about it. You must know, madam, that I am this afternoon to have with me Lady Peyton, her fair daughter Mrs. Dashwood, and the Tom Tit *invited himself*,—I could not refuse him without being rude.

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[1] It appears that about this time Mrs. Pendarves had a house or apartments in London of her own, though she was continually with Lady Stanley, both at Somerset House and North End.

Last Sunday I went to St. James's Chapel. After chapel to the drawing-room with Lady Carteret[1] and her two daughters. I heard a gentle voice whisper in my ear, "How does Mrs. Pendarves do?" I turned round and soon discovered the *little Imp:* he seemed shy, I thought. I asked him when he had heard from his correspondent at Gloster. "Not a great while," he said; "not since he had writ, which was a month ago." I doubt his letter miscarried, and truly that is a pity.

I went home with Lady Carteret from the drawing-room, in hopes of seeing the lovers together, but my Lord Dysart[2] went that morning to his estate in the country, and does not return till next Sunday. Miss Carteret behaves herself very well in the affair, and looks neither grave nor merry, though she has no reason to be displeased, and I believe sixteen is more transported with the prospect of such an affair, than after they have attained a score of years. She has a better chance of being happy, than most young ladies in her station, because her father and mother are so indulgent to her humour that (although they have as much ambition as most people), yet they would not force her inclinations, which was part of the answer Miss Carteret made my Lord Dysart, when he told her, that "notwithstanding my Lord and Lady Carteret's goodness to him, and the encouragement they gave him, he should *not* proceed if *she did not approve of*

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[1] Lord Carteret's first wife was Frances, daughter of Sir Robert Worsley. She died at Hanover, June 9, 1743.

[2] Lionel, 3rd Earl of Dysart, married July 22, 1729, Grace, eldest daughter of John, Lord Carteret, afterwards Earl Granville. She was the mother of the 4th and 5th Earls of Dysart, and of three other sons, who served their country in the royal navy. The eldest of her two daughters, (Louisa,) became Countess of Dysart in her own right, March 9th, 1821.

*him.*" Lord Beaumont, the Duke of Roxborough's only son, they say, is to be married to the Duke of Montague's daughter, Lady Mary, and is to be very soon; thus matrimony, you see, is in a thriving way, and so let it, may all happiness attend those that run the venture!

Lord and Lady Fitzwilliam,[1] after five-and-twenty years of tolerable agreement, are going to be divorced. I think if I could live five-and-twenty years with a man, I could live five hundred. Nobody knows why they part, but that they *are peevish with one another*; 'tis monstrous to think, with so many children all grown up to be men and women, they should expose themselves and their children to the calumny of the world. As for the men, the world is apt to forget their ill-conduct, but young ladies, whose fate depends a good deal on the conduct of their parents, *must suffer*. It is injustice, but it is the common way of speaking; who will venture on the daughter, when the mother has proved such a wife? Not that I believe my Lady Fitzwilliam is wholly to blame: he is a peevish, splenetic man, and provoking in his temper. Fine encouragement this to wedlock. Shall I devote my life, my heart, to a man, that after all my painful services will be glad of an opportunity to quarrel with me? What security have I, more than my neighbours, to defend me from this fate? I am frail, my temper is apt to be provoked, and *liberty of speech* all womankind has thought their privilege, and hard it is to be denied

[1] John, 2nd Earl Fitzwilliam in the Irish Peerage, married Ann, daughter and heiress of John Stringer, Esq., of Sutton-upon-Lound, in Nottinghamshire. She died in 1726, and her husband in 1728. William, 3rd Irish and 1st English Earl Fitzwilliam, was their son, and they left also three daughters. No mention is made by Sir E. Bridges or by Burke of any divorce.

what has so long been allowed our prerogative; the greatest chance for avoiding the above-mentioned misfortune, will be choosing a man of sense and judgment. But there's the difficulty; *moneyed men* are most of them covetous, disagreeable wretches; *fine men* with titles and estates, are *coxcombs:* those of *real merit are seldom to be found;* I believe I shall never finish my Sunday's progress.

Sunday at that period was considered by the most exemplary persons, as THE DAY for innocent recreation after the performance of religious duties. The Queen Charlotte always had her drawing lesson on Sunday, as also the princesses her daughters, because it was considered a quiet and innocent recreation.

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*Mrs. Pendarves to Mrs. Ann Granville.*

As much exalted as yourself.
8th April, 1729.

The first step towards declaring a passion for a lady is admiring any of her little animals; it is almost an infallible sign of attention to the mistress of the beast; but it is saucy, impertinent, unmannerly, and petty-fogger-like, to be making comparisons that are odious, and then to give the preference to other folks things is monstrous and intolerable. I own I think *your pussey has charms,* but if you believe all the flatterers that buz about you, you'll be undone, for believe me there is *no more comparison* between *your cat* and *mine,* than between a Spanish and an Irish potatoe, and you may come and look if you won't give credit to my words.

I am determined when you come to London to keep you close in a garret, and you shall neither see nor be

seen by any but such as is fit for you to converse with, that the few good morals you have may not be corrupted. The young people of this age think when they come to town they have nothing to do but to take their pleasure; your business is of a very different kind, it is to give pleasure.

I have not said anything yet to my Aunt Stanley of your coming to town: when you write to her you will mention it I suppose, but I am again alarmed about her. On Sunday morning she got up very early to receive the sacrament, and found herself so much better, that in the afternoon she went to see my Uncle Lansdown, which was venturing too much, for she had not been down stairs above six weeks or two months; and yesterday she was ill again all day.

I call'd on the Peyton family[1] Sunday in the afternoon, where I met the tribe assembled. I went in the morning to Whitehall Chapel to hear Mr. Williams. He gave us a fine discourse on the day: he preaches very well, his doctrine sound and plain, his words well chosen, he expresses a great deal in a little compass, his delivery distinct, and his voice clear: he seems to feel what he says, for which reason he can't fail of making an impression on the minds of his congregation.

Why will you abuse the poor Tom Tit?[2] it is not his fault his *voice* does not equal the nightingale's, or his *beauty* the goldfinch, and though he has but *one note*, he shows his good-will to please by repeating it so often!

[1] The Peytons were allied by marriage with the Granvilles. Lady Catherine Granville, eldest daughter of John Granville, 1st Earl of Bath, and to whom he bequeathed *all his jewels* and 10,000*l.*, was married to Craven Peyton, Esq., Warden of the Mint. She died without issue.

[2] Sir Thomas Peyton.

*Mrs. Pendarves to Mrs. Anne Granville.*

Somerset House, 19 April, 1729.

I yesterday dined at my Lady Carteret's, went to Court, and at night was entertained with the lovers. Here we have all complexions, so you can't fail of being pleased with one among the number. First there's Jamaica, as black as the pepper belonging to the country, and as biting. Then there is "sweet master Harry Monk,"[1] an excellent representative of Master Slender; he would be well enough if it was not for his ugly face and awkward person; he is good-natured and well-meaning, but another sort of animal to his cousin who is married. Then there is my pert lawyer;[2] but he does not deserve to be amongst the number of extraordinary's; but there is Mr. E. (alias Pamper) with his Irish fash as round as a potatoe, and with a sufficient stock of Corinthian mettle to denote the "*nashion*" he belongs to; he will make *doux yeux*, and tell you *all the histories* of the world; he has memory enough for a fool, and sense enough for a wise man, but an unfortunate manner of setting forth his talents, and is a compound of oddnesses.

How does Phillis?

Pray speech it handsomely for me to Mr. and Mrs. Gurney.

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*Mrs. Pendarves to Mrs. Anne Granville.*

I have left my bed betimes this morning, on purpose to write to my dearest sister. I received your billet from Oxford, and give thanks innumerable for it. I hope

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[1] Henry Stanley Monk.

[2] Mr. E. Stanley.

you have worn a mask in your journey; these easterly winds are bad for a sound complexion, but exceeding bad for one that has been battered as lately as yours:[1] but I dream of you fair and lovely, so that I cannot form an idea of you otherwise when I am awake. I shall be impatient to know how you get to Brickhill. I hope you will avoid all waters. Well there is a satisfaction in thinking you but forty miles from me; I can know to-morrow what you have done to-day, there is a pleasure in that, but when the hour comes of my seeing all your motions, what does my heart say to that? why it beats an alarum to my very throat, and proclaims its joy aloud. I am heartily glad to hear my mama has been so well upon the road, and I hope the sweet air of Brickhill will give her health and pleasure.

My Aunt Stanley continues very weak and low, she did not get out of her bed all day yesterday. My Uncle Lansdown is still very full of pain, he was blistered yesterday, and was something better in the evening: he has not slept this week. I went to see him Tuesday in the afternoon and found him so full of pain that he could hardly speak, but what he said was kind and good; not so my lady, for she has taken it in her head to be monstrous rude to me,—I suppose to drive me from my uncle; but that it shall not do as long as he is pleased with me. Poor Lady Sunderland seems in a very bad way, and I am extremely concerned for her—she has had an intermitting fever, and ever since Saturday. She is seven months gone, confined to her bed, and has been let blood. Bess Tich. has been very ill of a fever and a violent humour in her face and

[1] These remarks probably alluded to Ann Granville's recent recovery from measles or chicken pox.

teeth, and is confined to her bed. It is doubly unfortunate to me now to be hindered from going there when I should be of some use and comfort. Mrs. Hyde is not yet brought to bed. I went last Sunday again to Whitehall to hear Mr. Williams preach; he made us a very fine discourse, well suited to the times, and did not spare the vices of the age, but spoke with that authority and courage suitable to his calling. I wished all the rakes in town had been of his congregation, for I think none could be so hardened as not to profit by his sermon. I have not seen any of the Peytons since that day at church, till yesterday morning that Mrs. Peyton made me a visit; all the males of that family are gone out of town. Mrs. Dashwood junior is as well as can be expected considering her condition; I have got her pincushion to stick for her.[1] Dr. Colbourne, an old very rich quack, is married to my Lady Mary Feilding,[2] the eldest sister to that Lady Fanny so much talked of for Lord Finch. She is very ugly; he went one morning to make a visit, and found Lady Mary weeping. He asked her what was the matter; she said "her circumstances were so bad, she could no longer live in town but must retire into the country; she was not anxious about leaving London, but

[1] "*Her pincushion to stick for her.*" This alluded to the pincushion prepared for the nursing toilette of Mrs. Dashwood. The making and sticking a pincushion was an indispensable accomplishment of the last century. A very beautiful one is still preserved of Mrs. Delany's making; and for the benefit of those interested in such arts, a description is subjoined. It is of white satin, quilted curiously, the upper and under side being in different patterns, independent of which the pins were stuck to represent another design, which added to the effect of the quilting; the whole was stuffed with layers of flannel laid on one another, and stitched together to form an exact square.

[2] The Lady Mary Fielding, daughter of Basil, 4th Earl of Denbigh, married, April 15, 1729, William Cockburn, M.D. She died Oct. 1, 1732.

regretted some friends she must leave behind." He said, "Madam, may I hope I am one of those?" "Certainly," says she, "doctor, for you have always shewed us great friendship." "Then, madam, (says he,) if an old man and fifty thousand pound can be acceptable to you, you may put off your journey whenever you please." She did not long demur, and after ten days' courtship they were married. Nobody blames the lady: the man is called "an old fool."

I have not yet seen my Lord Dysart and Miss Carteret; he is very assidious, and every day more enamoured. I design, if my Aunt Stanley is pretty well, to dine with my Lady Carteret to-morrow. I often make your compliments to her, for she never fails enquiring after you, and is in great care about your complexion, which she says with justice was *too good to be spoiled.* Having been so strict a nurse-keeper, I think I have sent you a great deal of tittle tattle.

There is to be a masquerade this day se'night, and the Wednesday following a ball, at the Duchess of Norfolk's. I have promised Mrs. Peyton to go with her to the ball, and if anybody presents me with a ticket I will go to the masquerade—not else. I sent a little box last night to the carrier with a set of china as my mama ordered me: I hope they will come safely, I gave great charge about packing them carefully. China is risen mightily within this month. My Aunt Stanley liked them so well for the oddness of them, that she bought a set of cups, saucers, bason, sugar-dish and plate cost fourteen shillings. I shall take it mortally ill if you disappoint me; I dare say it will be your own fault if you do, for I am sure my mama is so good that she will permit you; but when you are determined to give me the trouble of your company let me

know beforehand, because I will meet you a mile or two out of town, and I will also send John down to wait on you up. I won't favour you with many more of my words at this present writing, only to desire you will present my most humble duty to my dear mama, and service to my cousins; pray muster up my books that they have got among them, and let me have them, if they have done with them; there is Homer's Iliad and the Belle Assemblée, I don't remember if they have any others of mine. I am,

Most affectionately and constantly
Thine, my dearest Anna.

If there is anything that I have omitted, I beg I may be excused, for I have been so much hurried by my Lady Stanley's illness, that I have hardly been able to think of anything else.

PENELOPE.

An interval here occurs in the correspondence of four months. The above letter appears to have been written after the 15th April, 1729, and before 22nd July of the same year as proved by the dates of the marriages alluded to—viz.—that of Lady Mary Fielding to Dr. Cockburn, and that of Lord Dysart which took place at the date last named. The visit of Ann Granville to her sister, probably occasioned this hiatus.

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*Mrs. Pendarves to Mrs. Anne Granville.*

23 August, 1729.

Nor Court nor Greenwich have I been at for the lady I have to deal with, not knowing her own mind long together, disappointed me of the first intention, and Sir Robert Sutton's coming home mal-à-propos, has deferred the other. I am more diverted with the account of your comrades as you described them, than I doubt you are.

I will get the worsteds as soon as I come from Northend. I have found the prints among those of the Passions, and will send them to you with the worsted, which I suppose must be to Gloucester, for I suppose your day for leaving Brickhill is the 2nd of September. I was yesterday at Lady Sunderland's, and supped there. Lady Sun. is very busy about japanning: I will perfect myself in the art against I make you a visit, and bring materials with me. I would advise you not to buy Congreve's life; only hire it, for it is very indifferently done. Yesterday the *Black Knight*[1] dined at Somerset House gay and debonnaire, and full of his odd sentences.

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*Mrs. Pendarves to Mrs. Anne Granville.*

Somerset House, 9 Sept. 1729.

I have now before me two letters of my dearest sister's to answer. I was hurried away last post, or you should sooner have had my thanks for that which I received from Oxford. I hope the sights you saw there made you amends for the disappointment you met with in the journey, and that my mama was able to partake of them with you. I think Oxford a charming place, and hope some time or other to be able to see it at leisure with you, for I never was there but in a hurry, and hardly remember anything I saw, except the *Divells's*[2] hand writing at Queen's College Library. It was lucky you met with Mr. Merchant, he is an agreeable man. That put's me in mind of Greenwich. I have not taken the journey with Lady Sun.; her husband must be coming to

[1] Sir Anthony Westcomb.

[2] Thus pronounced at that period.

town mal-à-propos, and now is hurrying her off to the Bath. I doubt I shall not be able to get the *surfeit water*, for my Aunt Stanley slipped her opportunity this year of making it, but if she has any I am sure it will be very much at her service. I left her yesterday at Northend pretty well, she comes to town to-night; the cause of my coming before her, was that I had promised Lady Sunderland to go to the South house with her this morning.

We had not been at Northend an hour last Saturday, when a messenger arrived to let my Lady Stanley know that the Queen would be at Somerset House on Monday by nine o' the clock, and she must be ready there attending in her office. She not being able to bear the fatigue of it, sent her humble servant Sir John to the business for her; what passed between him and her Majesty I cannot tell you. I had a letter from Miss Carteret with the enclosed copy of verses, that I suppose were addressed to my Lord Carteret. The Percivals [1] lament your absence extremely, and I love them for it. Mrs. Clayton [2] will soon go into Ireland with her husband, who is to be preferred to a deanery there; I shall be sorry to lose her acquaintance, for they are all agreeable people. Everybody is mad about japan work; I hope to be a dab at it by the time I see you. I must write to Mrs. Basset, who has not yet had the conscience to order my money to be paid.

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[1] Philip Percival—son of Sir John Percival, the 3rd Baronet, and brother of John, 5th Baronet, who was created Earl of Egmont—went to Ireland at an early age, and sat in the Irish Parliament, 1713. He married, June 12, 1712, Martha, daughter of Christopher Usher, of Dublin, Esq., and widow of Nehemiah Donellan, Esq., Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer in Ireland; by this lady he had a son, Philip, who died an infant. Mr. Percival died in London, April 26, 1748.

[2] Mrs. Clayton (born Donnellan). Dr. Clayton was afterwards the Bishop of Killala, and finally Bishop of Clogher.

*Mrs. Pendarves to Mrs. Anne Granville.*

From my own apartment,
16 Sept. 1729, ten o'clock at night.

I am more convinced now of the sympathy between friends than ever I was in my life, and that in a most agreeable manner; for my spirits have danced for this week past, and I could give no reason for it till I received yours, where I found they had been very much entertained (for they never forsake you); they took a jaunt to Oakly Wood, met cavaliers, stormed castles, in short did as many mad things as Nancy and Piggy were capable of; but nothing satisfies them so well as their journey to the Bath, where they design to regale themselves with every good thing that can be had in the best company!

I received your letters last night; my Aunt Stanley had been very ill all day, and was so low-spirited that I was afraid of showing your letter lest she should disapprove; but she asked me so many questions about you (for indeed she is always very kind in her enquiries), that I at last ventured to tell her *where you were*; and she was so far from disapproving, that she is very much pleased at your going to the Bath, under the convoy of Mrs. Lumley,[1] whom she has an extremely good opinion of. She gives her service to you, and charges you to put on all your best airs and graces, and desires Mrs. Lumley (to whom she sends her compliments), that she will not teach you to be cruel, as she is to all that profess themsel[illegible]nble servants.

Y[illegible]atin came home last week, and is pro-

[1] "Mrs. Lu[illegible]probably Ann, daughter of Sir William Wiseman, of Cranfield House, [illegible], and widow of general the Honourable Henry Lumley. He died in 1722; she died March 4, 1737.

digiously pretty. I have sent it to be made, and shall send it to the Bath this week. I shall send at the same time my Brussels night-clothes, which I desire you will wear, and tear if you please, as long as you flaunt it at the Bath.

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*Mrs. Pendarves to Mrs. Ann Granville.*

Somerset House, 9 Oct. 1729.

Two posts have I been without writing to my dearest Anna; but *faith and troth*, I was not able to help it, for I have been so hurried about from London to North-end, I had not a moment. On Saturday we went to that delightful Villa,[1] where I did not much enjoy myself, for it rained all the time, and my aunt was in great pain, which frightens me extremely. My brother Bevil is as well as he can be. I suppose you may have had a letter from him by this time, for he said he would write. I will take care of yours to him; but, by the by, I must tell you that your members are insufficient, and good for

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[1] In the year 1718 Hicks Borough surrendered a messuage at North End, called *Browne's House*, which had formerly been Lord Griffin's, to Sir John Stanley, Bart., from whom it passed, anno 1735, to his nephew, William Monck, Esq. It was afterwards the property of Francis, Earl Brooke, who alienated it to the late Marquis of Downshire. It was purchased in the year 1761 by the late Sir Gilbert Heathcote, who expended great sums of money in embellishing and improving the gardens, and made it one of the most delightful retreats in the vicinity of London. The plan and disposition of the grounds excited universal admiration. Sir Gilbert Heathcote died in November 1785. The Dowager Lady Heathcote (daughter of Robert Hudson, Esq.,) continued to reside here till the year 1796, when the present baronet sold the estate for 11,000*l.* The house has since been pulled down, and the gardens converted into brickfields! The road adjoining these premises has been very much raised, as appears by an ancient wall, the top of which is not more than eighteen inches above it.—*Faulkner's Account of Fulham*, published in 1813.

nothing; they do their business but sorrily,[1] and *I have paid* for their want of ability. I don't do this by way of complaint, or that I grudge *my pence*, but to give you friendly advice, and desire, when you have anything to be done, that you will provide yourself with abler tools. I am delighted with your variety of entertainments. I suppose you are returned by this time to the boiling springs where cripples wade.

Yesterday I spent very agreeably with the Percivals. Mrs. Clayton called on me in the morning, and we walked in the park. It was very fine, and brought to my remembrance the happy hours I have spent in that dear place: a chain of thoughts brings the Basilisk[2] into my mind; but alas! his idea is not the once sprightly youthfull peer, but faint and sickly, just recovered from a fit of illness that has almost cost him his life, and has detained him a month longer on the other side of the water. His sister[3] has sympathized with him, and been very ill of a fever, I must make some further enquiry about her, poor thing.

I have this morning bought me a scarlet damask manteau and petticoat, and a gold-colour tabby night-gown. When you are re-settled at your dwelling in Gloucester, I hope Piggy will have so much regard for her friends in London, as to grant them a view of her sweet person. Mrs. Bellenden came to town last night, but goes away again to-morrow, and is to stay in the

[1] This remark alluded to the *bad writing* on the franks, which at that time only required the signature of the members, who it appears often signed their names so illegibly that they were not recognized at the Post-Office, and the letters were consequently charged.

[2] Lord Baltimore.

[3] Mrs. Hyde.

country with Lady Thanet[1] till February; she makes great enquiries after "*Eyebrows*," but I know nothing since I saw him. Did *you* tell me that Ha Ha made the verses of Moninia to Lothario? They were printed a great while ago, and another author named for them, but I don't know who.

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*Mrs. Pendarves to Mrs. Ann Granville.*

18 November, 1729.

I have but a moment's time to thank my dearest sister for her letter, which gave me more pleasure than the Court I had just left. Mrs. Clayton had a mind to go and I could not refuse her, though I had been at the drawing-room the Friday before.

Yesterday I dined at Lord ——, my Lord —— dined there also. Conversation did not run high, everyone's passions seemed to be in agitation, but your humble servant. I had calmness enough to make remarks, and if I can judge by countenance what passes in the heart no one was satisfied at the table. The most agreeable of the company solicited for a regard that was *alone his due*, but what he *could not obtain*.[2] The other shewed the indifference of a disgusted lover; and the lady played her part *not* so cunningly as such a woman generally does; a fourth person has but an ill time of it in such company.

Lady A —— who has all her life acted like a fool, has

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[1] Sackvile, Earl of Thanet, married on the 11th of June, 1722, to the Lady Mary Savill, youngest of the two daughters, and coheirs of William, Marquis of Halifax, by whom he had—1. John, who died 1734. 2. Sackvile, born in August 1733. 3. Mary, born in 1723. 4. Charlotte, born in 1728. The Countess died July 30, 1751.

[2] This remark probably alluded to Lord Lansdown.

now been publicly exposed by her monstrous conduct. Sure the women were never so audacious as they are now; this may well be called the brazen age. The purity and innocence that reigns in the country will make you stare at these pranks, but they pass for nothing in London.

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*Mrs. Pendarves to Mrs. Ann Granville.*

20th Novr., 1729.

Thank God I have escaped better than my neighbours, I had a common cold, but a day's nursing set me to rights again. I gave you an account in general of my going to Court, but did not tell you that the King asked me where I had been all the summer, and how I passed my time in the country? and the Prince told me I did not look as if I had had an illness. The Princess Caroline [1] asked me when I heard from Lady Carteret, but she mumbled so that I did not know what she said, and at a venture answered, No; and when I recollected what she said to me I was not a little confounded at my nonsense.

In sober sadness I must inform you of the departure of poor Bas.;[2] the last letters that came from Italy said that he was then dangerously ill of a fever that had reduced him so much, that should he recover the fever it was not possible for him to live long. I am really sorry; he was a good-natured generous brother, and his successor will fall short of him every way: this is actual truth, would it were not!

I dined at Lord Lansdowne's on Monday, and left my

[1] Elizabeth Caroline, 3rd daughter of George II. and Queen Caroline; was born May 1713, died unmarried December 28, 1757.

[2] Lord Baltimore.

Lady at quadrille. The party was her Ladyship, Mrs. Pulteney, Lord Romney,[1] and Lord Hervey, who is quite recovered and looks better than ever I saw him. They talked of Captain Hervey's [2] going to be married to a rich brewer's daughter of Bristol, and that Tom was gone down to the wedding. I have not seen the Percivals a great while. I am really of opinion that if people passed more of their lives in the country, poetry would not be at so low an ebb, for I am sure neither London nor the way of living in it, will give any opportunity for the muses to show their talents: cards are the only diversion, and the few men of taste that we have, are so devoted to Spadille, that Apollo is quite neglected; nay I think the Matadores *even* rival Bacchus, and that is the only merit they have.

Except Mrs. Percival's and Lady Sunderland's I don't know a reasonable fireside in all this city. Yesterday I had the pleasure of spending some hours alone with her, you were the subject of our discourse. Thou art a vain girl; you desire to know what is said of you, and you know well enough it cannot be to your disadvantage; but for once I will tell you truly what was said concerning you, which was that you behaved yourself very well, and were very much liked by everybody, and though there were some that were envious at the devotion paid you by master Jackey,[3] yet nobody spoke spitefully of you.

I design to go to my Lady Guise's assemblies if she

[1] Robert, 2nd Baron Romney.

[2] Captain Hervey must have been one of the eleven sons of John Hervey, 1st Earl of Bristol, by his second wife, Elizabeth, only daughter and heir of Sir Thomas Nelton, of Playford, Bart., Suffolk.

[3] "Master Jacky" was probably John, the only son of Sir John Guise, Bart., M.P. for the county of Gloucester, by Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Nathaniel Napier, Bart., of Critchell.

has any, and I will make an acquaintance with the little thing. Should he come to Gloucester don't give yourself shy airs; I don't believe he is a person of that punctilio to like a woman better for being upon such great reserve; the Countess gives him a character that is no way despicable. I hope I shall be able to send the box by Saturday's carrier with Mrs. Greville's gown which I sent to the man as soon as I received it, and shall to-day get the screen and the buckles.

Gauze heads are now the top mode: I will send you one exactly in the fashion and charge you to wear it without any alterations. You will think it strange coarse stuff, but it is as good as the Queen's, and sure that's good enough for you.

My Lady Sunderland told me the other day without my asking her, that she would speak to my Lord Sunderland and make him promise her the reversion of Altrope living for my brother Bevil, which is a very good one, a fine house for him to live in, and the advantage of a patron that will have it in his power to promote him: it was very kind and obliging. Sir Charles Dalton[1] is not in town. I had a letter from Mrs. Dashwood about a week ago. The Tom Tit has been very ill, but is chirping again. Mrs. Peyton made a conquest at Tunbridge that was at first thought worthy of her acceptance, but it has proved otherwise.

[1] "Charles Dalton, Esq., Senior Gentleman Usher and Daily Waiter to His Majesty, appointed Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod, in the room of Sir William Saunderson, Kt. and Bart., who died 17th May, 1727. His Majesty conferred the honour of knighthood on the said Charles Dalton, Esq."

*Lord Lansdowne to Mrs. Pendarves.*

Nov. 21, 1729.

My Dear Niece,

I am to thank you for the favour of your letter of October 26, your style. You have no occasion to have recourse to the diversions of the town to make your letters entertaining. The dulness of the place can have no influence over you, who have a fund of your own, which stands in need of no supply from any other quarter.

I hope your brother will find his account by the journey he has taken; he is at least in the road of preferment. I wish I could say the same of poor Bevil.

The opening of the Parliament will fill your town, and revive all your pleasures. I am told there are arrived here lately two Roman ladies who *equal* Cuzzoni in their voices, and *surpass all the world* in their beauty. There is an Italian concert established here by subscription, for those of this country who have that taste: the performance is twice a week. None are permitted to enter but subscribers; I can therefore say nothing of it from my own knowledge; only by hearsay I learn they have made their appearance with great applause. I am as much a stranger to the pleasures of this town, as if I was in another country. I have a little gallery which opens upon a garden, which furnishes me with air and exercise without going abroad to seek it; a few books to employ serious hours, and my children for play-fellows at idle ones. It is thus, my dear niece, that I saunter away life in a philosophical way, abstracted from all those vain pursuits in which the generality of mankind lose so much time.

I thank you for telling me Lady Lansdowne is in such good health and in such beauty; but pray tell me, is it not a hard case that she should be so well and so handsome, and the sea between us? Notwithstanding what you write about my sister Stanley, that she has *not* had her health *so well* a great while, you must pardon me if I am not satisfied; I have written several letters to her which I am sure she would have answered if she had been well. Her kindness I can never doubt, and therefore there must be something more in her silence than I am permitted to know; this reflexion gives me many uneasy moments.

I was told here two months ago that Sir John had left Scotland; he must then have been returned long since. Having filled four sides it would be unreasonable to begin another. I conclude with assuring you, my dear niece, that I am, most sincerely,

Y^r^ most affectionate
Uncle and faithful serv^t^
LANSDOWNE.

The remark of Lord Lansdown, "I hope your brother will find his account by the journey he has taken," probably alludes to an attachment of Bernard Granville's, Mrs. Pendarves's elder brother, ("Bunny.") There is a family tradition that a disappointment in love, caused his total desertion of Cornwall, where so much time was spent in his early years, to which part of Great Britain his uncle, Lord Lansdown, was so much attached, and to which all his father's family belonged. On becoming his own master, he purchased the estate of Calwich Abbey in Staffordshire, where he lived and died unmarried. This estate was sold in this century by his great nephew and heir, (the grandson of Ann Granville,) to the Honourable and Rev. F. Duncombe,

Dean of York. The house has been since razed to the ground, and another built in another situation. The former house contained the fine pictures belonging to Sir Martin Westcomb, as well as his library and valuable collection of drawings by the old masters; and also Mr. Granville's 37 MS. vols. of Handel's music, copied under the personal superintendence of that great master for Mr. Granville, who was both his patron and friend.

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*Mrs. Pendarves to Mrs. Anne Granville.*

I am pleased that you took so much notice of Miss Usher. Last Saturday morning I went with Mrs. Donnellan to hear a rehearsal of church music composed by Mr. Green—a Te Deum and an anthem; they were both very good. I engaged her to come home and dine with me, and I gave her boiled chick, roast mutton, and apricot tart. She has a sensible soul, and has had a friend she doated on as we do on each other; she spoke so sensibly and movingly of her that it touched me prodigiously. It was an elder sister of Miss Usher's, adorned with uncommon accomplishments of mind and body; she married greatly, and in the midst of the most splendid, gay, and happy life, was seized with a consumption that hurried her from what she enjoyed here, in all likelihood to an uninterrupted happy state. They were exactly of an age, and brought up together; I pitied her prodigiously, and it gave a serious turn to our discourse. I could not help indulging her in that way, because I am sure, under the same unhappy circumstances, I should have liked it.

In the afternoon, Mrs. Percival and Mrs. Clayton came and drank tea with me, and stayed till ten o'clock. Yesterday I dined at my Lord Lansdowne's, where my mama

and you were kindly enquired after, and your health drank. My Lord and My Lady have both very bad colds; the young ladies are at Old Windsor; no news yet of Mr. Graham; the men are odd fantastic things. At night, when I returned, I was kindly met by your letter.

I was not at the *Cour*, therefore cannot be very particular in my account of the Birthday, there was very little finery and many old clothes. The only particular lady was the Duchess of Richmond,[1] who is just returned from Paris. She was quite in the French mode, her clothes very fine and handsome—silver tissue ground and velvet flowers; her head was yellow gauze, and her lappets tied with puffs of scarlet ribbon, about two inches distance. With difficulty they made up a set of *seven couple* for country dances. My cold was then so troublesome, I would not venture for fear of increasing it, but now I am very well again. Amidst all the increases that matrimony may produce us, if ever we condescend to that state, we shall have no increase of happiness, *that I verily believe*; for in every state of life we have a share of sorrows in proportion to the pleasures dealt to us. I am not of the vulgar notion that fortune is so very partial. In general, if we are afflicted with pains of the body, there is then a *double portion* of fortitude in the mind to support it—unless people have an *evil conscience*, the misery of that there is not any salve for; and I believe the afflicted always have some consolation in their severest trials; and as on the other hand, all pleasures have a drawback in the main (be our lot what it will) our state of happiness will be much the

[1] Charles, 2nd duke, married December 4, 1719, Sarah, eldest daughter and co-heir of William, Earl Cadogan. She died in 1751.

same. I am sorry your ladies should *tiff* anything but their *hair*; I am in confusion when I think of the Unities,[1] but I protest I have not time to write, as you may see. But to be serious; by the time I have finished this epistle, you may guess it will be time for me to dress, that am to dine at Somerset House. You are a naughty girl for not sending the book to Sally; pray has she got her silk? Adieu for *this time*, without *any rhyme*; Heyday! I think my pen and ink will make me a *poet*, and not let me *know it*. I forgot to say my cat has four kits.

I am, my dearest sister, yours, most affectionately,

M. PENDARVES.

The Usher family here alluded to were settled in Ireland for many centuries: they appear to have been a branch of the Neville family. Many of them held the highest offices in the city of Dublin for several generations previous to the birth of Archbishop Usher who subsequently rendered their name illustrious, and whose father, Arnold Usher, one of the six clerks of the Irish chancery, was a man of remarkable learning and ability. His mother was Margaret, daughter of James Stanihurst, speaker of the Irish House of Commons. James Usher was born in the city of Dublin in 1580, and educated at Trinity College. He took holy orders in 1601, and was Divinity Professor in the University of Dublin from 1607 to 1620, when he was made Bishop of Meath. In 1624, being raised to the Archbishopric of Armagh, he became primate of all Ireland. He was eminent for his piety, and his erudition has been eulogised as "colossal." He took the royal side in the civil strife, and was consequently deprived of his property, as well as his ecclesiastical dignities; he died in 1656, at Ryegate in Surrey, leaving many valuable and learned works. Collateral branches of the Usher

[1] The Miss Unitts.

family were numerous in the eighteenth century, and are mentioned by Bishop Gibson, in his last edition of Camden's "Britannia," (1772) as being still in a flourishing condition.

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*Mrs. Pendarves to Mrs. Anne Granville.*

5 December, 1729.

Millions of thanks for dedicating so much precious time to me! indeed, without that indulgence the pleasures of this place would be as insipid to me as the common conversation one daily meets with, which only turns either upon the sickly season, the bad weather, and the strange behaviour of Lady A., and some more of the *same character*. These are subjects that would afford very good morals, and be far from displeasing topics in conversation, if people would give themselves time to make reflections; but instead of that, the woman is pitied—"*poor thing!*" her "*stars*" are blamed; she was *unlucky*, indiscreet not to manage more cunningly, and by the generality of the world she is more condemned for not hiding her fault than for committing it.

Does not this give one a very sad idea of the virtue of the times? It is enough to make one a cynic, to shun the world, and shut oneself up in a tub as Diogenes did; but I must acknowledge, though the age is very degenerate, that it is not quite void of perfection. I know some persons that still reconcile me to the world, and convince me that virtue is not fled, though it is confined to a few. The first and chief of these I need not name, the next, for sanctity of manners and inward worth, as well as outward accomplishments, I think I must name the Percival family; they have the free-

dom and agreeableness of conversation that makes them liked by everybody; and they are not so much in awe of the world but that they do take all opportunities of recommending virtue and reproving vice: I have seen several instances of it since my acquaintance with them. How happy would my mama be in their conversation! it is more like her own charming turn than any I ever met. I shall be sorry when they quit the kingdom, for they are people worth cultivating a friendship with. I give up Mrs. Clayton, for she will have a call soon to her own country, that will place her in so good a station, that I can't injure her so much as to wish she may stay long here; for her husband, I believe, will be made a bishop, and as an instance of his goodness, though his estate is most of it in England, and he is an Englishman born, it is said he chooses a bishopric in Ireland rather than here (though he is offered one here of more advantage to him), because he thinks he can do more service there; but I believe Mr. Percival will not go away soon, because he is defending the cause of an oppressed lady, who has no other friend zealous enough to stick by her, and she is engaged in a lawsuit that may last some years.[1]

Thus far of my letter I writ this morning, and was called upon by Mrs. Clayton and Mrs. Donellan to go into the city, which I accordingly did. We went to Mrs. Barnes's, where I saw nothing extraordinary but the fine japan you so much despised: it put me in mind of the fine ladies of our age—it delighted my eyes, but gave no pleasure to my understanding. After we

[1] Mrs. Tennison, a widow of large fortune, who became, in the year 1732, the first wife of Dr. Delany.

had bought some pennyworths there, they set me down at Somerset House, where I found my aunt very indifferent.

I went last Wednesday to see old Mrs. Hyde, who has been in town about a fortnight, not with a design to *ask* anything of unfortunate Bas: but she happened to name that unhappy man, and then it was civil for me to ask if she had had any news? She said the accounts they had were very bad, but not certain, but she believed if he was not drowned, which was too much to be feared, that he was detained somewhere upon account of his ill health, for he was very ill when he set sail for England, and so extremely weak, that they did not imagine he could outlive the voyage. I made Mrs. Tayler a visit this afternoon, where I met Mr. Neadler: he played two or three solos sweetly upon the violin: it soothed some of my melancholy thoughts, and I was sorry when he had done.

Yesterday I went with Mrs. Percival and Miss Donellan to the Crown in the Strand, to hear some music of Dr. Blow's[1] and Purcell's. I was very well pleased with the solemnity of it: it is performed by the gentlemen of the club—the vocal part by the King's choir.

Saturday Morning, 6 Dec. 1729.

I think I have not said one word of the opera yet, and that is an unpardonable omission; but when you know the salutation I had upon my entrance into the Opera-

[1] John Blow, M. D., is mentioned in Dr. Burney's History of Music as the instructor of several of the most distinguished musicians of his time, and among them of Purcell. Dr. Blow was born in 1648 at North Collingham, Notts, and was one of the first set of "children of the Chapel Royal" after King Charles the Second's restoration. In 1687 he was appointed almoner and master of the choristers at St. Paul's. He was afterwards organist of Westminster Abbey. He composed some fine church music and other pieces.

house, you will not be surprized that I forgot all things I heard there. Mr. Cole sat by me and told me that the news of Bas was confirmed. I had not so much hardness in my nature as to hear of his deplorable end without being shocked, and whether it was owing to that, or that the opera really is not so meritorious as Mr. Handel's generally are, but I never was so little pleased with one in my life. Bernachi, the most famous of the men, is not approved of; he is certainly a good singer, but does not suit the English ears. La Strada and the rest are very well liked. I desire you will engage the favorite Druid to give me the meeting next summer at Gloucester.

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*Mrs. Pendarves to Mrs. Anne Granville.*

Pall Mall, 20 Dec. 1729.

The opera is too good for the vile taste of the town: it is condemned never more to appear on the stage after this night. I long to hear its dying song, poor dear swan. We are to have some old opera revived, which I am sorry for, it will put people upon making comparisons between these singers and those that performed before, which will be a disadvantage among the ill-judging multitude. The present opera is disliked because it is too much studied, and they love nothing but minuets and ballads, in short the Beggars' Opera and *Hurlothrumbo* are only worthy of applause.

I am sorry your Assembly droops, but I hope it will continue (not drooping I don't mean), company may come to the town that will make it flourish. I am glad the favourite Druid exerts his lungs so much to your satisfaction, I shall grieve if he escapes me next summer.

I am to make my acknowledgments to you for the help of your scissors. The little poppets are very well cut, but you must take more pains about the trees and shrubs, for no white paper must be left, and the leaves must be shaped and cut distinctly round the edges of the trees; most of the paper I have cut has cost me as much pains as if it was white paper.

Now I shall give you some account of my conversation last night. Mrs. Clayton and Miss Donellan were my company, we chose to sit some time in the outward room, their being no possibility of getting to the circle till it thinned a little. The American Prince[1] came and sat by me, and after common compliments he said he must ask after his friend *our sister*, where she was and what she had done with herself? I told him of your flauntings, I ask'd him if he had been in as many perils as was rumoured of him, he said no. I told him Mrs. Hyde and his family had been under great apprehensions and concern: he said he was very much obliged to his friends, he wished he knew if I *had once thought of him or was sorry* when I heard he was cast away? I asked him why he should suppose I had so much ill-nature as not to be sorry for so unfortunate an accident to an acquaintance. "*That common compassion*" (says he in a tiff) "would *give me* but *little satisfaction*." We were so conveniently placed as not to have neighbours, and he spoke very low, but I was so much afraid of being overheard that I gave him very little encourage-

[1] "American Prince," one of the names used to designate Lord Baltimore, adopted from his being proprietor of the province of Maryland in America. It appears that there must have been a letter *between* the present date of 20th Dec. and the preceding one of 5th Dec., contradicting the previous report of Lord Baltimore's death and mentioning his safe return to England.

ment to speak; I told him of the accident that had happened to Lady Betty Lee's leg.[1] He said he hoped that I did not like her acquaintance or encourage it, for it "was not worthy of me, that he hated her," "that his aversion and quarrel with her was upon *my account*, and he *never could forgive her*." Lady Lansdown was there, but I narrowly escaped her, for she is resolved to play me some trick whenever she meets me and *Bds*[k]. in the same place, and he avoids her as much as I do. I think him grown thinner, but he looked very well and not a bit of a tar. Who should be at the drawing-room last night, but the Prince of Asturias, awkwardly civil, and he led me to the coach.

"Hurlothrumbo," (or "the Supernatural,") the play mentioned in the above letter, was written by Samuel Johnson, a dramatic writer and performer, of eccentric celebrity, who died 1755. The editor of Dr. Byrom's works says, that he wrote an epilogue which the author took *as a compliment*, and had it both spoken and printed with the piece; that it had a run of above thirty nights—its oddity, whimsicality, and originality, having amazing success. It was, however, surmised, that Dr. Byrom supplied more than the epilogue, and this idea is confirmed by the similarity of style. The following lines are a specimen of the epilogue:—

"*Author.* ——————— *Rules*,
Like clocks and watches, were all made for *fools*.
*Critic.* Pray, sir, which is the hero of your play?
*Author.* Hero! why they are *all heroes* in their way.
*Critic.* But here's no plot, or none that's understood!
*Author.* Here's a rebellion, though, and that's as good.
*Critic.* No *spirit* or *genius* in't.
*Author.* Why, didst not hear?
A *spirit* and a *genius* both appear.

[1] Lady Betty Lee and Lord Baltimore's mother were *sisters*, daughters of Edward Lee, 1st Earl of Litchfield.

*Critic.* Pooh! 'tis all stuff and nonsense.
*Author.* Lackaday! why *that's the very essence of a play.*
Your old house, new house, opera, and ball,
'Tis *nonsense*, Critic, that supports 'em all.
As you yourselves ingeniously have shown,
Whilst on *their nonsense* you have built *your own*."

---

" Ye sons of nonsense read my *Hurlothrumbo*,
Turn it betwixt your finger and your *thumbo*,
And being quite outdone, be quite struck *dumbo*."

---

' Critic, or player, a Dennis, or a Cibber,
Vie only which shall make it go down glibber.
A thousand murd'rous ways they cast about
To *stifle it*, but, murder like, *'twill out.*
Our author fairly without so much fuss
Shows it—in puris naturalibus."

---

' So true a stage, so fair a play for laughter
There never was before nor ever will come after."

---

' *Handel himself* shall yield to *Hurlothrumbo*,
And Bononcini too shall cry *succumbo:*
That's if the ladies condescend to smile,
*Their looks* make sense, or nonsense, in this isle."

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*Mrs. Pendarves to Mrs. Ann Granville.*

Xtmas Day, 1729. Ten o'clock morning.

I am just returned from doing my first and most material duty in life. St. James's Chapel is very convenient, for prayers, sermon, and sacrament every Sunday and every holy day throughout the year: it begins at eight o'clock in the morning, and I go into the vestry, where I am quiet and warm. Bas[1] made me a visit on Monday. Saturday last I went to the opera. Guyamore was there, and sat behind me the first act, came again as soon as the

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[1] "Bas," short for Basilisk, the name by which Lord Baltimore is generally designated in these letters. "Guyamore" was also another name for Lord Baltimore, as well as the "American Prince."

opera was done and led me to my chair; talked in the old strain, of being unhappy, and that I was to answer for all his flights and extravagance. I told him that was so large a charge, that I should be sorry to have it placed to my account. However, on Monday he came; when he came into the room I could not help wishing his mind might be answerable to his appearance, for I never saw him look so well. He sat down, and immediately asked me "if I did not think they were miserable people that were strangers to love; but, added he, you are so great a philosopher that I dread your answer." I told him, as for "philosophy, I did not pretend to it;" but "I endeavoured to make my life easy by living according to reason, and that my opinion of love was that it either made people very miserable or very happy," he said it "*made him miserable.*" "That, I suppose, my Lord," said I, "*proceeds from yourself: perhaps you place it upon a wrong foundation.*" He looked confounded, turned the discourse, and went away immediately after. I must confess I could not behave myself with indifference. and I have been in no public place since. I shall not care to meet him; but if I do I will let you know how he behaves for the future.

My Lady A.'s behaviour, and some more wives of the same stamp, has so disgraced matrimony, that I am not surprized that men are afraid of it; and if we consider the loose morals of the men, it is strange the women are so easily won to their own undoing.

> Give me a cot beside a grove, where I may never hear of love
> But such as friendship does inspire, no higher bliss do I desire;
> With thee, my Ann, to live and dye, and Cupid's arrows to defye.

The pictures I sent you are not my own colouring. I am going to do boxes for a toilette. I will send you a

box and some varnish; but as to the laying the ground I doubt you will find it difficult, unless I could show you the way, which I hope next summer to accomplish.

The above letter marks a crisis in the life of the writer, and a perceptible difference is observable in her style of writing from this year. During Mr. Pendarves's life her letters to her sister were *not confidential* as that sister was too young to be entrusted with the sorrows and trials of the interior of her home—they were merely demonstrative of her affection for and interest in Ann Granville, and of the pleasure she took in sending her a general journal of her *outer* life. After Mr. Pendarves's death she began gradually to show a real enjoyment in all the amusements of life natural to youth, her intellect gradually expanded, and as her sister became older, she confided in her, to a limited extent, her feelings towards Lord Baltimore. It is evident, however, that she *never expressed*, in her *correspondence* the depth of her attachment to him; and were it not for the following pages of her own autobiography, the desperate struggle she underwent to tear from her heart one whom she believed undeserving of her affection, would not have been known; as she tells Ann Granville as little as possible consistent with letting her know *the outline* of the truth, and that all was over between Lord Baltimore and herself, and immediately afterwards tries to turn her sister's attention to painting and other ingenious occupations, endeavouring to show that she herself is taking, and will take, increased interest in them. There is no attempt to extort pity—no declaration of a breaking heart. She had immediately formed her resolution to overcome her attachment for a man who trifled with her feelings, as soon as she was convinced he was unworthy of her regard, but she did not make any merit of doing this, she did not commiserate herself, or torment her friends. She strove to be cheerful, determined to employ herself, and finally was rewarded by the attainment of that happiness which at first she only outwardly assumed. The words, "I do not *care* to see him again," meant, in the phraseology of the time, I do not *wish* to see

him again. Happy would it be for many of the girls in this century, if they would thus heroically cast off, at once and for ever, their dangling lovers, when convinced that they are only followed for pastime, and that there is no fixed principle in those who are insidiously stealing their hearts away, without the slightest intention of devoting their lives to them in return.

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*Lady Stanley to Mrs. Anne Granville.*

DEAR NIECE AND GODDAUGHTER,

I have delayed informing you of my dear deceased goddaughter, Mrs. Anne Tillier's will, because I was finding some way to have had that little box delivered that you will now find is one directed for you with some things that I desire your acceptance of, hoping they may be of use for variety till your sister Pendarvis sends you your manto and petticoat to be a brides-maid. I hope that you will adorn and shine in the society, and in a little time write to me, and ask a better manto fit for a bride, which I shall take great pleasure to do, and will rub up my old fancy for you, being, dear niece,

Your most humble serv$^{t}$,
ANNE STANLEY.

My humble service to my sister.

I have taken the liberty to send her a Cheshire cheese, as Mrs. Pendarvis saith they are not to be bought in Gloster, and a little hamper of Spanish wine that was sent me.

*Mrs. Pendarves to Mrs. Ann Granville.*

Pall Mall, 7 Feb., 1729-30.

My dearest sister knows well how to indulge every sentiment of my heart, and always does in the highest degree heal it when vexed, and doubles all its joys. It is a mistaken notion that speaking to a friend of the affliction they are under adds to their pain—far from it: 'tis a comfort, for when the mind is possessed of any particular object, it is the greatest satisfaction to talk it over, and any other subject is unnatural and irksome. Don't say your advice is not wanting, for when our reason is overwhelmed with the gusts of passion, and unable to exert itself, then a friend's advice is absolutely necessary to support and recal us to a right behaviour; but I would not have you infer from this that I am in great affliction. I am also extremely sorry for my poor aunt, but more grieved at the painful condition she lies in than at the thought of her death; for she has been so miserable a woman ever since she lost Mrs. Tillier, that the world will be no loss to her, though she will be to the world: I have resigned her for some time, and she seems very sensible of her own danger. I must own Sir John gives me great pain; I never saw more tenderness and concern than he shows upon her account, and I really believe he will not long survive her.

I am glad you have got Madame de Sevigné's letters. I am afraid they will lose a great deal of their spirit by being translated. You will find they never were intended to be published, by the little odd circumstances often mentioned; but they are so tender that they delight me, and in the French have a great deal of wit. I will send

the Japan book to the coffee-house for Mr. Skin, and Timoleon the new play. The news you write of my Lord Carteret[1] was put in the papers, but I have not heard it confirmed.

I have not seen any of the agreeable Percivals a great while, they have sent often to me to come and dine with them, but I have not been able to leave my aunt.

You may take all my lovers amongst you, and try what you can make out of them. Let me see, there's first Don Diego, solemn and stately, and if you will take his own word, well read in all arts and sciences. *Passive obedience and non-resistance* is *his text*, and the doctrine that he will teach with *a vengeance*. The next is a deserter; he can be of no use, he was a pretty plaything enough—could sing and dance, but as he has listed under another banner, I strike him out of my list. Now, as for those others laid to my charge I declare myself not guilty. The first in quality is an Adonis in person, but his mind, alas! *how idle, how vain!* however, he would make a pretty show by a fair lady's side in a fine berline, with six prancing Flanders mares, and as for his domestick behaviour, he would acquit himself as well as most of his neighbours, but as that won't satisfy me, I deliver him over to society, perhaps they will accept of him on his own terms. An alderman, a councillor, and two or three more such odd animals I will send down in a bag together, and you may cast lots for them, they are not worth my wearing. They may do well enough

[1] Lord Carteret was, at the date of this letter, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and on the 19th of June of the same year, the usual time of holding that appointment having expired, the Duke of Dorset was appointed to succeed him, and he had no public employment from that time till February, 1742, when he became prime minister.

in the country, but they would be as awkward here as if I was to wear *a commode.*[1]

I never see Piggy: she is quite out of my way; but she might call upon me, because she has a coach at command. I shall always love her for her civility to you, though considering the pleasure it procured her her merit on that account is not so prodigious; however, I respect her for knowing so well how to bestow her favours.

You did not answer about Mrs. Wyndham. Mr. Southwell is a good husband.

Allusion is again made in this letter to mental sufferings which of course relate to the cruel desertion of Lord Baltimore, and it is much to be regretted that the letter of Ann Granville on that subject has not been found. From this period a more serious tone pervades the letters of Mrs. Pendarves, whose mind evidently had constantly improved under her trials, and whose character was strengthened and developed in proportion as fortitude was required. Her aunt, Lady Stanley, died the month following the date of the above letter. Her death is thus recorded in the Historical Register:

"March 1st, 1730. Dy'd in her apartment at Somerset House, of which palace she was housekeeper, the Lady Stanley, wife of Sir John Stanley, Bart., one of the Commissioners of His Majesty's Customs. She was sister of George Granville, Lord Lansdown, of Biddiford in the county of Devon."

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[1] Commode [French]. The head-dress of women.

"Let them reflect how they would be affected should they meet with a man on horseback, in his breeches and jack boots, dressed up in a *commode* and a night rail."—*Spectator.*

"She has contrived to show her principle by the setting of her *commode*; so that it will be impossible for any woman that is disaffected to be in the fashion."—*Addison's Freeholder.*

She, like some pensive statesman, walks demure,
And smiles, and hugs, to make destruction sure;
Or under high *commodes*, with looks erect,
Barefac'd devours, in gaudy colours deck'd.

GRANVILLE.

## LETTER XVI.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

My last letter ended with my rallying Herminius at the drawing-room upon the report spread of his being lost. He answered, it was very indifferent to him what effect the report had on the generality of the world: he wished he could know how I had been affected on the occasion, for that was of more consequence to him? I told him very honestly and artlessly that I *was much concerned*, and felt *great satisfaction* in seeing him safe returned. I had no sooner said the words than I accused myself of having said too much, and was in such confusion that I was glad to leave my place and follow the lady [1] with whom I came to Court, and who proposed our going away. As I did not frequent public places much, and my aunt, I thought, would not approve of my seeing Herminius often at home, we seldom met that year, for I was out of town the greatest part of the summer, and the winter following. Towards the next spring I came to town and settled in a house by myself.[2]

I found Valeria in a very declining way, and my whole attention and time was given up to her and my unfortunate younger brother, on whose account I had been in distress some years. One night Valeria thought herself better and insisted on my going to the opera; she was afraid of my great confinement to her room and the perplexity I labored under on my brother's account would prejudice my health, and her tenderness for me made her

[1] Lady Sunderland.

[2] In Pall Mall.

insist on my doing what at that time was really painful to me, but to oblige her I went. Herminius was there, and placed himself just behind me; he told me he wondered where I had buried myself; he could neither see me at home nor abroad, and that he had been miserable to see me; that since his opportunities were so few he could no longer help declaring that he "*had been in love with me for five years*," during which time I had kept him in such awe that he had not had courage to make a declaration of his love to me. I was in such confusion I knew not what I saw or heard for some time, but finding he was going on with the same subject, I softly begged he would not interrupt my attention to the opera, as if he had anything to say to me, that was *not* the proper place. He then asked "if I should be at home the next day?" I said "I should."

I cannot say I listened much to the music, and I had a secret satisfaction in thinking this affair would be explained some way or other, and free me from the anxiety of uncertainty. The next day he came punctually, very much dressed and in good spirits. I cannot recollect minutely our conversation. It began with common talk of news. Some marriage was named, and we both observed how little probability of happiness there was in most of the fashionable matches where interest and not inclination was consulted. At last he said he was determined never to marry, unless he was well assured of the affection of the person he married. My reply was, can you have a stronger proof (if the person is at her own disposal) than her consenting to marry you? He replied that was not sufficient. I said he was *unreasonable*, upon which he started up and said, "I find, madam, this is a point in which we shall never agree."

He looked piqued and angry, made a low bow and went away immediately, and left me in such confusion that I could hardly recollect what had past, nor can I to this hour, —but from that time till he was married *we never met.*

The vexation of mind I had laboured under for some time, the fatigue and great distress I went through on Valeria's account, whom I found much worse on my return from that opera, affected me to so great a degree that I fell ill of a fever the very day that Herminius made me that last extraordinary visit. As it fell on my spirits, I was for some days in a great deal of danger.

During my whole confinement he never once enquired after me.[1] Before I was well my Aunt Valeria died, whose death was a most sensible affliction to me. I lost a wise, tender, and faithful friend. Sebastian, whose tender friendship I must ever acknowledge, seemed to double his regard for me on our mutual loss, and I endeavoured to pay him that respect and gratitude so justly his due. As soon as I was able to go abroad, I went with him to his villa,[2] but that so severely renewed my trouble, or rather added to it, that I was not able to bear it. I then proposed to a dear friend of mine, Silvia[3] (who had shown the utmost tenderness and kindness whilst I was ill), to take a lodging at the pleasantest village within ten miles of London.[4]

She readily consented; we joined in the expence, and our situation was as pleasant as anything could be. Her good sense, her peculiar agreeable talent for conversation,

[1] It is probable that as no letters have been found between Christmas day, 1729, and February 7th, 1730, when Mrs. Pendarves mentioned her aunt's hopeless state, that Ann Granville had been in London during her sister's dangerous illness, and, that from that time she had her entire confidence.

[2] *North End.* [3] *Mrs. Donnellan.* [4] *Richmond.*

our *variety of works*—reading, walking, going on the water, seeing all the fine places in the neighbourhood, gave me a new turn of thinking, shook off the gloom, and restored me to my health. But as my spirits had not quite recovered their usual vivacity, I readily complied with a proposal she made in her turn of going with her to Ireland to see her friends, her sister being settled there in a very splendid and agreeable way.

I had heard of Herminius's new engagement with Julia, and almost as soon of his marriage. As his behaviour had given me some disquiet, I thought it best to avoid meeting him for some time, but a too great retirement from public places would have looked remarkable, which determined me to go to Ireland with my friend Sylvia as soon as it was convenient for her to go, but *the real reason of my going was entirely locked within my own heart.*

My friends, who were so good as to consider my health, more than the pleasure their partiality made them take in my company, thought change of air and the exercise of so long a journey might quite establish it, and were very well satisfied with my going; and the latter end of that year we put our scheme into execution. I soon recovered my usual strength and cheerfulness, much pleased with my expedition. I liked the country extremely, met with great civility, and made some friendships there that have been a great part of the happiness of my life since. And this I think is a very proper period to my little history, which I fear has not given you the entertainment and satisfaction you expected from it. If it has failed in those particulars, I hope it will at least convince you of the great confidence I have in your friendship, and how much I am your faithful and devoted

ASPASIA.

The particulars here given throw considerable additional light upon Lord Baltimore's conduct and probable motives. It cannot be doubted that he was in love with Mary Granville, as far as he could love anything but himself, and that he was in serious earnest when he made his formal and unequivocal declaration at the opera on the "Saturday" mentioned; but it is equally apparent that the person he addressed was too anxious to ascertain his sincerity to follow the dictates of her inclination by accepting him on the spot. She gave time before her decision was to be pronounced, and allowed Sunday to intervene (as is shown by the previous letter to her sister, though forgotten in the lapse of years at which the autobiography was written). In those forty-eight hours it is probable that Lord Baltimore, instead of verifying his previous protestations by following the impulse of his feelings, determined to extricate himself from the position in which their unreserved expression had placed him on the previous Saturday. His extravagant habits probably required a richer wife. He therefore invented a pretext for a quarrel, and soon after married Mary, the daughter of Sir Theodore Janssen, of Wimbledon, whose family originally came from Guelderland. In consequence of political troubles, the grandfather of Sir Theodore had sought an asylum in France, and left a large fortune. Sir Theodore himself removed into England in 1680, and having a considerable estate, was knighted by King William III., as during the reign of that monarch, and that of Queen Anne, he had shown his zeal for the interests of Great Britain, particularly regarding its commercial relations with France. After the treaty of Utrecht he was created a baronet at the especial request of the Elector of Hanover (afterwards George I.), March 11th, 1714, in which year he was also elected for the borough of Yarmouth. He married Williamsa, daughter of Sir Robert Henley, of the Grange, in Hampshire. Sir Theodore had realized a very large fortune by forty years success in trade.[1] He died in 1748, aged ninety; and although

[1] In the account of Mortlage (Mortlake) in the Doomsday Book, reference is made to a ferry at Put Nie (Putney) which yielded twenty shillings a year,

he had five sons, the baronetcy became extinct within thirty years of his death.

It will be proper at this period to give some account of the Baltimore family, whose representative, in 1731, possessed such uncommon powers of attraction, and who exercised so great an influence over the affections of Mary Granville for a period of five years, before his character appeared in such a light as no longer to justify the continuation of her regard. In the earlier part of her autobiography she mentions that Lady Stanley was (as she then thought) unjustly prejudiced against Lord Baltimore, which was a bar to their meeting, as she did not receive him in a morning, in deference to her aunt's wishes. She also intimates that Lady Lansdown was always ready to make mischief between them. These circumstances, together with Lord Baltimore's illness and departure from England, account for the length of time which elapsed before the declaration took place which preceded his desertion, when his character appears in so unfavourable a light.

The Baltimore family was originally Flemish. From Flanders they transported themselves into the north of England, and Leonard Calvert of Danbywiske, in the county of York, married Alicia, daughter of John Crossland, of Crossland, in the same county. His son, George Calvert, was secretary to Sir Robert Cecil, when Secretary of State. He was afterwards Clerk of the

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Here also, in the time of Earl Harold, was a valuable fishery, the ownership of which descended with the manor. In 1663 it was let for an annual rent of the three best salmon caught in March, April, and May, which rent was afterwards commuted for money. Sir Theodore Janssen was the lord of Wimbledon in 1717, he was also one of the South Sea Directors, and was one of the few whom (though he lost considerably) did *not* lose his character and was *not* ruined: he sold the above estate, which probably accounts for both circumstances, and at that time the fishery was let for 6*l.* yearly, which rent was increased to 8*l.* on a lease which only expired in 1800. Sturgeon was then occasionally taken in that part of the Thames, and sometimes, though rarely, a porpoise. These were regarded as royal fishes, and claimed by the Lord Mayor under a grant from the Crown, the fisherman being obliged to deliver them as soon as taken to the water bailiff.—See *Lysons' Surrey*, and *Blunt's Law Dictionary*, 1670. Art. Royal Fishes.

Privy Council, was knighted in 1617, and was appointed (1618) Secretary of State to the king, who employed him in most important affairs, and settled in 1620, a pension of 1000*l.* a year upon him besides his salary. Sir George Calvert[1] changed his religion in 1624, and on turning Roman Catholic voluntarily resigned his post.[2] He was nevertheless continued in the Privy Council, and the king having made him large grants of lands in Ireland, elevated him to the peerage of that kingdom on the 16th of February, 1624, and to him Sir George St. George, then Norroy, King-at Arms, gave the coat the family afterwards bore, viz.: *Pally of six topaz and diamond, a bend counterchanged, crest, in a ducal coronet gold two pennants first topaz the other diamond, staves rubies; with supporters, two leopards gardant coward proper.* Motto, *Fatti maschi parole femine.* The Calvert arms having previously been *Or, six martlets sable.* While Secretary of State, Sir George Calvert had obtained a grant of Avalon in Newfoundland, with most extensive privileges; he expended 25,000*l.* upon this settlement, and visited it three times in the reign of James I., but being unable longer to contend against the French encroachments he was obliged at last to abandon it; whereon he obtained from King Charles I. the patent of Maryland to

[1] We have this list of his works, given by Walpole, in his "Royal and Noble Authors:"—"Carmen funebre in dom. Hen. Untonum, ad Gallos his legatum, ibique nuper fato functum," 1596, quarto. The Earl of Bristol wrote an elegy on the same occasion. "Speeches in Parliament." "Various Letters of State." "The Answer of Tom Telltroth." "The Practice of Princes, and Lamentations of the Kirk," 1642, quarto. "Something about Maryland"—not printed.

[2] Archbishop Abbot, in a letter to Sir T. Roe, gives a different account of this affair. "Mr. Secretary Calvert," saith the prelate, "hath never looked merrily since the prince his coming out of Spain: it was thought that he was much interested in the Spanish affaires: a course was taken to rid him of all employments and negotiations. This made him discontented; and as the saying is, *Desperatio facit monachum*, so he *apparently* did turn papist, which he now professeth, this being the *third time* that he hath been to blame that way. His Majesty, to dismiss him, suffered him to resign his Secretary's place to Sir Albertus Morton, who paid him 3000*l.* for the same; and the king hath made him Baron of Baltimore, in Ireland: so he is withdrawn from us; and having bought a ship of 400 tons, he is going to New England, or Newfoundland, where he hath a colony."—*Roe's Letters*, p. 372.

him and his heirs for ever, with the same title and royalties as in Avalon, paying yearly as acknowledgment to the crown, two Indian arrows at Windsor Castle on Easter Tuesday, and the fifth part of the gold and silver ore. Lord Baltimore, however, died before this grant passed the Great Seal, and his successor Cecil, the second Lord Baltimore, had it made out in his own name, 20th of June, 1632. The province was named by Charles I., Maryland, in honour of his Queen, Henrietta Maria. It was chiefly a settlement of Roman Catholics. Cecil married Anne, daughter of Thomas, Lord Arundel of Wardour, and was succeeded by his son John, who was present in King James II.'s Irish Parliament in 1689, and was succeeded by his son Charles, 4th baron, who was outlawed for high treason in Ireland, although he had never been in that kingdom. King William III. caused the outlawry to be reversed in January 1691. He came into possession of the manor of Horton and Woodcote near Epsom, under the will of Elizabeth, widow of Richard Evelyn, Esq., who was brother of John Evelyn, the well-known author; she was daughter and heiress of George Mynne, from whom she inherited the manors of Horton and Ebbisham (now Epsom), and at her death (*s. p.*) she bequeathed the manor of Epsom to Mr. Parkhurst, a relation on her mother's side, and the manor of Horton with the residence of Woodcote to Charles, Lord Baltimore, her kinsman on her father's side, from the marriage of Sir George Calvert, first Lord Baltimore, with Anne, daughter of George Mynne of Hertingfordbury, Herts, from whom the Mynnes of Surrey were descended.

A tablet to Mrs. Evelyn's memory was erected by Charles, 4th Lord Baltimore at the east end of the south aisle of Epsom church, which bore the following inscription:—

"M. S. Elizabethæ Evelyn relictæ Richardi Evelyn de Woodcott Armigeri ex stemmate Mynniano oriundæ, feminæ tam pietate quam hospitalitate, celeberrimæ, de Ebbisham et de Horton Dominæ. Consanguineæ meritissimæ Carolus Calvert Baro de Baltimore posuit. Obiit anno Christi, ætatis 63, mensis Jan. 29."

The old church at Epsom was pulled down in 1824, and, as appears to be almost invariably the case under similar circum-

stances, monuments and inscriptions have disappeared, and this among the number. Charles Lord Baltimore died February 1714-15, and was succeeded by Benedict Leonard, 5th baron, who having returned to the established church in 1713, was elected afterwards for Harwich. He married Lady Charlotte Lee, eldest daughter of Edward, 1st Earl of Lichfield, from whom he was divorced in 1705, and dying in 1715, he was succeeded by his son Charles, 6th baron, born 1699. He was Lord of the Bedchamber to Frederic, Prince of Wales, and was much in his confidence.

The following extracts from Lord Hervey and Horace Walpole lead to the conclusion, that the 6th Lord Baltimore's character was a strange combination of good and evil, and that his opinion of his own abilities was very much superior to that expressed of him by George II.

Lord Hervey relates, in 1735, that Lord Baltimore (who was then one of the Lords of the Bedchamber to Frederic, Prince of Wales), was employed by that prince to negotiate the parting between himself and Miss Vane, and that "Miss Janssen, sister to Lord Baltimore's wife (a very dexterous lady)," had been employed in the same affair. Also in 1737, in quoting a conversation about the prince and his advisers, Lord Hervey says, "The King went on saying, 'There is my Lord Carnarvon, a hot-headed, passionate, half-witted coxcomb, with no more sense than his master; there is Townshend, a silent, proud, surly, wrong-headed booby; there is my Lord North, a very good poor creature, but a very weak man; there is my Lord Baltimore, who thinks he understands everything, and understands nothing, who wants to be well with both courts, and is well at neither; and, *entre nous*, is a little mad;'" &c. &c. Although Horace Walpole's estimate of Lord Baltimore does not appear on the whole to have been favourable, he sums up his character in the following words:—"Lord Baltimore is the best and honestest man in the world, with a good deal of jumbled knowledge; but is not capable of conducting a party." The word "honest" would certainly be misapplied to the circumstances here recorded antecedent to his marriage.

Lord Baltimore represented the county of Surrey for some time, and in 1734 he was elected for St. Germains, in Cornwall; in 1736 he was constituted Warden of the Stannaries; in 1740 Steward of the Manor of Kennington, in Surrey; in 1741 Commissioner of the Admiralty; which he resigned in 1745, and was made Cofferer of the Household to the Prince of Wales, and Surveyor-General of the Duchy Lands in Cornwall. His principal residence was at Woodcote, in the county of Surrey, one mile from Epsom, his London residence was Rosslyn House, corner of Russell Square and Guildford Street. He died the 24th of April, 1751, having married, as before stated, the 20th of July, 1730, Mary, daughter of Sir Theodore Janssen, Bart., who died at Chaillot, near Paris, 25th of March, 1770.

It is recorded that Benedict Leonard, brother of Charles, 6th baron, M. P. for Harwich, and governor of Maryland, died on his passage home the 1st of June, 1732; Edward Henry, the third brother, was appointed Commissary-General and President of the Council of Maryland. The date and place of his death does not appear, but his widow married, in 1741, James Fitzgerald, Esq. There was also a fourth brother, Cecil, a twin with Charlotte, born November 1702. Charlotte married Thomas Brerewood, Esq., and Jane married John Hyde, Esq. of Kingston Lisle in Berkshire, a fact which is neither recorded by Nicholl nor Burke, although the latter mentions the marriage of Charlotte to Mr. Brerewood. There is little doubt that the husband of Charlotte Calvert was Thomas, the grandson of Sir Robert Brerewood of Place House, Horton, near Windsor; while the husband of Jane Calvert (the early friend of Mary Granville) was John Hyde, of the family of Hyde of Denchworth and Kingston-Lisle, Berkshire. She was buried in the ancient Chapter House of Westminster Abbey, under a stone upon which was the following inscription:—

"The Hon. Jane Hyde, daughter of Benedict, Lord Baltimore, by Charlotte, daughter of the Earl of Litchfield, and relict of John Hyde, of Kingston-Lysle, in Berkshire. Died the 15th of July, 1778, aged 74."

The editor has as yet only been able to trace one of the

descendants of Jane Hyde, viz. Katherine, who is mentioned in "Burke's Commoners" as the daughter of Colonel Hyde, and grand-daughter of Lord Baltimore, and who married Thomas, the son of Henry Willis, whose son was John Willis Fleming, of Stoneham Park, Hampshire. That the above Katherine was a younger child of Jane Hyde, is proved by the will of Charles, 6th Lord Baltimore, who left 1000*l.* to Mary, Jane, Philip, and Katherine, the younger children of his sister, Jane Hyde. Barbara, the youngest child of Benedict Leonard, Lord Baltimore, born November, 1704, died in infancy. Charles, 6th Lord Baltimore, was succeeded by his son, Frederic, 7th baron, born 15th February, 1732, to whom His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Richmond were godfathers, and the Princess Royal godmother. He married in 1753, Lady Diana Egerton (daughter of Scroop, Duke of Bridgewater), who died 18th August, 1758. It appears that this nobleman did not do any credit to his royal sponsors or his noble lineage. After the death of Lady Diana he acquired an unhappy celebrity, and was the subject of a trial about a Quakeress, in 1768; but although he was acquitted, he sold his estate of Woodcote, and left the country soon afterwards. He published a "Tour to the East," in 1763 and 1764, with "Remarks on the City of Constantinople and the Turks;" also, "Select Pieces of Oriental Wit, Poetry, and Wisdom," in the preface to which he says that "every traveller is singular in his observations, all men not having the same genius. He was brought up at Eton, and wrote these journals for his own private amusement. He is included by Walpole in his "Royal and Noble Authors," who remarks that these "Travels" prove a well-known truth, that "a man may travel without observation, and be an author without ideas."

Frederic, the last Lord Baltimore died at Naples the 4th September, 1771. His will was written in Italian and English. His remains were brought to England, and interred in Epsom church with great pomp, the cavalcade extending from the church to the eastern extremity of Epsom. He left two sisters,

Caroline, married to Robert Eden, Esq., and Louisa married a member of the Browning family: she resided at Horton Lodge, on part of the Horton manor, left to her by her father, the 6th lord. The manor of Horton with Woodcote,[1] was purchased by Mr. Monk, and resold four times, the last purchaser being Lewis Tessier, Esq., a merchant of London, who died 1811. It then became the property of his son, the Baron de Tessier, to whom that title was granted by Louis XVIII. in 1819, as the lineal descendant of Tessier, Baron de Marguerites, and Marquis de La Garne, in Languedoc. It is now (1860) the property and residence of Mr. Brooks, M.P. for Weymouth.

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*Mrs. Pendarves to Mrs. Ann Granville.*

Pall Mall, 4th April, 1730.

Your last was more than commonly welcome, because it brought me the good news of my mother's being perfectly well. I heartily wish she may continue so, and that this fine weather will tempt her to use exercise. Dr. Hollins says if people would be convinced of the real service exercise and hartshorn would do them, they would not so much neglect such easy medicines: he prescribes *two or three hundred drops to be taken in a day.* Pray what makes your neighbour disagreeable? Is it matrimony has had that effect? I suspect it; in short, my conduct will be justified, for had I married, by this time I had been good for nothing. I honour *Primitive Xtianity,*[2] and desire you will let him know as much when next you see him. Children and cards are amuse-

[1] Woodcote. Robert Talbot, Doctor Gale and Horsley, suppose the station round Novio Magus to have been situated at or near Woodcote, or Woodcote Warren, where foundations of old buildings, Roman coins, urns, and bricks, have been discovered.—*Brayley's History of Surrey*, vol. i.

[2] Probably a nickname.

ments pretty much alike; they are what you oftener lose than gain by. I will tell Mrs. Badge what my mama desires me, but I fear it will be to no purpose, for my Lord Arran has settled the payments for every half year, and will not alter them.

I think Sophonisba[1] much superior to Timoleon, for that play has nothing tolerable in the language but what is said by Timoleon, and the poet owes all his sentiments to Plutarch's life of that hero. Sophonisba is a character that can never be made agreeable; that extravagance of love for her country, had it been softened by a little tenderness, would have been more moving; and had she loved Massinissa, I should have esteemed her a worthier woman; but, as it is, I have no manner of compassion for her, and am only pleased with Scipio's character, and have a little pity for Massinissa. The language is sublime, and I think excels any play we have had a great while.

This afternoon I expect Mrs. Donnellan. We are to settle our rural ramble, and believe we shall set forward on Wednesday. Her cough is still very bad, and she has been confined to her house ever since her sister went. She hopes that "dear Miss Granville, who so well knows

[1] Sophonisba, a tragedy by James Thomson, was performed in London in the year 1729. The original cast of the characters was, Massinissa, Mr. Wilks; Syphax, Mr. Mills; Narva, Mr. Roberts; Scipio, Mr. Williams; Lælius, Mr. Bridgewater; Sophonisba, Mrs. Oldfield; Phœnissa, Mrs. Roberts. This tragedy was soon afterwards printed and published with a dedication to Queen Caroline, who had honoured its representation with her especial patronage. See *Murdoch's Complete Edition of Thomson's Works*, in 4 vols., 12mo. Millar, 1766. Thomson's Tragedy of "Sophonisba" was first brought out in 1727. Dr. Johnson relates, in his life of that poet, that "Sophonisba raised such expectations, that every rehearsal was dignified with a splendid audience, collected to anticipate the delight that was preparing for the public." To one of these rehearsals Mrs. Pendarves alludes in 1726.

the sorrow that attends parting friends, will excuse her omitting so long answering the most obliging, agreeable letter that ever was received; she is a very bad scribe (she says), but will, as soon as she has spirits enough, make her own apology." You chide me for not saying enough of myself. Why, generally I gorge you with the subject. As for my countenance, I cannot say much in its commendation; it is somewhat thinner and paler than usual, and my complexion is altered, but I can give myself the air of saying it is "*owing to my fever;*" though alas! thirty years is enough to wear off bloom, and I must submit to be tarnished by time. The richest metal endures the same, but to those that understand the right use of life, *it is not now of less value!* May that be my lot! and *I believe it will:* I eat heartily, and I sleep and divert myself as much as I am able. I have not seen Piggy since I came to town, but I have been to blame, but have not been able to help it.

Last Thursday I went to the ridotto. I was engaged to go with my cousins Graham and Granville, and my Lady Lansdown being of the party, I shuffled me off, and was resolved to go, though it was with some difficulty;[1] and that she might not think me destitute of company, I got one of the Bramstons.[2] The hour it begins is nine; polite

[1] It appears that Mrs. Pendarves put a force upon herself, and determined to appear in public at the ridotto on hearing that Lady Lansdown was to be there, lest she should attribute her absence to its real cause, viz., her sufferings in consequence of the breach with Lord Baltimore.

[2] The connection of the Bramston family with the Carterets (subsequent to the date of this letter), was in consequence of the widow of Thynne Worsley, brother of Frances, first wife of Lord Carteret, having married Edmund Bramston, gentleman-usher to the Princess Dowager of Wales, a descendant of Sir John Bramston, Chief Justice of England in 1635, whose wife's grandmother, Elizabeth, was the *twentieth* daughter of Sir William Loch, Lord Mayor of London.

company does not come till eleven: I was between both, and went at ten. The room is set out in the same manner as for the masquerade; it is the most entertaining sort of assembly, because you are at liberty to wander about as much as you please, and there is dancing, tea, coffee, chocolate, and all sorts of sweetmeats. Most of the ladies were in great distress for partners, for the greatest part of the clever men are gone to Newmarket. I did not think of dancing; but my cousin Graham, with something more of civility than his mother-in-law,[1] told me he had reserved himself for me, and I could not resist the temptation. An Irish lord, whose name I have forgot, danced with Miss Granville, and Sir Richard Mead, an Irish baronet, danced with Mrs. Graham.[2] There was a prodigious crowd, they danced till half an hour after one.

How can you suppose that music and I are foes! No; I love it as well as ever, but don't meet with it so much as I could wish. Operas are dying, to my great mortification. Yesterday I was at the rehearsal of a new one; it is composed of several songs out of Italian operas; but it is very heavy to Mr. Handel's. Mrs. Donnellan has not sung a great while, for fear of straining her lungs. Mrs. Clayton got very well as far as Lancashire; they have not heard but once. If my brother *made all* your compliments to my Lord Lansdowne, I think it is sufficient. Poor Lady Betty Lee[3] is very much to be pitied, for she is left with three

[1] "*His mother-in-law*" was Lady Lansdown.

[2] It appears that at this period it was the custom for ladies to be engaged to the same partner to dance the whole evening.

[3] Lady Betty Lee, daughter of the Earl of Lichfield, aunt of Lord Baltimore and widow of Colonel Lee, was married in 1731 to Dr. Edward Young, author of the "Night Thoughts."

children to maintain, and not a farthing to support her. I am really very sorry for her. Mr. Yate[1] sent here to-day to know if I had any commands to Gloucester; had he called, perhaps I had honoured him with a commission. The book tells you how to polish your work. I have not polished any yet; when I do it will be by book. What have you done with my poor stools? I shall bring work down with me, I promise you, for I intend not to be idle.

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*Mrs. Pendarves to Mrs. Anne Granville.*

Richmond, 26 April, 1730.

I find it is in vain for me to disguise any of my actions, since you have such exact intelligence. You may hear of private walks, two struggling damsels losing their way in a wood, but what of all this? Our shepherds being creatures of consequence were obliged to quit us and our rural pleasures for the city, where nothing reigns but noise and impertinence, and we have not heard of them since they went away on Tuesday morning. Never did people live with more tranquillity; we enjoy everything in perfection without hurry or trouble. Last Wednesday we went by water to Bushy Park, which is the sweetest place I ever beheld. Such charming fine spreading trees with banks of turf round them, to invite you to partake of their shade, canals in several forms, cascades, and turf that always looks verdant. How often have I wished for

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[1] Walter Yate, Esq., of Hook House, in the parish of Bromesbarrow, Gloucestershire, and lieutenant-colonel of the county militia. He married Elizabeth, daughter of Charles Dowdeswell, Esq., of Forthampton Court, and had two children who died young. Colonel Yate died 12th December, 1744.

you since my being here! Sometimes we walk out without design of going to any particular place, and never fail of discovering some new agreeable prospect. The day before yesterday we went to see the remains of the Clarendon Gardens and the woods my mother remembers so flourishing; it would make her melancholy were she to see it now! Nothing is left of the house but a few walls that the fire spared; the gardens are pretty, in the old taste. The most refined pleasures are of the shortest duration; for, alas! all these delightful places we must leave I doubt on Monday or Tuesday; for Mr. Wesley[1] has desired Miss Donellan to go with him and his lady to the Spaw. They are to be in London the 2nd of May, and intend setting forward on their journey in a fortnight after. This hastens our going to town.

I believe my brother Granville will be in London the latter end of next week.

The Bishop of Killala is now waiting at Chester to go back in the yatch that brings my Lord Lieutenant over. I suppose my cousin Graham will be preparing for Hibernia, he seemed determined to go the beginning of May. The next letter you receive from me will be dated from Pall Mall.

Before I conclude I must set you right in an error that you have committed. You give me Celadon and

[1] Richard Colley, Esq., second son of Henry Colley, Esq., of Castle Carbery, by Mary, only daughter of Sir William Usher, succeeded, 23rd Sept. 1728, to the estates of his cousin, Garrett Wesley, Esq., of Dangan, county Meath, and assumed the name and arms of WESLEY, and was created Baron of Mornington, 9th July, 1746. He married, 23rd Dec. 1719, Elizabeth, eldest daughter of John Sale, LL.D., and died 31st January, 1758, being succeeded by his only son Garrett, who was created Viscount Wellesley and Earl of Mornington, 20th October, 1760.

Hylas to Sylvia (so is my friendly shepherdess called); it is just the reverse, I declare myself for Hylas.

Yours,

HERMANA.

I doubt you will think this letter very *circum floribus.*

The recollections of Mary Granville and her mother, of the Clarendon Gardens in their beauty, as alluded to in this letter, were of course prior to 1715, when the Granville family left London on account of political troubles. Hyde the Earl of Rochester of that day was the father of the celebrated Duchess of Queensbury, so often alluded to in these letters, the cousin of Mary Granville, and of whom she saw so much in her early childhood as well as in later life. It appears from Walpole's correspondence that Queen Anne had bestowed the rangership of Richmond New Park on her relations, the Hydes, for three lives, one of which was expired. King George, fond of shooting, bought out the term of the last Earl of Clarendon and his son Lord Cornbury for 5000*l.* and frequently shot there.

The park had run to great decay under the Hydes. The Earl of Rochester, who succeeded, 1723, to the title of Clarendon, on the extinction of the elder branch, had a villa close outside the park, which was burnt down in 1721, and only one wing left. W. Stanhope, 1st Earl of Harrington, who died, 1756, purchased the ruins and built the house since bought by Lord Camelford, from whom it was bought in 1790, by William IV., then Duke of Clarence.

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*Mrs. Pendarves to Mrs. Ann Granville.*

Northend, 19th May, 1730.

Nothing can be more beautiful than this garden is at present, and what endears it more to me, is the remembrance of having walked over it with you. Every tree you liked is a favourite, particularly the oranges; had you

taken a fancy to the nettles, I verily believe I should have preferred them to jessamine. I came here last Saturday, as I writ you word I intended. Sir John is very kind, desires me to make his compliments, and is very much obliged to mama for the lampreys. Our friends at Gloucester are always remembered in the grace cup. I left Mrs. Viney in town as busy as a bee. I was very sorry I could not have more of her company, but Sir John had sent for me so often that I was afraid he would take it ill of me, and I had promised him to stay this month at Northend with him. I design to go to town to see Mrs. Viney before she leaves it, and am then to return to Northend till I can contrive to go further.

Mrs. Donnellan would have been glad to have had a letter from you before she went. When I write to her I will make your compliments, but I shall not see her, for she goes on Thursday next.

You have your wish: the birds, the breezes, and all things conspire to make this place the seat of pleasure and delight, but wanting you I can't enjoy them in perfection, and prefer a certain old mansion dark and gloomy to this house, finished with the utmost art; and the twirling of that malt mill[1] has more charms for me than all the nightingales that are now singing near my window. When I see Bellenden I will tell your odd piece of news: strange indeed that a brisk widow with seven thousand pounds hard money, should take a lawyer that has nothing at all; but I hear the report is false. Ned Stanley[2] is soon to be married to a Miss Ward, a rich

[1] Alluding to a mill in the neighbourhood of her mother's house, at Gloucester.

[2] "*Ned Stanley*," afterwards Sir Edward Stanley.

bookseller's daughter: he is so diligent in his attendance on his mistress, that there is no getting at him.

On Saturday morning Mrs. Monck was brought to bed of a daughter. Sunday evening Sir Robert Sutton and his lady made us a visit here. Sir Bob looks very ill, he has had a very severe fit of the gout. Yesterday morning Mr. Edgcumbe[1] *did himself* the honour to wait upon me: he was mightily pleased with this place. Sir John has been very much out of order these three or four days; it is, I doubt, a return of his fever. When I do come among you, I hope to find you all in perfect health and well supplied with spirits, for I do want a recruit, though God forbid I should take from you to make up my own defects! I don't believe my spirits are exhausted, they only lie dormant and they will revive at your irresistable call; I shall give myself over for a lost thing, if that does not do. Considering I am not in a place of great variety, I think I have now behaved myself handsomely, and if my speeches when I come to you are in proportion as long as my letters, you'll say "when will the eternal 'larum cease?"

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[1] Edgcumbe, of Mount Edgcumbe, in the parish of Cheriton Fitz Payne, Devonshire, related by marriage to most of the old families of the western counties. Piers Edgcumbe, Esq., married Mary, daughter of Sir John Glanvil, of Broad Hinton, Wiltshire. Their eldest daughter married Sir Baynham Throckmorton, Bart., of Totworth, Gloucestershire; the youngest married Thomas, 1st Earl of Coventry. Sir Richard Edgcumbe, Knight of the Bath, eldest son of Piers Edgcumbe, and like him a zealous royalist, married the Lady Anne Montagu, daughter of Edward, Earl of Sandwich. Sir Richard died in 1688. His widow survived him until 1729. Their son Richard, 1st Lord Mount Edgcumbe, and their five daughters, were contemporaries and associates of Mary Granville during the early part of her life. Mr. (afterwards Lord Mount) Edgcumbe was member for Cornwall in the time of King William, and he sat for other places during the remainder of that reign and in the beginning of Queen Anne.

From the allusions in this letter to her sister's favourite trees at Northend, it would appear that they had been there together within a recent period, and as no letter has been found with an announcement of Lady Stanley's death, it is probable that Ann Granville was in London at that time, and the cessation of correspondence from the 7th of February to the 4th of April, confirms this supposition.

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*Mrs. Pendarves to Mrs. Ann Granville.*

Northend, 27th May, 1730.

Once more I must write to my dearest sister from this enchanting place. This afternoon I go to town to pack up some things I am to send by the carrier to a certain place called Gloucester. Sir John will be in town on Sunday; his holiday will be then expired, and he must return to his drudgery—such is the Custom-house: indeed, I pity him, notwithstanding the income of that place, to be forced to leave this delightful retreat that he has so much reason to doat on as he does. To a man of genius and contemplation nothing can be more suitable. Sometimes he is obliged to undergo the inconvenience you complain of, of an inundation of people breaking in on his soliloquies, but that, in my opinion, only serves to heighten the pleasure of the place when they are gone.

Without a little pain now and then, the happiness of ease would not be so much known; in short, we must submit to cloudy weather sometimes, and not grumble. We have reason to be thankful that the sun ever shines when we consider what noxious vapours the world produces to interpose between us and his brightness. You'll say I have chosen hard terms; but you must know I have lately conversed, by the help of inimitable Fonte-

nelle, with the *planets*; nothing ever was so delightfully entertaining as well as instructive as his Plurality of Worlds. What a charming place is the moon! but although I have formed a very advantageous idea of that agreeable planet, I shall not envy its inhabitants when I am with *my star*,—that presides over all my actions, and influences me to virtue. When do you think will that be? Why, on the — of next month. Ned Stanley dined here to-day for the first time since his time of courtship began. It sits very easy upon him, and well it may, for they say his mistress will be worth fourteen thousand pounds. I am very glad of it. I think him an honest man, and not likely to increase his fortune by the common tricks of the law. I am to sup with Mrs. Bellenden to-night, and I hope on Tuesday night to do the same with my dearest mama and sister; for on Monday morning the first day of June (God willing) I will embark for the Cape of Good Hope. It is with some difficulty that I have kept this piece of news so long a secret. I have intended it about a fortnight; but so many things happen between the cup and the lip that I would not venture to write till I was sure of it.

Mrs. Pendarves's visit to her mother is here announced as intended to take place 1st of June, and the correspondence ceases with her sister after this letter (27th of May, 1730) for five months.

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The following letter is endorsed in Mrs. Granville's handwriting, "*Account of Mrs. Elstob's letter—showed to the Queen*," and in another hand, "*History of poor Miss Andrews.*" It is evident that the history of Miss Andrews, though on a separate sheet of paper, was written by Mrs. Pendarves at the same time. The date, at the commencement of the first sheet, is 15th Oct. 1730. It may here be desirable to give some particulars of Mrs.

Elstob whose case excited so much sympathy on the part of Queen Caroline, and which appeared in the 2nd edition of the Biographia Britannica, 1798.

Elizabeth Elstob was born at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, in 1683. She was the sister of William Elstob, a divine and antiquary, who was appointed rector of the united parishes of St. Swithin and St. Mary Bothaw, London, where he continued to his death. This appears to be the only ecclesiastical preferment he ever obtained. He was a celebrated Anglo-Saxon scholar. The most considerable of his designs was an edition of the Saxon Laws, with great additions, and a new Latin Version by Somner, together with notes of various learned men, and a Prefatory History of the Origin and Progress of the English Laws, down to the Conqueror and to Magna Charta. This great plan was completed in 1721, by Dr. David Wilkins. It is said that his sister, Elizabeth Elstob, owed the rudiments of her extraordinary education to her mother: of which advantage, however, she was soon deprived, for at the age of eight years, she had the misfortune of losing her. Her guardians, who entertained different sentiments, discouraged, as much as they were able, her progress in literature, as improper for her sex, but their efforts were to no purpose, for she had contracted too great a fondness for literary studies to be diverted from the prosecution of them. During her brother's continuance at Oxford, she appears to have resided in that city, where she was esteemed and respected by Dr. Hudson and other Oxonians. Upon her brother's removal to London, she probably removed with him, and it is certain that she assisted him in his antiquarian undertakings. The first public proof which she gave of it was in 1709, when, upon Mr. Elstob's printing the Homily on St. Gregory's Day, she added an English translation: the preface, also, was written by her, in which she answers the objections made to female learning, by producing "*that glory of her sex*," as she calls her, Mrs. Anna Maria Schurman. Mrs. Elstob's next publication was a translation of Madame Scudery's Essay on Glory. She assisted, also, her brother in an edition of Gregory's Pastoral, which was probably intended to have included both the original and Saxon ver-

sion, and she transcribed all the hymns from an ancient manuscript in Salisbury cathedral. By the encouragement of Dr. Hickes, she undertook a Saxon Homiliarum, with an English translation, notes, and various readings. To promote this design, Mr. Bowyer printed for her, in 1713, "Some Testimonies of Learned Men in favour of the intended Edition of the Saxon Homilies, concerning the learning of the Author of those Homilies, and the Advantages to be hoped for from an Edition of them. (In a letter from the Publisher to a Doctor in Divinity.)" About the same time she wrote three Letters to the Lord Treasurer, from which it appears that he solicited and obtained for her Queen Anne's bounty, a sum towards printing the Homilies in question. Her Majesty's decease soon deprived Mrs. Elstob of this benefit, and she was not otherwise patronized so as to be able to complete the work. A few only of the Homilies were actually printed at Oxford, in folio. and Mrs. Elstob's portrait was given in *the initial* of "The English Saxon Homily on the Birthday of St. George." In 1715 she published a Saxon Grammar, the types for which had been cut at the expense of the Lord Chief Justice Parker, afterwards Earl of Macclesfield. Mrs. Elstob had other literary designs in view, but was prevented from the prosecution of them by her distressed circumstances and the want of due encouragement. After her brother's death she was so far reduced that she was obliged to retire to Evesham in Worcestershire, where she subsisted with difficulty, by keeping a small school. In this situation she experienced the friendship of Mr. George Ballard and of Mrs. Capon, wife of the Rev. Mr. Capon, who kept a school at Stanton, in Gloucestershire. These worthy persons exerted themselves among their acquaintance, to obtain for Mrs. Elstob some annual provision; and at length she was recommended to Queen Caroline, who granted her a pension of twenty guineas a year."[1] Mr. Rowe Moses describes her as having been "the *undefessa comes* of her brother's studies, and a female student of the University, and as having

[1] "*Twenty guineas a year.*" According to the letter of Mrs. Pendarves this appears to have been a mistake, as she says that Queen Caroline gave 100*l.* and desired her to apply again when in need!

originally possessed a genteel fortune," which, "by pursuing too much the *drug called learning*, she did not know how to manage."

In the Catalogue of the London Library there are two works of Mrs. Elstob's, viz. "Elizabeth Elstob's English Saxon Homily on the Birthday of St. Gregory—London, 1709;" and "Rudiments of Grammar for the English Saxon Tongue, 4to., 1715."

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*Mrs. Pendarves to Mrs. Ann Granville.*

Upper Brook Street, 15th Oct. 1730.

My last letter, my dearest sister, was so short and hasty, that I cannot do less than try to tire you for it now. I came to town last night with Sir John, and found yours and my brother's letters, for which my best thanks attend you. Considering the bustle you have been in in removing, you have been very good to me; but that's a point you never fail in. I was diverted at your different occupations in packing up, and hope all got safe to Dowdeswell, where I wish I could see how you all look after your fatigue. I told you in my last I had left Sally's letter with Mrs. Pointz. She gave it her husband, who desired the Duke to read it to the Queen. The Queen was so touched with the letter that she immediately sent for Mrs. Pointz, to inquire into some more particulars about the person mentioned in it, and *the person that wrote it*. Mrs. Pointz said she knew no more than what the letter told, but that Mrs. Chapon[1] was a friend of ours. The Queen said she never in her life read a better letter, that it had touched her heart, and ordered immediately an hundred pounds for Mrs.

[1] *Mrs. Chapon.* It appears that Sarah Kirkham, Mary Granville's early playfellow, afterwards Mrs. Capon (Chapon), wrote the letter in favour of Mrs. Elstob which produced such an effect upon Queen Caroline. Throughout

Elstob, and said she "need never fear a necessitous old age whilst she lived, and that when she wanted more to ask for it, and she should have it." I think this was acting like a queen, and ought to be known, though she ordered that it should not be spoken of, because she has many demands of this kind that it is not possible for her to satisfy. Mr. and Mrs. Pointz have showed so much pleasure and readiness in doing this thing, that if they had no other merit I must always love them for it, as I am sure you will. I hope this may be a means of serving our friend Sally, her letter was the whole discourse of the drawing-room. The Queen asked the Duke "when he should be able to write such a letter." He answered, honestly, "*never*." Mr. Pointz has asked me many particulars about Mr. Chapon, and I did him justice. Mr. Pointz is so well pleased with my account that he says we shall not rest till he sends him a scholar that may make his fortune; I gave Mrs. Chapon an account of my happy success last post.

I had a letter last night from Miss Betty Winnington, with a melancholy account of poor Mrs. Griffiths; her husband lay then a-dying. I have wrote to know how the poor woman designs to dispose of her daughters, that if it lies in my power any way to serve them I may. I am sure you will not forget your design of getting something for your god-daughter at the Hereford collection. Mr. Wyndham's steward has just been with me; he says there is two year and a half to come, and he will let my

Mary Granville's autobiography and correspondence she has repeatedly alluded to the talents of Sarah Kirkham, whose letters would have been a most valuable addition to this work. It is possible that some of them may still be preserved in collections as yet unknown to the editor, but she is only as yet aware of a great number having been burned accidentally.

brother have it (the house). I did not make a positive bargain, because I could not tell whether my brother would take it for so long. If he takes it only for a year he can't have it under thirty-five pounds; it is certainly cheap and convenient; the grate in the kitchen is Mr. Wyndham's, which he must buy if he will have it; if he determines to take it, desire him to write to Mr. Edwards in Great Dean's Yard, Westminster, to say he agrees to give so much for it, the time he takes it from, and the time he takes it for, and the house will be ready for his use immediately if he pleases. Mr. Edwards knows my name, and that I am his sister; if he does not care for this trouble, let him bid me do it, and I will obey him. The *soot*[1] is incomparable; a thousand thanks for your care about it, pray let it be sent the first opportunity, and many thanks for the lamperns. I was this morning at Furbers, and you shall have sent by the coach on Monday next (directed for my brother to be left at Cold Comfort) all the garden things you wanted. I hope they will flourish and do well with you.

I go next Monday to Bulstrode: I grieve for you that Bunny is hurried from you to his odious q^rs, a letter went to him last post to that purpose, I suppose; but I hope he need not stay long there. My brother strangely mistook when he read puppy for pussy; pray make him read my letter over again. I meant to say that Sir John had two black kittens for him to choose out of. I think he bespoke one for Betty Carter. I hope mama had my letter; but by your not mentioning it, I am afraid she had it not; but I beg she will not give herself any pain

1 "*The soot*" was probably some preparation of soot for the Japan work then becoming so fashionable.

about answering it, since she has so good a secretary. I am glad you have still got Miss Graves with you. My kind compliments to her, and keep her as long as you can. I have not seen Colly[1] a great while, but will call on her before I go to Bulstrode. I am going to get ribbons, gloves, and some more frippery things for my journey; if I have time when I return, I will fill this sheet of paper. On Saturday I dine at Barn Elms with Mr. and Mrs. Pointz. Good-night, I have jolted all over the City, and am so tired I can only say I am, with the utmost affection and fidelity,

Yours, M. P.

Mrs. Pendarves mentions in this letter, that she was going to Bulstrode, and as a period again occurs from this date of 15th of October, 1730, to May 27th, 1731, (seven months), without any letter to her mother or sister, it may be inferred that they were together in London and at North End.

### Account of Miss Andrews.

*In Mrs. Pendarves's handwriting.*

I believe you have not heard of the death of Miss Andrews. She died last November, and after all the malice of the world, was an innocent, virtuous creature. She was pretty, you know, and much liked, for which some women were spiteful.

About four years ago the Prince saw her walking in St. James's Park, inquired who she was, addressed her, and made her large offers, but she rejected him with contempt. When he found he could neither touch her heart nor tempt her vanity, he desisted. Two years after that, at a masquerade, a woman came up to him,

[1] "*Colly*," Miss Catherine Collingwood.

and called him "my Lord Guildford," upon which the Prince thought he should have some diversion by discovering an intrigue of my Lord Guildford's; so he resolved to deceive her, and answered to the name. She told him she had a message from Miss Andrews to entreat him to speak to the Prince in her behalf, and to let him know the misfortunes she was reduced to; that she was that instant going to be dragged to a spunging house; that her relations and friends denied their assistance because she had turned Protestant; that she had wrote to the Archbishops of York and Canterbury, and to my Lord Chancellor, to let them know her case, but they had taken no notice of her letter, and that she humbly hoped the Prince would have the goodness to represent her case to the Queen. The Prince promised the mask that he would punctually observe her commands; and so they parted. The pleasures of the masquerade hurried this affair out of the Prince's head till about a fortnight after, when he received a letter to tell him that my Lord Guildford had been desired to speak to him in behalf of Miss Andrews, who was actually in a spunging-house somewhere in Fleet Ditch. The Prince was struck to the heart (for he is both generous and good-natured) at his having been so neglectful of this poor young woman. He disguised himself, took only Mr. Cornwallis in a hackney-coach, and went to the spunging-house. He enquired if such a person was there, naming Miss Andrews, and found it too true. The moment he came into the room he dismissed all the people. She recollected him, notwithstanding his disguise, and fainted away. As soon as she recovered, the Prince told her he was not come to take any advantage

of her misfortunes, but to assist her to the best of his power. He gave her two hundred pounds, and said he would send her more next day, but that he would not visit her again, for should it come to be known, it might do her an injury. She threw herself at his feet, and was not able to spake a word. He was much moved and did not stay long. The next morning he sent her three hundred pounds more.

Last February, at a masquerade, the Prince was walking with Miss Deering, and a mask followed her very close. When she quitted the Prince he came up to her, said he had a favour to beg of her if she would give him leave to say a word or two out of the hearing of anybody. They sat down on a bench, and he asked her who that was she had been walking with? She told him she did not know. He said he thought it had been the Prince; and if it had, he would have desired her to deliver a message to him from one Miss Andrews that was now dead; but on her death-bed (last November) he said she sent for me, and charged me to find out some means of letting the Prince know she prayed for him with her last breath for his extraordinary goodness and generosity, for he had saved her from the greatest misery, and "she hoped God would prosper him and all that belonged to him. She died as soon as she pronounced these words, and with her all that was valuable in life to me," which words the mask spoke in an agony of grief.

The next morning Mrs. Deering told this message to the Princesses as she was dressing them, (for the Prince had left the ball-room the night before, so that she could not meet with him again at dinner). The Prince always dines with them; and when told what the mask had

said to her, he burst into tears, and told the story as I have related to you, and said he loved her memory, and though she had treated him with the utmost scorn and contempt, he could not help admiring her virtue. I think this ought to be known in honour to the Prince of Wales, though it was told me not to publish it. You may depend on the truth of it, for *I had it from Mrs Deering*, and was extremely touchd at the relation. I only wish I could have transcribed it as I heard it.

An interval here occurs of seven months in the correspondence of Mrs. Pendarves with her sister, Ann Granville, which period was probably spent with her family, and during which the following letter from John Wesley was written to Mrs. Granville.

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*John Wesley to Mrs. Granville, at Great Brickhill, near Stony Stratford.*

Linc. Coll. December 12th, 1730.

MADAM,

Were it possible for me to repay my part of that debt w^ch^ I can't but be sensible is still growing upon me, your goodness would give me a still greater pleasure then I have yet experienced from it. To be the instrument of *some advantage* to a person from whom I have received *so much*, as it would be the truest instance of my gratitude, is the utmost wish I can form. But a view of my own numerous failings checks the vanity of this hope, and tells me that though He in whom I move and speak does not always require wisdom and prudence, yet some degree of purity he does always require, in

those who would move or speak to His glory. I have therefore little reason to expect that He will direct any motion of mine to that end, especially when the particular end proposed relates to one who is far advanced in the great race w^ch^ I am but lately entered upon, if indeed I am entered yet. What shall I say to such a one as is almost possest of the crown, which I dimly see afar off? To another I could recommend those assistances w^ch^ I find so necessary for myself. I could say, that if our ultimate end is the love of God, to w^ch^ the several particular Christian virtues lead us, so the means leading to these are to communicate every possible time, and whatsoever we do. To pray without ceasing; not to be content with our solemn devotions whether publick or private; but at all times and in all places, to make fervent returns "by ejaculations" and "abrupt intercourses of the mind with God:" to thrust "these between all our other employments," if it be only by a word, a thought, a look, always remembering

> "If I but lift my eyes, my suit is made!
> Thou can'st no more not hear, than Thou can'st die!"

To account what of frailty remains after this, a necessary incumbrance of flesh and blood; such an one as God out of his mercy to us will not yet remove, as seeing it to be useful tho' grievous; yet still to hope that since we seek Him "in a time when he may be found," before the great water-flood hath overwhelmed us, He will in his good time, "quell the raging of this sea, and still the waves thereof when they arise!" To you, *who know them so well*, I can but just mention these considerations, which I would press upon another: yet let me beg you

to believe, that though I want the power, I have the most sincere desire of approving myself,

Madam,

Your most obliged and

Most obedient humble servant,

JOHN WESLEY.

My brother joins with me in his best respects both to yourself, and those good ladies whom we love to call your family.

The above letter from the celebrated Wesley proves the high estimation in which the mother of Mary Granville was held by a man of whom it has been justly observed, that he "was one of the most extraordinary characters that ever existed;" whether considered as a various and voluminous writer, a zealous and indefatigable preacher, or the founder of one of the most numerous sects in the Christian world. He was born 1703; entered as scholar in the Charter-house 1713, fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford, in 1725, and took the degree of Master of Arts in 1726. He preached his first field-sermon at Bristol, on the 2nd of April, 1738, from which time his followers continued to increase. Although he chiefly resided in the metropolis, he occasionally travelled through every part of Great Britain and Ireland, establishing congregations in each kingdom, and died on the 2nd of March, 1791, in the 88th year of his age.

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*Mrs. Pendarves to Mrs. Ann Granville.*

Northend, 27 May, 1731.

I believe I answered every part of y^r^ last except about mama's taking Mrs. Parson's house. I think she will do mighty well; she will have but a little way to move, and the house being wainscoted she will find it very con-

venient: I never saw the rooms above, those below are cheerfull. I shall be very glad to hear she has taken it. I beg ten thousand pardons for not sooner sending you the measure of the chairs as you desired me, but you know what a naughty place London is: I hope I am now time enough, I question if they can be made in the country well. Last Sunday Mr. and Mrs. Pares dined here, she looks very well, but not so merry as she used to be. Monday in the afternoon came Mr. and Mrs. Wesley, and Miss Donnellan. S^r^ John Stanley received them, and showed great civility, as is his nature. They were mightily pleased; it was a lovely day: we walked a great deal, and going abroad has improved Mrs. Wesley prodigiously; they all talked of you, and wished often to have you with them. Mr. Wesley proposes many jaunts this summer, and always is so good as to desire me for one of the party. You cannot imagine how Mrs. Wesley's humour is changed for the better. She is as easy and cheerfull as anybody can desire, and expresses great liking to y^r^ humble servant; not that I would have you imagine I measure her good-humour from her approbation of me, but she seems inclined to be civil everywhere, and whatever peevishness she exprest in the winter must be attributed to her sickness, which will try the best of tempers.

Upon my mama's approving of my Irish scheme I plucked up my courage and spoke again to my brother. I told him Sir John approved of it as well as mama, and he answered "I was to please myself, he had nothing to do with it," and after that was as mute as a fish to all I could say, but has been in good humour ever since; so I believe he thinks it more reasonable than he now cares to own after having been so point blank against it. I

laid the whole affair before him, but not a word could I get out of him more, so I took his silence for consent, and have thought how to settle my matters for that same expedition. The Bishop of Killala and his lady and Mr. Donnellan have wrote very kind pressing letters for us, and there is an apartment ready for us in the Bishop's house whenever we please to go and take possession. I talked of it yesterday to S^r^ John Stanley, and he seems very well pleased with it.

Lady Carteret and Lady Dysart go to Tunbridge before they go to the Bath. I sent your letter to Miss Carteret, which I am sure will delight her. I have heard nothing of Puzzle since he left Glocester. Have you seen *old Biddy?* what says she? Bounce rails at Eyebrows most excessively, and lays the loss of her lover to his charge; I wish you and I could peep in at her window the first time they meet.

Dragon Legh has quarrelled with my neighbour Lady Doddy, and they rate one another handsomely. Lady Dod told Mrs. Donnellan that Legh spoke very disrespectfully of her, and that she had said so many outrageous things of me, that I ought to fly out of any room she came into. Sir John Stanley met her at Lady Sunderland's one day and commended a pair of blue glass earrings that she called diamonds, and won her heart; he afterwards thanked my Lady Sunderland for her goodness to Biddy, she immediately enquired who that was? and told Sir John she should have her custom, and she would do her all y^e^ service she could, and had bought a lutestring which she did not want on purpose that she should make it, and gave her two more suits. The girl has her lesson given her not to say she makes clothes for me.

Ned Stanley dined here last Sunday; he was gayer than usual. I forget to write you word that last week I had a very kind letter from Mrs. Hyde[1] to desire me to come to Epsom races, and that she had kept a room on purpose for me, but I would not go. We have not heard of Lord Weymouth's arrival, nor lately how Miss Grace does.

Remember me in the kindest manner to the Unitys. Have you given the picture and the crab-tree? those inimitable pieces in their way. No news in verse or prose have I met with this many a day. I have lately been very much entertained with a book wrote by a Swiss—"Lettres sur les Anglois et sur les Français"—wherein he gives a very good account of both nations.

Your account of Puzzle savours much of madness. I am glad his fortune is so good, 'tis a very handsome maintenance for a single man. I think he has a great deal of merit, and I protest solemnly I am extremely sorry to give him any pain; and had I any inclination to marry and a fortune double what I have, I would prefer him to any man I now know; but to let you see *seriously* that *money without worth* cannot tempt me, I have refused my Lord Tirconnell.[2] L^y^ Carteret asked me the other day if I would give her leave to proceed in it, that

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[1] Mrs. Hyde (Honourable Jane Calvert, sister of Lord Baltimore). From this invitation to the Epsom races, it appears that Mrs. Hyde resided herself near Epsom, as Lord Baltimore being then married the Hydes could not have lived at his place, Woodcote.

[2] Sir John Brownlow, created May 14th, 1718, Lord Brownlow and Viscount Tyrconnel; married, first, to his first cousin Eleanor, daughter to Sir John Brownlow; but by her, who died Sept. 11, 1730, he had no issue. Lord Tyrconnel married, secondly, on the 24th of Jan., 1732, Elizabeth, daughter of William Cartwright, Esq. He died *s. p.* in 1754, when the title became extinct.

she thought I should be very blameworthy to refuse so vast a fortune, a title and a good-natured man. All that, I told her, was no temptation to me; he had the character very justly of being silly, and I would not tie myself to such a companion for an empire; she said I was *in the wrong.* I suppose Puzzle designs to throw off all acquaintance with me: I gave him a fair invitation to my friendship, though I could not admit of more; but he is like the children that won't eat their bread and butter without glass windows.

I am sorry the houses are so soon disposed of. You must send to Cap^t. Pierce for a plan to build a house, and then I am sure it will be pretty and convenient. I am delighted with mama's charming work,[1] and will have it whitened by the best hand. The jewel-box is not yet come home; I will take care and call for it. I have been a brute to Tom Tit. He told me so many pretty things to say to you about the box, that I believe the little creature was *inspired,* and I have never seen him but that he has showed me the box, and said something gallant on the occasion.

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*Mrs. Pendarves to Mrs. Ann Granville.*

New Bond Street, 8th June, 1731.

I mentioned to you my dining, on Thursday last, at Mrs. Percival's. There was Capel Moore and Lady Mary, his wife; she seems to be a good sort of a woman, without any airs or liveliness; he was a little *cogitibund* or grave (for to tell you the truth, I do not well understand the

[1] Mrs. Granville's spinning.

meaning of y^t^ hard word), till after dinner. He asked after you. I reproached him for not meeting you and making you laugh as you appointed him to do at the ridotto: he endeavoured to excuse himself, and to put an end to my reproof, said kind things of you. After drinking tea, Lady Mary went away; Capel proposed going on the water: we accepted the offer, took up Mr. Wesley in our way, drove to Whitehall Stairs, took the boat we liked best, and rowed away very pleasantly—the water smooth, the sky serene, the company in good humour, Philomell was soon called upon to make use of her sweet pipe, which she did. A boat with two ladies and one gentleman was immediately attracted and pursued us. As soon as they were near enough for us to see their faces, who should we behold but the Duchess of Ancaster,[1] an odd woman with her, and *my Lord Tyrconnell!* I was not a little diverted at the interview, but much more so when he opened his wise mouth, and told Mrs. Donnellan her singing was "the finest water language he ever heard, nay, the finest language he had ever heard by land or by water," and many more polite speeches we had. They were in an open boat, ours was cover'd: it would have diverted you to see how the wretch peeped to look at us, which was no easy matter. My companion's voice charmed them so much that they did not quit us till she had sung several songs. Capel asked the Duchess of Ancaster to sing, which she in a droll way did very readily; at last they agreed to sing a duetto out of y^e^ Beggars' Opera, but such catterwauling never was heard and we all laughed.

[1] Query, whether Albinia, Duchess Dowager of Ancaster, who died 1745, or Jane, wife of Peregrine, 2nd Duke of Ancaster, who died in 1736.

As we were returning home, and had parted with our gallant company, they discovered water in the bottom of the boat: my feet were soaked quite through up to my ankles, and my petticoats above half-a-yard sopped in water. We began to think it no joke, and ordered the boatmen to put in at the first stair. We landed at a little island, where was one solitary house; we knocked at the door, and a clever-shaped young woman, dressed in a white calico night-gown, with some difficulty admitted us. The boat was examined and pronounced leaky. We endeavoured to get another boat, none could be had, so they mended up our crazy vessell and we ventured. We arrived safe and sound at Whitehall Stairs at eleven o' th clock; the moon shone sweetly.

It is the only jaunt I have taken this year where I have not wished for you; at our first setting out I did, but when we discovered the defects of our barque I was glad you were not there. I was not at all frightened at it, though I believe there *was* some danger. So much for that day, which was a merry one. The next day I met the Percivals at Mr. Wesley's, where, after a very good repast and kind welcome, we walked up-stairs, where we were to be entertained with an *orrery*. You must understand that this is a machine in form of a sphere, wherein is demonstrated the solar system, with all the motions and distances of the planets. Just as the learned man was going to explain to us, a summons arrived for me to go to Mrs. Monck's Xtning, which, with great regret, I did, and what was more provoking, had no company there but old men and boys; my fine fellow-gossip departed that morning for Ireland, and provided, to supply his place, an old deaf man with half an nose. My Lord Darnley was

the other godfather, and I represented Lady Shelbourn. No woman there but myself. I staid there about an hour, and returned to y^e^ good folks in Conduit Street, but the *celestial affair* was over.

Nothing worth giving you an account of happened from that time till yesterday, that we went to Greenwich, but never people chose such a day for such a jaunt. It being Whitson Monday the place was fuller of mob than ever Barton fair was; however, we endeavoured to make ourselves sport with everything we met with. First we went to see Sir Gregory Page's house, the outside of which and the situation you know. The house is not magnificent, but prodigiously handsome, furnished elegantly but not extravagantly, everything well understood, and a nicety in the furnishing of it beyond any I ever saw; some very pretty pictures, but none by the most valuable hands, ten rooms on a floor, and a very handsome gallery, China and Japan to perfection. After dinner, Mrs. Donnellan and I and Miss Wesley were inclined to walk in the park; the gentlemen had not quite finished, so we left them and took two footmen with us. With dificulty we crouded into the park, but melancholy sight! not one bit of grass to be seen, all that verdure so parched up for want of rain that one could not have thought grass had ever grown there, it was so different from what I have ever seen it, that it recalled no hour back that I had ever passed there; but still I wished for you; we sat down on a bench to observe the odd medley and the people rolling down the hill.

Sir Gregory Page, mentioned in this letter (was of Greenwich and Wricklemarsh, Kent), succeeded his father 1720. He married

Mrs. Martha Kenward, but had no issue, and died at the age of ninety, 4th of August, 1775; when the property devolved upon his great nephew, Sir Gregory Turner, Bart., who assumed the surname and arms of Page. Lysons states that Wricklemarsh (in the parish of Charlton) was bought by Sir Gregory Page in 1721, after the death of the widow of Sir John Morden, Bart. "Sir Gregory having pulled down the old mansion, built at a great expense a very magnificent structure of stone, consisting of a centre and two wings united by a colonnade; the whole of which was completed in one year by James the architect. He also adds, that the internal decorations corresponded in magnificence, and that a very fine collection of paintings by the old masters bore witness to the taste and liberal spirit of the owner. His great nephew sold the estate to John Cator, Esq., in 1784—who in 1787 sold the house by auction, in lots, to be taken down—a great part of it had not been removed in 1796, when it still stood in ruins, a melancholy monument of its former grandeur."

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*Mrs. Pendarves to Mrs. Anne Granville.*

New Bond Street, 5th August, 1731.

Time, thou most precious of all things why art thou so fleeting? But I must write, and let the world wait. Last night in order to *dolce sogno* my kindest and dearest sister's letter came to my hands. The sense of your French paragraph is very well to be understood, though not properly wrote; however that must not discourage you, for many an Englishman born and bred at school does not write English better than you now do French, that learned but three months; read constantly, and set yourself every day a task out of the grammar, and I am sure, without any assistance besides your own industry, you will conquer all the difficulties of it. Vertot's works

are delightful; they are very good French and well wrote. I know the more you are acquainted with the language, the more you will like it; I have got the Henriade and Madame de Sevigné's letters from Sally. Your letters always charm me, but none ever delighted me more than the last I received from you, I cannot make use of any words that can better express the sense of my pleasure in that particular than your own, that you so kindly apply to me: "I cannot be persuaded that any creature has the art of writing so sensibly and tenderly as yourself," &c. I sent you an epistle the post before, wherein I joked about the young man with aching chops, and was so silly as to name names, which I am sorry for since you have not received it, for I was a little jocose, and if it lights in bad hands it might be taken seriously. Your partiality to my phiz makes you not think the picture handsome enough: I am afraid you do not like the dress, and I pleased myself with the oddness of it, and I hate a face that is always without shade. I have a *picture too*, but alas! a feint, feint resemblance! I am always vexed as well as pleased when I look at it, for it certainly is a bad likeness, and not well painted; you are much better drawn in a place where the air cannot fade you, and where justice is done you without flattery;[1] there are not only the outlines and the air of the countenance, the life and sweetness of the eyes, but that sensible penetrating look that *fairly* shows how well the form is animated.

If you expect any sublimity in Barnwell you will be disappointed, the style is mean enough; you shall have it as soon as I can have an opportunity of sending to you.

[1] This remark might have alluded to the portrait of Ann Granville in crayon under a glass painted by her sister.

Yesterday I dined at Sir John Stanley's to meet the whole blood of the Moncks; my old love's wife is really a pretty sort of a civil young thing. He is grown very fat and grave, much altered from what he was; the gay and sprightly youth is dwindled into the thoughtful *dull husband*, and it is so generally speaking. 'Tis strange, but when we are arrived to the summit of any happiness we have been eagerly pursuing, the spirits grow languid and heavy, and don't seem to enjoy what they were before so miserable to obtain. I believe by this time my brother Bevill is embarked—he only waited for a fair wind. Mr. Benedict Calvert,[1] that was Governor of Maryland, is come home on the account of his health, and a brother of Mr. Ogle's is going in his place. I desired Mrs. Donnellan to ask his interest in favour of my brother, and he has in the handsomest manner promised to do everything for him that lies in his power. He has now the fairest opportunity in the world to mend his fortune, and what is past may serve as a very good lesson to him, and prevent his splitting on the same rock. As soon as we know when Mr. Kit Donnellan can come to town we shall fix our time of going. I am afraid I shall not be able to send you any venison, because there is no carrier from Longleat to Bristol. Does a carrier come to Gloucester every day, or what days? I am glad mama likes the chains: they are very strong and much admired by everybody. I must go to my work, having millions of things to do, and leave my dearest Anna to make a *ruffle*. Oh base exchange! but it must be, though I am

[1] Honourable Benedict Calvert, brother of Lord Baltimore.

very much *ruffled* about it. My duty to my dear mama, and service to all friends that remember one who loves you so tenderly as

Your affectionate and unalterable
Friend and Sister,
P NY.

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*Lord Lansdowne to his niece, Mrs. Pendarves.*

Wednesday Evening, June 30, 1731.

MY DEAR NIECE,

I should be glad if it might suit with your conveniency to let me see you either this evening or tomorrow morning before you go to Court. I would wait upon you myself, if I knew your hour of being at home. Believe me, my dear niece, always your most affectionate uncle and most humble servant,

LANSDOWNE.

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*Mrs. Pendarves to Mrs. Anne Granville.*

13th July, 1731.

I have not sent you any *catgut* for working handkerchiefs. I begun to work one, and I found it so tedious that I was sure you would not like the work; but now I have given you warning, if you insist upon having one, you shall.

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[1] The style of dress in England, in 1731, is exactly represented by Hogarth, who is the best authority for the costume of all the years in which his pictures were executed, and in general for the reigns of George I. and II. Written descriptions and pictures of the dresses worn from 1714 to the close of George III.'s reign, may be found in Planché's "British Costume:" those from 1772 to 1789 being derived from prints after Hoppner. In 1732, a sort of gipsy hat was in fashion, worn with a cap and lappets underneath. The forms of the hats varied from year to year through the century, according to the prevalent manner of dressing the hair.

I long to know how you like the black hat;[1] the fancy was approved of very much here; I should have sent it you down by Puzzle, but he did not come to me, and I did not care to send it to him.

I cannot say I like Mr. Lafountain's painting, he does not understand the drawing part so well as he ought; but I am grown passionately fond of Hogarth's painting, there is *more sense* in it than any I have seen. I believe I wrote you word that Mr. Wesley's[1] family are drawn by him, and Mrs. Donnellan with them. I have had the pleasure of seeing him paint the greatest part of it; he has altered his manner of painting since you saw his pictures; he finishes more a good deal. I have released Lady Sunderland from her promise of giving me her picture by Zinck, to have it done by Hogarth.[1] I think he takes a much greater likeness, and that is what I shall value my friend's picture for, more than for the excellence of the painting. Hogarth has promised to give me some instructions about drawing that will be of great use,—some rules of his own that he says will improve me more in a day than a year's learning in the common way. When he has performed his promise I will communicate to my dearest sister, though that will not be politic, for you excel me now, and when I have delivered

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[1] William Hogarth, the painter, was born in 1698, and bound apprentice in London to a silver-plate engraver. In 1720 he entered into business for himself. His first original painting is said to have been a representation of Wanstead Assembly, with portraits from the life. In 1730, he married the daughter of Sir James Thornhill, and afterwards produced, year after year, many remarkable pictures. After the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, (1748,) he visited France, and being in the act of making a drawing of the gate at Calais, was taken up as a spy. On returning to England he recorded the fact in his print called "O! the roast beef of old England!" He amassed a good fortune, died in 1762, and was buried at Chiswick.

up my arms you will vanquish me quite, but this is the only instance where I shall have more pleasure in being excelled than in excelling, as my own performance can never give me so much delight as yours will.

Last Friday I dined at Mr. Wesley's, and met the Percivals, Mr. Coot and Harry Usher. After dinner I came home to settle accounts with Mrs. Badge, and order the packing up of the box; when that was done I returned to my company. The young men upon my going away thought the company was to disperse, and walked off, but we were very merry without them. Mr. Percival, you know, can be very entertaining, and so can Mr. Wesley. We romped, and played at little plays with the children till supper-time. I never met with so delightful a man as my hero Mr. Wesley—so much goodness, friendliness, and cheerfulness joined. To my sorrow, he goes away to-morrow; I am to meet them to-day at Mrs. Percival's, to take leave. Miss Wesley is the finest girl I ever saw; you would have been charmed had you seen her mimick the dancing of twenty people, I believe among them Miss Edwin and languishing Mr. Ogle.

I pick up by degrees the things I shall want for my Irish expedition; I have bought a gown and petticoat, 'tis a very fine blue satin, sprigged all over with white, and the petticoat facings and endings bordered in the manner of a trimming wove in the silk; this suit of clothes cost me sixteen pound; and yesterday I bought a pink-coloured damask for seven shillings a yard, the prettiest colour I ever saw for a nightgown. As soon as we know when Mr. Kit Donnellan[1] can come

[1] Son of Chief Justice Donellan, and brother of Mrs. Clayton and Mrs. Donellan.

to London, we shall fix the time for our journey. The flowers for your patch-boxes are bespoke. Mama's chairs are finished, and will be sent down this week. I wish the pictures I chose for Mrs. Hop may please her, but not knowing what her design was made me at a loss what sort of pictures to choose. Pray what coloured ground are your boxes? You never saw such perfection as Mrs. Clayton's trunk; other's Japan is beautiful, but this is *beauty*—it is the admiration of the whole town. Oh but the "*flying toad*!" if you do not procure it for me I shall be miserable; it will be of great service to me. I design to make it my master of the ceremonies to Sir Hans Sloane, my ambassador extraordinary that shall negotiate in my favour, and procure for me the liberty of living among Sir Hans' curiosities as long as I please, and shall also secure a place for you. I have not heard from Sally a good while. I am indebted to Cyrus, but I will write as soon as I can. If you write to him soon you may say I am in some hurry preparing for my intended journey.

How do you like your French master? Do you learn often? I will soon send you Voltaire's Brutus; it is a fine tragedy, but I never saw one so *affecting* as George Barnwell.[1] It is not yet published; when it is you shall have it with Brutus. The latter is in French, the other in English, but I do not know who is the author.

[1] "George Barnwell." This tragedy was written by George Lillo, who is said to have been the son of a Dutch father and an English mother. Like his father, he followed the trade of a jeweller. He was born in 1693, spent his life in London, and died in 1743. Besides the tragedy of "George Barnwell," he wrote "Fatal Curiosity," and "Arden of Faversham." Campbell calls Lillo "the tragic poet of middling and familiar life," and remarks that his works "give us life in a close and dreadful semblance of reality, but not arrayed in the magic illusion of poetry."

## CHAPTER IV.

### Mrs. Pendarves's Visit to Ireland.

### Sept. 1731—April, 1733.

*Mrs. Pendarves to Mrs. Ann Granville.*

Chester, 10th Sept, 1731.

Here we are weather bound: what can I do so agreable to my inclinations as write to my dearest sister. Indeed I find it very intolerable to be so many days without receiving any of your letters. I am sure you wrote and directed it to Chester as you promised you would: it vexes me to lose one of yours. The weather hitherto has been contrary to us, and we are so cautious that we will not venture till the weather is well settled. This house, considering it is an inn, is very well, the landlady I gave mama an account of. We have several of our acquaintances here waiting for a passage also. Mr. Dubourg and his wife, with his *charming Fidelle*, sweet Philomel, whose conversation, you know, is not inferior to her voice, exerts herself, and is an excellent traveller. Our spiritual guide takes abundance of care of us, and by way of variety, we have a *pretty butterfly man* now and then—Mr. Gore, son to Judge Gore, of Ireland, and heir to a great estate. Mr. Donnellan, his sister, and I breakfast together on

coffee and parapyclites.[1] At dinner-time our company meet, and we pay a shilling a-head for our meal, and find our own wine: we are very well provided for; our supper we have by ourselves. We amuse ourselves with working, reading, and walking, and in the evening play a pool at picket. We have secured places in the Pretty Betty. The best cabin Mrs. Donnellan and I have taken to ourselves, and are to pay five guineas, but I believe it will be some days before we shall go away. Yesterday morning Mr. Gore tempted us to go to Sir Richard Grosvenor's;[2] the day favoured us, and we were mightily pleased with the place; the gardens are laid out in the old-fashioned taste, with cut-work parterres, and wilderness enclosed in hedges; the ground lies extremely well to the house, and every way there is a fine prospect. I have not seen an inland situation that I like so well. We were offered fruit and wine, though Sir Richard was not there. I have now, I think, told you all the remarkable occurrences. We might be entertained with assemblys and plays, but we do *not* think it worth our while to shine at Chester. I suppose by this time you are returned from Staunton. Dubourg plays and Phill sings as much as we desire them.

Dublin, Sept. 22, 1731.

I hope by this time my dearest sister has no more fears for me, and that my mama has received my letter

[1] Query Pyclites (a sort of cake).

[2] Sir Richard Grosvenor, of Eaton, who acted as grand cupbearer at the coronation of King George II. by presenting to his Majesty the first cup of wine after he had been crowned, and had the cup as his fee. Sir Richard married, first, Jane, daughter of Sir Edward Wyndham, Bart., by whom he had no surviving issue, secondly, Diana, only daughter of Sir George Warburton, Bart., of Arley, county Chester, but had no issue. He died in 1732, when the title devolved upon his brother.

with an account of my voyage, which, considering the time of year, was a very good one. I must do justice to the good people I am with, and give you a notion of our way of living, and the friendliness I meet with. The Bishop and his lady, you know, are agreeable, but were never so much so as in their own house, which indeed is *magnifique*, and they have a heart answerable to their fortune. They received me with real joy, which does not seem to allay upon our being longer together. The first day we came we were denied to all but particular friends. Mrs. Usher and her son and daughter came; you were much inquired after, and heartily wished for. Alas! did I not join in that wish? The next day we dined at Mrs. Usher's and *supped*, an established rule in this place, and were very handsomely entertained.

Sunday we went to church, and in the evening saw all company that came, which was numerous, for Mrs. Clayton is extremely liked, and visited by everybody. Yesterday we were at the same sport, and this morning we are to go to the Duchess of Dorset's[1] to pay our court. Miss Moll Forth, who you have often heard Philomel mention, is now in the house with us. She, I believe, is worthy of the character Phill always gave her. She has sense, and the greatest degree of backwardness I ever met with; she can't help sometimes saying a witty thing, but it comes without design. She is the picture of humility and gentleness. It is a great deal to say of a person that one has *not known a week*, but I believe if you were here you would make the same judgment. So much for our

[1] Lionel, Duke of Dorset, was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland from June 23, 1730, to April 23, 1737, and also from Dec. 15, 1750, to April 2, 1755. He married Elizabeth, daughter of Lieut.-General Walter Philip Colyear, brother to David, Earl of Portmore.

company—now for our habitation! Stephen's Green is the name of the Square where this house stands; the chief front of it is like Devonshire House. The apartments are handsome, and furnished with gold-coloured damask—virtues, and busts, and pictures that the Bishop brought with him from Italy. A universal cheerfulness reigns in the house. They keep a very handsome table, six dishes of meat are constantly at dinner, and six plates at supper.

(About postage.) I will enquire some means or other of lessening that expense. I can do it very well if Sir Robert Sutton is not gone to the Bath, but do *write constantly* to me, and omit no particulars, for now I shall want to know more than ever, not only everything you do but everything you think. Adieu, my dearest sister, I am called away. The kind services of this house attend you, and my humble duty to dear mama.

I am yours, with the tenderest affection,

For ever and ever, M. Pen.

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Dublin, 26th Sept. 1731.

After having waited and wished a whole fortnight, I received my dearest sister's letter; the pleasure I had at that instance can only be surpassed by that of seeing you. Ten thousand thanks for every line in it. 'Tis absolutely necessary to my happiness, that I constantly receive such marks of your affection for me, as often as the winds will permit. You are by this time, I hope, perfectly satisfied about every thing relating to my journey. I must now proceed and give you an account of men and manners. Last Tuesday I wrote you word of my having been at the Castle in the morning. We went again in the evening; the apartments consist of

three rooms, not altogether so large as those at St. James's, but of a very tolerable size. In the farthest room there is placed a basset[1] table, at which the Duchess of Dorset sits down after she has received and made her compliments to the company. It is very seldom any ladies sit down to basset, but quadrille parties are made in the other rooms, and such idle ones as I saunter up and down, or pick up some acquaintance to chat with, just the same as at St. James's. There were several very pretty women; the top beauty is Lady Ross,[2] a sweet agreeable creature. Your friend Miss Usher is much improved, and very justly placed among the pretty women; she is a very good-humoured, cheerful girl, and much at your service as she often tells me; her brother, whom you have heard mentioned frequently by Phill as her favourite, is a very agreeable young man, has sense and humour, but is so backward that I believe I never shall be better acquainted with him than to ask the common questions of the hour and the weather, &c. My cousins are not yet come to town, but are expected about a fortnight hence.

Great preparations are making against the Birthday. There are to be no balls at Court, but on such public days; Lady Carteret used to have balls once a week, but they brought so great a crowd that the Duchess, who is of a quiet spirit, will avoid them. Most of the Moncks[3] are at present out of town, but I expect

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[1] Basset; a game at cards, invented at Venice.

[2] Sir James Ross married Grizel, third daughter of William, 11th Lord Ross. Sir James died in 1755, and was succeeded by his eldest son, William.

[3] Henry Monck, Esq. married, 1673, Sarah, daughter and heiress of Sir Thomas Stanley, Knt., of Grange Gorman, in the county of Dublin, and had issue—1. George, his successor, who married the Honourable Mary Molesworth,

them thick and three-fold soon. Yesterday I spent an agreeable afternoon at Mr. Hamilton's, Mr. Usher met us there. I never saw a couple better suited than Mr. Hamilton and his wife; they are both genteel and perfectly well-behaved, without any affectation; their house, like themselves, looks cheerful and neat. Whist was played till supper, but there were always three that looked on, who all took their turn of play, except your humble servant. We had a very pretty supper, neatly served, and parted between twelve and one.

I don't believe I shall meet with people I like better during my stay here; they are both young, and have four children, whose behaviour shows the sense of their parents. As for the generality of people that I meet with here, they are much the same as in England—a mixture of good and bad; all that I have met with behave themselves very decently, according to their rank, now and then an oddity breaks out, but none so extraordinary but that I can match them in England. There is a heartiness among them that is more *like Cornwall* than any I have known, and great sociableness. I apprehend from that way of living there must arise a

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and had two sons and two daughters. 2. Charles, who inherited the property of his maternal ancestor of Grange Gorman, and was father of Henry Monck, by Agneta Hitchcock, by whom he became possessed of the estate of Charleville. His son, the above Henry Monck, married Isabella, daughter of Henry, 1st Duke of Portland, and had one surviving daughter, who married George, Marquis of Waterford. The estates of Henry Monck devolved, at his decease, upon his cousin Charles Stanley Monck. 3. Thomas, married Judith, daughter of Robert Mason, Esq., and had three sons and one daughter, who married Viscount Monck. The eldest son was the above Charles Stanley, who inherited his uncle's estates as above stated, and was created Viscount Monck, and whose son was created Earl of Rathdown. 4. William, married Dorothy, sister of John, Earl of Darnley, and was ancestor of the Bligh Moncks, of Coley Park, Berkshire.

good deal of tittle-tattle, but I have not heard much yet. Wherever I go I meet with great civilities; I don't take it as paid me on my own account, but that of those I am with, who are here highly regarded, and indeed their friendliness and kindness to me increases every day. They study to entertain me, and I have no uneasiness on their account but that they may think I am not so cheerful as they would have me; but as I grow older, though I feel as much warmth as ever, I have not so lively a way of shewing it. I attribute it a great deal to *the fear* I have always had of appearing too gay; a wrong notion I am now convinced, and it hurts the temper. Our spirits ought to have their full career when our inclinations are innocent, and should not be checked but where they would exceed the bounds of prudence.

I received yours and Sally's joint epistle. This day will be dedicated to home—Sunday always is, and on Monday we are to go to the review. I suppose you have informed her of my safety, for I have not yet had time to write to her, but will as soon as possible. I desired Cyrus to direct any letter he wrote to me to Glo'ster, but I did not consider that will double the expense, therefore I desire you will send him the direction to me here. I enjoy all the entertainment you had at Stanton, as far as my imagination can reach. I am glad to find that Puzzle is not likely to die of the pip, but if he keeps up his spirits *with hope*, I advise him to make use of a *better cordial*, for that will certainly fail him in the end. I am very glad the venison came safe and sweet to you. I can assure you, madam, we did not go flaunting to the Chester assembly, though we were much courted to it, and had invitations to concerts

of music, of which Dubourg was the head, and yet we did not go; perhaps you will call this stupidity. I am obliged to you for your trusting me with Erminia's affair—you know how securely you may trust me. I shall be impatient till I hear more of it, and heartily wish good success to it—I am sure she deserves good fortune. The Bishop and his fair lady charge me with their compliments, and desire me never to omit them.

Dr. Clayton, Bishop of Killala, has been represented as an eminent scholar, of "commanding deportment," who united "the dignity of an ecclesiastic with the ease of a fine gentleman," sumptuous in his mode of living, and munificent in charitable deeds, though his better qualities were tarnished by obsequous ambition, and latterly by avowed Arianism. But as his second work, "The Chronology of the Hebrew Bible Vindicated," was not published till nearly twenty years after his preferment to the see of Killala, and was followed by his "Dissertation on Prophecy," and "Impartial Enquiry into the Time of the Coming of the Messiah," a considerable number of years must have elapsed before public attention was especially drawn to his unorthodox opinions by the publication of the "Essay on Spirit," sanctioned if not written by himself. He married a daughter of the Irish Chief Justice Donnellan, was promoted from Killala to the Bishopric of Cork, and afterwards to the still more important Bishopric of Clogher. He died the 25th of February, 1758. Dr. Campbell, in his visit to England, 1775, says: "Dr. Johnson asked me whether Clayton was an English or an Irishman? 'He endeavoured to raise a heresy among you,' says he, 'but without effect, I believe.' I told him one effect in the case of the parish clerks. His indignation was prodigious. 'Ay,' says he, 'these are the effects of heretical notions upon vulgar minds.'"

*Mrs. Pendarves to Mrs. Ann Granville.*

Dublin, 4th Oct. 1731.

I wrote you word on Thursday last, that we designed going to the play that evening. Company dined here, among whom were Mr. Hamilton and Mr. Usher. I am always made to play on the harpsichord after dinner, and great honours I have received on that account—more than I am sure I merit. Well, after that to the play we went, "the Spanish Fryar,"[1] tolerably well acted. The house is small, but neat and very well lighted, the gentlemen all sit in the pit. On Friday we went to a concert of music, but our sport there was very near being spoiled, for most of the performers were at the Castle, playing to their Graces, and did not think fit to come among us till past eight at night: we then had two or three pieces of music very well performed, Dubourg being the violino primo. On Saturday we dined and supped at Mrs. Usher's, where we always are very handsomely entertained and in a friendly manner.

But the chief entertainment of this week I have forgot to mention, which was the review on Friday morning last. The park, justly called Phœnix Park, was the place of show. One regiment of horse and three of foot, who all performed their parts well. The Duchess of Dorset was there in great state, and all the beau monde of Dublin. The weather favoured us, and we were very pleased with the sight. But I must not pass over in silence the beauties of the park, which is a large extent of ground, very fine

[1] The Spanish Fryar, by John Dryden, was advertized in the Daily Post of June 27, 1733; to be represented at the New Theatre in Goodman's Fields, London, on the same evening.

turf, agreeable prospects, and a delightful wood, in the midst of which is a ring where the beaux and belles resort in fair weather: indeed, I never saw a spot of ground more to my taste,—it is far beyond St. James's or Hyde park. Nobody's equipage outlooked our's except my Lord Lieutenant's, but in every respect I must say Mrs. Clayton's *outshines* her neighbours, not that that is easily done here, for people understand not only living well, but politely."

Yesterday we went to Christchurch, one of the cathedrals. I cannot say they have much reason to brag of the architecture of it, but they have good voices and a very sweet organ. In the afternoon we took a tour of visits, met with most of our acquaintances at home, and returned to our mansion about ten, and who should be there to fly into our arms but your friend Mr. Index. You know the strength of his raptures, so figure him to yourself flying from one to the other with as much vehemence as a hawk seizes on his prey.

Walsh states that the Phœnix Park derives its name by corruption from the native Irish name of the manor "Fionn-uisge," which signifies clear water, and applies to the chalybeate spring near the vice-regal lodge. The word "Fionn-uisge," is properly pronounced "Finniské," and has been corrupted by the English into Phœnix. Lord Chesterfield, when Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, erected the column with the figure of the fabulous bird surmounting its capital, which has assisted in perpetuating this absurd misnomer.

## LETTER XVII.

### AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

Why should you, my dear Maria, insist on my going on with my narrative; it will hardly afford you enter-

tainment enough to compensate for the loss of time in reading it, I will convince you of it by my obedience.

I was so well pleased with my visit abroad that, instead of staying six months (the time I at first proposed) I staid eighteen. Amongst many agreeable acquaintances I made there, was the person to whom I am now married. The character he bore in the world, and his particular attachment to the Baron and Baroness, my relations and particular friends, made me wish to be acquainted with him. He was then married,[1] lived in a very agreeable manner, reserved one day in the week for his particular friends, amongst which number were those of the best learning and genius in the kingdom. I thought myself honoured by being admitted into such a set, and Silvia and I never failed making use of a privilege so agreeable to both of us. She made a considerable figure in society so well suited to her.

By this means I grew intimate with Dessario,[2] and had an opportunity of observing many excellent qualities which cannot be known in barely being acquainted with those talents which must be allowed shining ones, and have distinguished him for many years. His wit and learning were to me his meanest praise; the excellence of his heart, his humanity, benevolence, charity and generosity, his tenderness, affection, and friendly zeal, gave me a higher opinion of him than of any other man I had ever conversed with, and made me take every opportunity of

[1] This is a slight error, which was very natural in recounting from memory the history of so long a course of previous years. Dr. Delany was *not* married when Mrs. Pendarves first arrived in Dublin, in 1731, but he married some months afterwards before she left Ireland.

[2] *Dessario.*— Dr. Delany.

conversing and corresponding with one from whom I expected so much improvement.

A little before I made my visit to Ireland young Tomasio[1] returned from his travels, being just of age. He was son to Laura by her first husband, heir to great honours and a vast estate. I had been so used to him from his infancy in Alcander's family, that I looked upon him as my younger brother. He was always very fond of me, and being ten years younger than myself, I used to give him my advice upon all occasions, and he had an entire confidence in me. We corresponded when he was in France, and I often told him he must let me choose him a wife, which he said I should. He had been married in his minority to a young lady of great quality,[2] but she died before he returned from his travels, so they never lived together. It was after that he promised to consult me whenever he was inclined to marry. I really had the affection of a sister for him, and had his interest at heart.

Laura's indiscretion, and Alcander's indolence, made me fear they would not have a proper attention to him, and if they had, I knew they had no power over him. He was easily led by those he was fond of, but jealous and obstinate where he thought any authority was usurped, which made me very cautious in my manner of proceeding with him. His behaviour towards me was very obliging, and I was so far from losing his

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[1] Thomas, 2nd Viscount Weymouth.

[2] Thomas, Viscount Weymouth, (son of Lady Lansdown,) was born May 21st, 1710. He succeeded his grandfather's elder brother in the title and estates in 1714; was married on December 6, 1726, being then fifteen years' old, to the Lady Elizabeth Sackville, daughter of Lionel, Duke of Dorset, which lady died on June 29, 1729, whilst he was on his travels. He married secondly, Louisa, daughter of John, Lord Carteret.

favour by any advice I took the liberty of giving him, that at last I began to fear I had gained it too far. I was not only related to the Baron, but had a particular intimacy with his family, and friendship with the Countess[1] and with the Baron's daughters,[2] who though much younger were very fond of me, and I loved them all very well, but particularly the second daughter,[3] who had a sweetness of manners (a true copy of her mind), joined to a pretty genteel person, that made her very engaging, and gave her the preference to most of the beauties of her time.

As soon as I could judge of her disposition I wished that Tomasio might like her as well as I did. She was very sensible, discreet, of a complying temper, gentle, mild, and withall very lively. Tomasio was good-natured and affectionate, but liberal without distinction, warm in his temper, could not bear contradiction, and had not discernment enough to be reasoned with. This sort of disposition was hard to deal with, and required all those qualities Louisa possessed in a high degree. Her fortune was small, but she had been bred up in magnificence, and knew how to spend a large one gracefully and manage it prudently: his fortune was very large, but his good-nature and want of resolution turned his natural generosity into profuseness.

What made me more zealous for this union was its being most earnestly desired by the Baroness and being agreeable to Louisa. This encouraged me to lay a train towards making the proposal to him, by commending her on all

[1] The Countess Granville.

[2] The daughters of Lord Carteret.

[3] The Hon. Louisa Carteret, 2nd daughter of Lord Carteret.

occasions, and telling him everything I thought might prejudice him in her favour; and he would often say, "Why do you commend her so much?" and "he did not know if he did marry why he should not choose me, for that he liked me better than anybody." He said this in so blunt a manner that it passed with me for a joke, till he repeated it so often, adding so many fine compliments, that I thought it time to let him see I had no view of engaging him, for myself, and then without disguise mentioned Louisa as the person in the world I thought best fitted to make him happy. He did not relish this proposal, and gave me no other answer but that he must return to France before he settled, but that he liked Louisa the best of the sisters. He soon after went to France, and I to Ireland. And now adieu; 'tis time to rest, &c.

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*Mrs. Pendarves to Mrs. Ann Granville.*

Dublin, 9th Oct., 1731.

This morning we are to go out of town to a house of Dr. Delany's called Delville: we carry a cold scrap with us, and propose spending the day very agreeably; it is about three mile off. Our own family, Mr. Percival, and Mr. Usher make up the party. This is by way of preparing you for a short letter. I can easily believe my dear mama and sister were rejoiced at receiving the news of my safe arrival; not much less was my joy last post in hearing from you, after having waited for the packet a fortnight—a cruel circumstance that I fear must often be my fate, but since there is no remedy for it I will endeavour to bear it patiently. Indeed, I wish you could partake of the entertainments I every day meet

with, then I should relish them more, as at present they are very imperfect to me; but I will give you an account of them, because you say you love to know what I am doing.

On Saturday morning we went in the coach and six to Still Organ, a seat of my Lord Allen's,[1] four miles from Dublin, very fine and charming prospect of the sea all the way, like the harbour of Falmouth. On a rising ground in the park there is erected an obelisk, very well built, from whence there is a very fine and extensive view. The house is like one made of cards, the gardens laid out in the old-fashioned taste, but capable of being made a fine thing; nothing can be prettier than the situation.

I must say the environs of Dublin are delightful. The town is bad enough, narrow streets and dirty-looking houses, but some very good ones scattered about: and as for Stephen's Green,[2] I think it may be preferred justly to any square in London, and it is a great deal larger than Lincoln's Inn Fields. A handsome broad gravel walk and another of grass, railed in round the square, planted with trees, that in the summer give a very good shade; and every morning Miss Donnellan and I walk there. The

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[1] Joshua, 2nd Viscount Allen, born in 1685, married 18th Oct., 1704, Margaret, daughter of Samuel Du Pass, Esq., of Epsom. His lordship died in 1742.

[2] Stephen's Green is described by Fraser, as the largest square in the city of Dublin, the "circumference being nearly a mile, and its area, which is enclosed by an iron railing, 20 statute acres." "Its surface, which is very flat, is laid out in walks and shrubberies, for the use of the surrounding houses, and in the centre there is an equestrian statue in brass of George II. A broad graveled promenade surrounds the square, which is separated from the street by a line of stone posts, connected with festooned chains. There are nine approaches to the square, viz., Grafton-street, South King-street, York-street, Cuffe-street, Harcourt-street, Leeson-street, Bagot-street, Kildare-street, and Dorset-street."

weather has been prodigiously good ever since we came; I find you cannot boast the same. I am sincerely rejoiced at Miss Unet's good fortune;[1] I am sure she well deserves it. Yesterday being the anniversary of the King's coronation, we, like loyal subjects, went to the Castle; there was a ball very decently ordered, and French dancing in abundance. Your friend Index, who often speaks of you, played his part very well there, and had the prize. I danced three country dances with Mr. Usher in a vast crowd; after that we were summoned to supper, where everything was prepared with great magnificence. Three large tables beside the Duke's, covered with all sorts of provision disposed very well. I never saw so much meat with so little confusion. After that they went to dancing again; it was so hot and crowded that our courage would hold out but for half a dance. Between twelve and one we came home, and were very well pleased to lay us down. I have just began an acquaintance *among the wits*—Mrs. Grierson, Mrs. Sycon, and Mrs. Pilkington; the latter is a bosom friend of Dean Swift's, and I hope among them I shall be able to pick up some entertainment for you.

I thank you for the verses, they are pretty and new; but your own thoughts, you know, always delight me more than other people's. Adieu! 'tis barbarous to be interrupted, but I am hurried away and cannot any longer indulge myself. My duty to our good mama, and kindest service to Mrs. Viney and Mrs. Butler; they will be angry with me for not writing, but I declare I have not time. Poor Lady Sunderland has been in great frights for her

[1] Miss Unitt's marriage to Mr. Foley.

little boy Jack, who has had several convulsion fits. I hope he may recover it.

I am for ever yours, M. PEN.

Inclose my letters to the Bishop of Killala.

Ballard, in his "Memoirs of Learned Ladies," says that "the Constantia Grierson, mentioned as one of the wits of Dublin in the above letter, was born in the county of Kilkenny, in Ireland, and that she was one of the most extraordinary women that either that age or any other ever produced. She died in the year 1713, at the age of 27, and was allowed, long before, to be an excellent scholar, not only in Greek and Roman literature, but in history, divinity, philosophy, and mathematics. She gave a proof of her knowledge in the Latin tongue, by her dedication of the Dublin edition of Tacitus to the Lord Carteret, and by that of Terence to his son, to whom she likewise wrote a Greek epigram." She wrote several fine poems in English, (Mrs. Barber has inserted several specimens of her talent in this way in her printed poems,) on which she set so little value, that she neglected to leave more than a few copies behind her. "What makes her character the more remarkable is, that she rose to this eminence in learning merely by the force of her own genius, and continual application. She was not only happy in a fine imagination, a great memory, an excellent understanding, and an exact judgment, but had all these crowned by virtue and piety; she was too learned to be vain, too wise to be conceited, too knowing and too clear-sighted to be irreligious. As her learning and abilities raised her above her own sex, so they left her no room to envy any; on the contrary, her delight was to see others excel; she was always ready to advise and direct those who applied to her, and was herself willing to be advised. Lord Carteret, when he was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, obtained a patent for Mr. Grierson, her husband, to be the king's printer, and to distinguish and reward her uncommon merit, had her life inserted in it."

Letitia Pilkington, another wit, the daughter of Dr. Vanlewin, a physician of Dublin, was born in that city in 1712. Her

husband was a clergyman, and a needy author, from whom a separation took place by mutual consent. Mrs. Pilkington was one of Dean Swift's female coterie, and perhaps surpassed all the party in wit and genius not less than in levity. She died in Dublin in 1750. Her memoirs written by herself, and her letters, are still entertaining. Mrs. Pilkington's acquaintance with Dean Swift commenced by her sending him verses on his birthday. She was afterwards introduced to him by a lady, whom he asked if she was her daughter, and when informed that she was Mrs. Pilkington, he said, "What, that poor little child married! God help her, she is early inured to trouble;" the next Sunday the Dean engaged Mr. Pilkington to preach for him at St. Patrick's church, when Mrs. Pilkington was struck by observing that Dr. Swift went through the whole service himself without once looking into a book. After church he was surrounded by poor people, and gave to all but one old woman with dirty hands, to whom he said that "though a beggar, water was not so scarce but that she might have washed them." He afterwards invited the Pilkingtons to supper, handed her to the coach, and slipped into her hand the exact sum of money that she and her husband had given at the Offertory in the morning, as well as the coach-hire. The Rev. Thomas Pilkington was originally introduced by Dr. Delany to the notice of Dean Swift, and obtained a humble post in his cathedral. He had talent and vivacity, but was totally devoid of principle, and imposed upon Dr. Swift, who, ever anxious to serve merit, gave him strong recommendations, when Pilkington went to England, to his old friend Barber, then Lord Mayor of London, who made Pilkington his chaplain. He also gave him introductions to Pope, Bolingbroke, and other friends. Pilkington soon threw off the mask, and became impudent and profligate, which occasioned the complaint of Lord Bolingbroke to Swift upon the discredit that had been occasioned by his recommendation of Pilkington, of whom the Lord Mayor Barber, also complained. Mrs. Pilkington did not turn out much better than her husband, but there is no doubt that she was very clever, and that she exerted herself with great success at the period of this letter in appearing as estimable as she was agreeable.

Mrs. Sican (or *Sycon*), one of the three wits above recorded, was the mother of Dr. J. Sican, who was murdered in Italy. Roscoe, in his edition of Swift, calls her "a very ingenious lady," and Swift having transformed her name into "Psyche," addressed to her the following verses:—

ON PSYCHE.

At two afternoon, for our Psyche inquire,
Her tea-kettle's on, and her smock at the fire;
So loitering, so active; so busy, so idle;
Which has she most need of, a spur or a bridle?
Thus a greyhound outruns the whole pack in a race,
Yet would rather be hang'd than he'd leave a warm place.

She gives you such plenty, it puts you in pain;
But ever with *prudence* takes care of *the main*.
To please you, she knows how to choose a nice bit,
For her taste is almost as refined as her wit.
To oblige a good friend she will trace every market,
It would do your heart good to see how she will cark it.
Yet beware of her arts, for it plainly appears
She saves half her victuals by feeding your ears.

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*Mrs. Pendarves to Mrs. Ann Granville.*

Dublin, 21st Octr, 1731.

The enclosed was to have been sent to the last post by way of excusing me. Mrs. Clayton was obliged to go to Court in the morning, and would have me go with her. I am glad you like your friend's friend; I have enclosed to you a letter for her, which I desire she may have soon. I dare say your mind was never yet tainted by envy. This present circumstance puts me in mind of Lady Sunderland's wedding. I believe you have the same satisfaction in Miss Unet's[1] good fortune as I had

[1] Elizabeth, daughter and co-heir of Robert Unitt, Esq, was the fourth wife of Thomas Foley, Esq., who, after marrying a fifth wife, died in 1749. He was of Whitley Court, in Worcestershire.

on hers, or rather more, because you have been together at an age when the affections are strongest. Who knows what may follow? The account of your ball, indeed, is dull enough: we have better at Court. I have not heard from Mr. Kirkham;[1] when I do I shall do my endeavour to serve him. You must know, madam, yesterday being Wednesday, Mrs. Clayton opened her apartment and admitted all her acquaintance. I will describe to you how they are disposed and furnished. First there is a very good hall well filled with servants, then a room of eighteen foot square, wainscoated with oak, the panels all carved, and the doors and chimney finished with very fine high carving, the ceiling stucco, the window-curtains and chairs yellow Genoa damask, portraits and landscapes, very well done, round the room, marble tables between the windows, and looking-glasses with gilt frames. The next room is twenty-eight foot long and twenty-two broad, and is as finely adorned as damask, pictures, and busts can make it, besides the floor being entirely covered with the finest Persian carpet that ever was seen. The bedchamber is large and handsome, all furnished with the same damask. There was abundance of good and agreeable company; they went away about half an hour after ten, and so delighted with their reception, that Mrs. Clayton has promised to admit her friends every Wednesday. I preside at the commerce table. I must leave off, my letter wanted to go to the post.

[1] Rev. Mr. Kirkham, the father of "Sally," Mrs. Capon, (Chapone.)

*Mrs. Foley to Mrs. Ann Granville, in the Eastgate Street, Gloucester.*

Putney, October y^e^ 26th, 1731.

Notwithstanding I left Glocester with so great a prospect of happiness, yet I assure you leaving my Nanelia was a very great allay to it; and though I have so often experienced the pain of parting, the frequency of it is so far from inspiring me with philosophy enough to bear it cheerfully, that I left you with greater regret then ever; but the reason of that is, that by your sweetness of temper and the many good qualities you possess, you are dearer to me every day, and the continuance of your friendship is essential to my happiness in whatever state of life I am in.

As you are so good to be interested in all my affairs, I shall as I promised let you into them without any reserve, though as I am not yet at all settled I have not much to communicate. My sister informed you that we had a good and agreeable journey. I was received by my father and mother Wolstenholme, with a great deal of kindness and civility. My mother is so good to go on with the housekeeping till Xmas, by which time I hope to be a little acquainted with it; and she is so kind to take the care of the chilldren, which for many reasons I am glad of. I think I never saw finer or better behaved chilldren in my life. I need not tell dear Miss Granville how perfectly happy I am in Mr. Foley, and from the appearance of affairs at present I have great reason to believe I shall be so in every other particular. I hope the good fortune I have met with in this world will be no bar to my thoughts of a much better, but rather heighten my gratitude and acknowledgments to the Author of them. Some people might perhaps take

this for cant, but I know I am writing to a person that is so happy as to have a notion and regard for religion, and is well assured that the minutest accidents of our lives are governed by an all-wise and good Providence.

I have not been long enough in this place to give you any particular description of it; I can only say in the general 'tis very pleasant. One thing I know you would be delighted with, which are the *common gardens* which there are a vast number of; they are very large, and cut into shady walks made of all the different greens you can think of, adorned with all sorts of flowers: you may walk in any of them whenever you please, or upon a most delightful common, which the ladies are fond of, but I think too public. My own house is small but very convenient, and the garden is delightful. Mr. Foley, who does everything to oblige me, constantly begins with yours and your mama's health at dinner and supper; he is gone to-day to London upon business, but charged me to make his particular compliments to both. When I shall go to the metropolis I can't tell, for my chariot was not bespoke till to-day. I have had a great deal of very agreeable company, and expect a great deal more. As you observe, there is a great deal of difference in entertaining the Glocestrians and the people of this part of the world. I had two as fine ladies to see me yesterday as I ever beheld,—the one a married woman, her name Lewis, the other single, her name is Porteen; you may imagine my time is a good deal taken up, but I will always find a moment to converse with you. I must tell you a joke will make you laugh, which has put me in some hurry, and Mr. Foley some expense; but he must thank himself. Mr. Andrews is already got into *second mourning*, and

all his relations *into colours*, it was lucky I brought my colour clothes with me; I sent for the mantua woman you recommend, she is making up my embroidery, and a night-gown. She came by Northend, and saw Sir John and your brother well yesterday morning. I have only room to beg mine and my sister's respects to all friends, and to assure you, I am

Your affec$^{t}$ and faithful
E. FOLEY.

I shall be obliged to you if you'll let them know in Bart: St. we are well and desire our duty.

The writer of this letter was Elizabeth Unett, a friend of Ann Granville, and whose approaching marriage was alluded to in Mrs. Pendarves' previous letter. She was the daughter of Robert Unett, Esq., and the fourth wife of Thomas Foley, Esq. of Whitley Court, in the county of Worcester, whose *third* wife was Elizabeth Wolstenholme, and whose father and mother are alluded to in this letter by her successor, as "my father and mother Wolstenholme." His first wife was Miss Andrews, an heiress, and the "joke" alluded to probably meant that Mr. Foley, to show respect to the memory of his *first wife's* mother, had put his *fourth wife* and his household into mourning, and afterwards found that the nearest relations of the deceased were in colours.

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*Mrs. Pendarves to Mrs. Ann Granville, in the Eastgate Street, at Gloucester.*

4 Nov, 1731.

I hope my dearest sister is well, and my dear mama. I persuade myself you are, as much as I can. But I must leave off complaints to give you some account of our magnificence on the Birthday. Before I proceed I must tell you 'tis past one o'clock, and that we are in-

vited to dine abroad. The Birthday, as you may remember, happened on a Saturday. In the morning we all attended their Graces at the Castle in our best array, as I wrote you word after my return. Sunday we stayed at home; on Monday at eight o'clock went to the Castle. The room where the ball was to be was ordered by Capt. Pierce, finely adorned with paintings and obelisks, and made as light as a summer's day. I never saw more company in one place; abundance of finery, and indeed many very pretty women. There were two rooms for dancing. The whole apartment of the Castle was open, which consists of several very good rooms; in one there was a supper ordered after the manner of that at the masquerade, where everybody went at what hour they liked best, and vast profusion of meat and drink, which you may be sure has *gained the hearts* of all guzzlers! The Duke and Duchess broke through their reserved way and were very obliging; indeed it was very handsome the whole entertainment, but attended with great crowding and confusion. To-day we dine at Mr. Hamilton's, (my favorites); but of all the diversions our own assembly is the prettiest; how many times do I wish for you! But, alas! that is as vain as my anxiety about the wind; the latter will much sooner change than the other come to pass; we had last night a great deal of company, our cousins are constant attendants.

Next Saturday we are all to go to see Madame Violante, and next week our ridottos will begin; masquerades are not talked of, but a scheme is laid for operas, which I hope will succeed. Yesterday Index[1] took his seat in Par-

[1] "*Yesterday Index took his seat.*" The date of this letter being 4th Nov. 1731, has been the means of identifying the individual so often mentioned as

liament, but opened not his mouth, but when the flame that burns within him breaks out, woe be to all that oppose him, for never was there so warm a patriot! I am called upon to dress. I shall hate everybody and everything to-day; was it not enough that the packets are not come in, but I must be dragged from my employment and obliged to send you a sheet of paper scratched with a little incoherent stuff that will cost tenpence—'tis provoking.

M. P.

Dr. Walsh, in his History of the City of Dublin, says, "In the year 1731, Madame Violante had attempted to establish a booth for the performance of rope-dancers, but the public were soon tired of the exhibition, and she converted the booth into a theatre. To make her performance more attractive by its novelty and singularity, she exhibited all theatrical pieces with a company of children under ten years of age. It is remarkable that the 'Beggars' Opera' was first introduced to the notice of a Dublin audience by these infants;" and that Margaret Woffington made her first theatrical effort among them in the character of Polly. "The house in which this infant company exhibited stood on the spot where Fownes-street is now (1818) built." Margaret Woffington was born in Dame-street, Dublin, in the year 1719. She was the daughter of a journeyman bricklayer, and attended school from her fifth to her tenth year. When her father was dying, she came home to assist her mother in the business of a washerwoman. Being seen one day fetching water from the Liffey by a Madame Violante, who kept a show-booth in Dame-street, the latter was so struck with the little Irish girl's beauty that she offered to engage her as an apprentice. Her mother consenting, little Woffington was transferred to the care of Madame Violante, to be taught the dramatic art, and it was not long before

"*Index*," as in the journals of the Irish House of Commons the Honourable John Perceval is stated to have taken his seat for the borough of Dingle Icôneh in the Co. of Kerry, on the 3rd Nov., 1731.

she was announced to play Polly, in the Beggars' Opera. Her reception was enthusiastic; and continuing to perform she became the prop of the Booth Theatre, and was allowed a salary of 30*s.* per week. She left Dublin for London, and had not been long in the metropolis before she was engaged by Rich, to appear at Covent Garden, where she made her débût in the character of Sir Harry Wildair—a part previously performed by her in Dublin. Her success was brilliant; she played Sir Harry to crowded audiences for twenty-two successive nights, and on the termination of her engagement with Rich, who had given her 9*l.* per week, she went back to Dublin on a salary of 14*l.* Little short of adoration was now paid her in her native town; and, whilst on the stage she fascinated all, she determined to enjoy herself off it, as far as an equipage and other luxuries would enable her to do so. She made an allowaace of 20*l.* per annum to her mother; and was in other respects a liberal and generous distributor of the fortune she was acquiring.

The failure of the Dublin manager, inducing her return to London, she accepted an engagement at Covent Garden, where she continued to be an admired favourite until her retirement from the stage in May 1757. The derangement of her health has been stated by some persons as a reason for her quitting the theatre; whilst others ascribe her renunciation of it to a sermon she had heard in which some errors similar to her own were very forcibly touched upon, and the alteration which took place in her conduct makes the last account the more probable one. She increased her mother's allowance from 20*l.* to 30*l.*, and became simple in her dress and manners. She died retaining all the amiable but none of the blameable, qualities of her early life, on the 28th of May, 1760, and was buried at Teddington.

"The music-hall in Crow-street was erected for the practice of Italian music, and opened on the 30th of November, 1731, with a ridotto. A musical society was also formed and held at the Bull's Head. By the subscribers to its funds, the music-hall in Fishamble-street was built, and the first concert held in it on the 1st of October, 1741. But a circumstance then occurred which seemed

to give a decided turn to the taste of the town. Handel, banished from England by the spirit of party, sought refuge here and found protection; soon after his arrival, he performed his oratorio of the Messiah for the benefit of the city prison in the new music-hall, assisted by the violin of his friend, M. Dubourg, and he effected a total revolution in the music of the metropolis. Meantime Italian singers were invited to Dublin, and operas established with an eagerness equal to that displayed in England."

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*Mrs. Pendarves to Mrs. Ann Granville.*

Dublin, 16 Nov., 1731.

Hope the pain in the ankle has proved itself to be a sprain. The gout or rheumatism you have never provoked—it would be hard indeed if you should suffer by those severe discipliners: distant as I am, I should share the anguish. A sprain is as painful for the time it lasts, but not so apt to return. How will the guilty suffer when the innocent is so attacked? That one who leads as temperate a life as any nun, should be subject to distempers that generally are the fruits of a luxurious life, or that you should sprain your ankle who never made a false step, are accidents I cannot reconcile to myself!

You guess very rightly, your favourite Miss Wesley performs miracles at the Castle, and is by much the *best dancer* there. You may imagine such a little pretty creature does not want for praises: were I her mother, I should not expose her to *so many*, she is of an age to be spoiled by them, unless she has an uncommon share of sense. Mr. and Mrs. Wesley receive your compliments very kindly, and heartily return theirs. Nothing can be worse than the present condition of the Charitable Cor-

poration. I fear the books will be of little use to them. I am grieved for our friends in Grosvenor Square;[1] not so much on account of the fortune they have lost, as for the trouble they are in at the reflections cast on the Directors; but I still believe our friend has not acted a dishonest part but he has been basely imposed upon. Bess was lucky enough to sell out two days before the ruin fell. Sir Dingledy Couch is so intoxicated with politics and parliamentary affairs, that he has hardly leisure to receive a compliment, much less return one; but he looks pleased when I tell him you remember him.

No, madam, I *do not dance* in *every croud*, though I always have an agreeable partner at hand, and I did not dance on the Birthnight. Next Monday, being St. Cecilia's day, it is to be celebrated in the morning at St. Patrick's church, with Powell's Te Deum and somebody's Anthem, but I don't know who's, and some of Corelli's concertos, all performed with instruments. At night Lord Mountjoy gives a ball to the Duke and Duchess of Dorset; he has invited my cousins, and told them he designed to ask me. Poor Puss! and has she lost her tail? I lament the disaster: had I a poet at command an elegy should soon be produced.

I esteem Mr. Foley, without having any other knowledge of him than what you have given me. I dare say his fondness to his wife will increase as her qualities are of that nature to engage the more the better they are known. I wish I had Sally's letter on that occasion. I love her sprightly wit, and admire her grave sense. At last I found an opportunity of writing to her. I long for a letter in return, to know her fate in regard to the

[1] Sir Robert Sutton and Lady Sunderland.

lottery. I will endeavour to get a good answer to your musical question, but Sally is the *best definer*.

Do you ever write to Lord Lansdown? I have heard not only from him, but from *my lady*, who is, at present, in a fond fit; your cousins desire their compliments to you, they are constant attendants here every Wednesday; yesterday they dined with us. I was at Court with them on Tuesday, and danced one country-dance, but the heat and crowd were so intolerable that I soon quitted that sport, and made the best of my way home. The Bishop has gone to bed. Mrs. Usher, her son and daughter, dine here to-day, and in the afternoon we all go to Mrs. Butler's, where we are to spend the evening. She is a very good-humoured, agreeable woman, and her husband a plain, rough, merry officer, who doats on his wife, and admires everybody that likes her.

The ball at Mrs. Graham's[1] will be next week I believe. Humphrey Matthews[2] asked particularly after you; he is but just come to town. We are soon to have a *story-telling evening:* who shall I wish for to listen to him, I wonder? Mr. Barnard was here last night at our assembly (which was as much crowded as ever I saw my Lady Stafford's, and more agreeable, except in one respect, which you will not be at a loss to guess at); he is very conceited and silly, and said many things he

[1] Mary, second daughter of George Lord Lansdowne, married in 1730, William Graham, Esq., of Platten; died in November, 1735.

[2] The Mathew family resided at Radyr, in the county of Glamorgan, South Wales, in the year 1660, after which George Mathew settled at Thurles, in the county of Tipperary. His father's family once possessed the town of Llandaff, and one of his descendants married Margaret, fourth daughter of Thomas Butler, Esq., of Kilcash. Francis Mathew, Esq., of Thomastown, was created Baron Llandaff, 12th October, 1783, and Earl of Llandaff in November, 1797. The earldom became extinct on the death of his son, 12th March, 1833.

intended to be taken for wit. He jeered me extremely upon liking Ireland, and had he been an Englishman I should have thought him very rude, for saying so many disobliging things of a place where I am so civilly treated. Phill gave him a rub or two about the lamps in Pall Mall that would not burn bright for him, and he had not much to say for himself. I have sent you the verses I promised, and will endeavour to get more—they are Mr. Pilkington's. Pray do you ever write to Miss Carteret? I keep up a correspondence with Lord Weymouth—he is too kind a friend to slight.

I wish that my mama and you could be brought here in your sleep, without the trouble of sea and land.

Your affectionate and constant

PENNY.

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*Mrs. Pendarves to Mrs. Ann Granville.*

Dublin, Nov. 25, 1731.

I must tell you all that has passed since my writing to you last, which was on Thursday. I believe I told you then that we were to spend the evening at Mrs. Butler's. Mrs. Usher, her son and daughter, gave us the meeting. There was a table of quadrille,[1] and one of commerce, of which party was your humble servant. We had a very genteel supper, and were very merry and easy. On Friday we went to the Castle; there was a great deal of company; that day we dined at Dr. Madden's, who always enquires after you. Mr. and Mrs. Wesley were there, they never omit asking how

[1] Quadrille, a game played by four persons, with forty cards, which are the remains of a pack, after the four tens, nines, and eights are discarded.

you do, and my good friend Mrs. Wesley joins heartily in wishing you here; Saturday we staid at home the greatest part of the day. I eloped for an hour or two to make a visit to a young lady[1] who is just recovered of the small-pox. I think I never saw a prettier creature than she was before that malicious distemper seized her, —a gay, good-humoured, innocent girl, without the least conceit of her beauty; her father has been dead about six months, a worthless man that has left a very uncertain fortune; she paints delightfully. All the men were dying whilst she was *in danger*, but, notwithstanding their admiration of her, not one of them will be generous enough to marry her while the lawsuit is pending; now, indeed, even their adoration will cease, they will not acknowledge her for a divinity since she is divested of those charms that occasioned their devotion. Sunday to church we went—staid at home all the afternoon, Mrs. Percival and Mrs. Usher of the company. Monday being St. Cecilia's Day it was celebrated with great pomp at St. Patrick's Cathedral. We were there in the greatest crowd I ever saw; we went at 10 and staid till 4; there is a very fine organ, which was accompanied by a great many instruments, Dubourg at the head of them; they began with the 1st concerto of Corelli; we had Purcell's Te Deum and Jubilate; then the 5th concerto of Corelli; after that an anthem of Dr. Blow's, and they concluded with the 8th

[1] Letitia Bushe was the young lady here mentioned as recovering from the small pox. The friendship which then commenced with Mary Granville, continued to the end of her life, which closed long before that of Mrs. Delany. The beauty then supposed to have been destroyed must afterwards have been regained, if we may judge by her portrait in after years, where the beauty of the complexion equals the regularity of the features, and the sweetness and intelligence of their expression.

concerto of Corelli. Perhaps you think this was entertainment enough for one day; pardon me, we are not here so easily satisfied as to let one diversion serve for the whole day and we *double and treble* them. Lord Montjoy[1] made a fine ball for the Duke and Duchess of Dorset and their retinue, our house was among the invited people, and Monday was the day fixed on.

After our music we returned home, eat our dinner as expeditiously as we could, and by seven (the hour named) we were all equipped for the ball; Mrs. Graham, Miss Granville, and Miss Usher called on us, and we all went away together, nobody was admitted but by tickets. There was four-and-twenty couple, 12 danced at a time, and when they had danced 2 dances, the other 12 took their turn. No lookers on but the Duchess and Mrs. Clayton, who thought it beneath the dignity of a Bishop's wife to dance. The Duke danced with Lady Allen (the Duchess had the headache) Lord Mountjoy with Lady Caroline,[2] Mr. Coot with Lady Lambert, Capt. Pierce with Mrs. Donellan, and Mr. Usher with me; the rest were people you don't know at all; Index would not condescend to dance more than minuets. Before the dancing began, the company were all served with tea and coffee; at 9, every lad took out his lass. At 11, those who were not dancing followed the Duke and Duchess up stairs to a room where was prepared all sorts of cold meats,

[1] Thomas Windsor, 1st Viscount Windsor in Ireland, younger son of Thomas, 1st Earl of Plymouth, descended from Andrews Windsor, 1st Baron Windsor, by Elizabeth, sister and co-heir of Edward, 2nd Baron Montjoy. Created Baron Montjoy of the Isle of Wight, 1st Jan, 1711; died 1738.

[2] Lady Caroline Sackville, youngest daughter of Lionel, Duke of Dorset. She married Joseph Damer, Esq., who in June 1753, was created Lord Milton.

fruits, sweetmeats, and wines, placed after the same manner as the masquerades. We eat and drank as much as we liked, and then descended to make way for the rest of the company. Mrs. Clayton went away at 12, the Duchess soon after that, and Phil and I staid till 1, and then with much difficulty made our escapes, the rest staid till 4 in the morning. On the whole, the entertainment was more handsome than agreeable, there being too much company.

The next morning we rose at 9 o'clock, put on our genteel dishabille, and went to the Parliament House, at 11, to hear an election determined: the parties were Brigadier Parker the sitting member, and Mr. Ponsonby the petitioner, Mr. Southwell's interest was the first, and the last was Sir R$^{d}$ Mead's. I believe we were the most impartial hearers among all the ladies that were there, though rather inclined to Mr. Southwell's side, but the cause was determined in favour of Sir R. M's. I was very well entertained there. Our cousins were also there. About 3 o'clock Mrs. Clayton went home to dinner with her Bishop; we were stout, and staid. Mr. Hamilton, a gentleman I have mentioned to you, brought us up chickens, and ham, and tongue, and everything we could desire. At 4 o'clock the speaker adjourned the House 'till 5. We then were conveyed, by some gentlemen of our acquaintance, into the Usher of the Black Rod's room, where we had a good fire, &c., and meat, tea, and bread and butter. Were we not well taken care of?

When the House was assembled, we re-assumed our seats and staid till 8; loth was I to go away then, but I thought that my kind companions were tired, and staid

out of a compliment to me, so home we came, not a little fatigued with what we had undergone for two days together. Yesterday our assembly, to-day we shall spend peaceably by our own fireside, and talk over the passed hurries. Miss Forth's two sisters come to town, who are to be introduced to me to-day, 'tis one of them[1] that paints *so finely*. I believe I did not write you word that Mrs. Foster is parted from her husband. Dean Berkeley[2] and his family are returned to England; they are not at Greenwich. They talk of coming to Dublin early in the spring; I wish they may for I want to be acquainted with him. Mrs. Barber is still in England, she has not yet published her works; I wish she may not spend more money in pursuing this affair than the subscription will answer.

Adieu, my dear sister,—how I long for the packets! 'Tis terribly cold, but I wish for an easterly wind, though it would make me ten times colder; I know then I should have my heart warmed by some expressions of yours, without which I could hardly live, or live miserably, like the poor creatures in Greenland, when they lose their sun.

Yours for ever,

ASPASIA.

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[1] The lady here mentioned was Dorothy, daughter and co-heir of James Forth, of Redwood, King's County, Esq., better known under the name of Mrs. Hamilton, whose paintings of flowers and insects are unrivalled. She married, in October, 1733, the Hon. and Rev. Francis Hamilton, son to the Earl of Abercorn.

[2] Dean Berkeley, afterwards the celebrated Bishop of Cloyne, a cadet of the family of Earl Berkeley. His learning and virtues, his wit and agreeable conversation, made his friendship sought and his acquaintance cultivated by many learned men, and amongst others by the Earl of Peterborough, Dr. Swift, Dr. Arbuthnot, Pope, and Addison. He was made Dean of Derry in 1724, and married in August, 1728, Anne, eldest daughter of the Right Hon. John Foster, Speaker of the Irish House of Commons.

Lord Montjoy's ball, which was limited to twenty-four couple, who danced in turn, affords a good example to the ball-givers of the present day, where dancing is rendered *the exception* at balls, in consequence of the total disregard which is paid to the proportion between space and numbers. Dancing in 1731 appears to have been a real enjoyment, and an invitation to *dance* was *a reality*, and *not a fiction*. It is, however, to be hoped that the excessive absurdity of invitations to an amusement of which it is impossible that nine-tenths of the company can be partakers, will at last occasion a reform, and that instead of *everybody* supposing it necessary to spend many hundred pounds in giving one overcrowded assembly, where breathing is difficult, and moving next to impossible, that somebody may set the fashion of giving a succession of dancing parties with very simple refreshments, by which means their houses need never be overcrowded, while all the guests might really enjoy some amusement. This need not prevent magnificent entertainments and enormous gatherings wherever the owners have the will, and the power to provide an area large enough conveniently to receive all their acquaintance at once, although such entertainments would necessarily be confined to a minority.

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The following letter, written by Dr. Delany to Mrs. Clayton, afterwards Lady Sundon, although it has already appeared in the Memoirs of Lady Sundon, may be properly introduced at this period. The letter has no date of year, but as Mrs. Barber, "the Poetess," was in London in 1731 to obtain subscriptions to her poems, and she was at that time suspected of having written an anonymous letter to Queen Caroline against Mrs. Clayton, and another in praise of herself, signed "Jonathan Swift," the letter of Dr. Delany must have been written about that period.

*Dr. Delany to Mrs. Clayton.*

February 27.

MADAM,

I take up my pen with some reluctance, yet under an irresistible impulse, to write to you, though upon a subject where persons of more consequence have failed; yet no way discouraged, but rather excited, by their ill success.

You have, madam, in a way very honourable and very exemplary, eased one good mind of misery, relieved one good genius from the load of life, and placed improvement and happiness of every kind within his reach. But can one instance of this kind fill up the measure of your beneficence? Does the doing honour to one good genius do justice to your own? No, madam, you think too justly and too largely to imagine it can. You know that every human creature that equally deserves, has an equal claim to your beneficence, and that nothing but want of merit in them, or ability in you, can acquit you of the claim. Nor need you be told that distress is merit, and distress undeserved the greatest.

It is upon these principles that I now beseech your protection for one who hath laboured more years than Duck hath lived, in a course of upright, obliging, well guided, and unwearied, though unsuccessfull industry: in an exemplary education of a numerous issue, in one continued series of good advice, and good offices of every kind, to the whole world round her, who never turned away her face from any poor man in misery, and was always ready in the very letter of the command, if it were possible, to draw out her very soul to the hungry; this woman on the verge of fifty, with an hereditary gout,

cough, and asthma, with a load of four children, excellently educated, perfectly well-disposed, and utterly unprovided for, sues for your protection, and is refused, and refused, too, with apparent justice; she has injured you, (you say) and appearances are for you.

She hath wrote, it is said, two letters to the Queen, one in abuse of you, without a name, and another in praise of herself, in the name of Dr. Swift; by the last, she hath to my knowledge, entirely lost his friendship, and by the former all hope of yours. As to Dr. Swift, I shall content myself to tell you I *know her* innocent; but, as to you, I shall not attempt to acquit her, let the imputation rest upon her with all its weight. It is for that reason, and under that very circumstance, I claim your protection for her. And I claim it as the noblest occasion your virtue ever did, or ever will find to exert itself to advantage; it is perhaps the severest trial to which a Christian spirit can be exposed, but you must own it is at the same time the noblest opportunity of triumph it can ever hope for. Your injury is public, and your good offices will, for that very reason, be illustrious tenfold.

Your character wanted this occasion to complete it, and providence hath been signally indulgent in throwing it in your way. I speak lowly of it, when I venture to pronounce, that it will not be your least honour with the present age, nor your least praise with posterity. Could I think less highly of you than I do, I had taken a quite contrary method, I had vindicated Mrs. Barber's innocence, and treated her supposed calumny as monstrous and incredible, and laid before you, in the fullest light, the merit of supporting a woman of so much worth,

whose least praise was writing (in the intervals of business) a volume of excellent poems, with more good sense, true taste, and a righter turn of thinking, than any woman of her own, or perhaps of any age. But then in acting thus, you must own I had treated you upon the foot of a common, at least no very uncommon character. Whereas, at present I have treated you up to my own idea of your dignity, and to all the height of my esteem; and in doing this, I have given you so fair an occasion of unexampled beneficence, as will be a sure source of solid satisfaction to you, when all the vanities of this world shall forsake you, or you them.

It is true, madam, in doing this I have risked the honour of your acquaintance, and give me leave to say, I know the value of what I risk. Yet I would not enjoy the greatest honour I ever had or hoped for, upon the terms of a less open or less upright freedom, upon every just occasion. And if ever there was a just, an upright, and an honourable occasion, this is, and is in the place of ten thousand proofs how much I am,

Madam, your faithful servant,

P. DELANY.

P.S. Give me leave to add this short postscript, to assure you, that no mortal knows of this letter, or ever shall from me, treat it as you will.

There is no doubt that Mrs. Barber eventually proved her innocence to the satisfaction of both her patrons, Dr. Swift and Dr. Delany.

*Mrs. Pendarves to Mrs. Ann Granville.*

Dublin, 4th Decr. 1731.

My eyes are perfectly well again, and always at your service, my dearest sister. I should have wrote to you last post, but I was to go to a ball at the Grahams, and I was afraid of making too much use of my eyes, lest I should dim their lustre, but I need not have been so careful, for there was not a man worth darting at. Our company was as follows: Lord Charles Hay, Mrs. Graham, Mr. Graham, and Mrs. Hancock (Miss Vesey that was, I believe you saw her at the Bath). He was to have danced with me, but Mrs. Hancock's husband is so jealous of her, that she must not dance with an unmarried man. Sir Richard Mead danced with Miss Kelly, who keeps her beauty very well.

The rest of the men are not worth naming, poor dull wretches, very ill chosen I am sure. I wanted my good partner Mr. Usher; in his stead I had Captain Folliat, a man six foot odd inches high, black, awkward, ramping, roaring, &c. I thought he would have shook my arms off, and crushed my toes to atoms, every moment he did some blundering thing, and as often asked "my ladyship's pardon." I was pitied by the whole company; at last I was resolved to *dispatch him* with dancing since he was not worth my conquest any other way; I called a council about it, having some scruples of conscience, and fearing he might appear and haunt me after his death staggered my resolutions, but when it was made plain to me that I should do the world a great piece of service by despatching him, it solved all my scruples, and I had no more qualms about it. In the

midst of his furious dancing, when he was throwing his arms about him most outrageously (just like a card scaramouch on a stick), snap went something, that we all thought had been the main bone of his leg, but it proved only a bone of his toe. Notwithstanding which (like Widdington) he fought upon his stumps, and would not spare me one dance; we began pegging it at eight, and continued our sport till one, *without ceasing*.

I was almost dead yesterday, I never was so much fatigued with dancing in my life, but I am very well to-day, and am to go to a concert of musick for Mrs. Barbier's benefit; it is half-an-hour after three, and I fear I shall be called before I have filled my sheet of paper. I hope you do not neglect your harpsichord, especially thorough-base. I have a great many thanks to return you for your letters: how happy they do make me! I have not received one this week. I have had a letter from Mrs. Foley; I take it very kindly of her to remember me at a time when she has so many things to take up her time; I every day lament your loss of those good-humoured agreeable women; I am very sensible how great a difference there is between *their* conversation, and most of those that they have left behind them.

There's an end of our hopes of operas; but last Monday we had a ridotto, which everybody liked very well. I was not there, my eyes being out of order. The gentlemen subscribed two moiders[1] a piece, and have two tickets each night to dispose of to ladies. There are in this town two subscription concerts on that footing, so that the *women* are at *no expence for their entertainments*.

[1] Moidores.

Is not that polite? Phill says you are too good a creature for remembering her so kindly; she is even with you, and has her white satin hood in great esteem for your sake. She wore her green satin that is embroidered with gold and silver on the Birthday, and I had a blue and white satin that I bought in England, and a new laced head.

Do you pity me for reading three letters of yours in one day? Why do you not pity me, that I have health and happiness—that I taste the sweets of friendship, and that you love me? Pity me for all the blessings I enjoy, if I deserve compassion on the score you mention! Who is the favourite? Col. B. I suppose, the *tupée beau*. I have a very cheerful letter from Lady Sunderland; she says she has got the better of her loss, that *she* is very well assured of Sir Robert Sutton's innocence, though he has been very unfortunate, and the world is always ready to judge in the worst way of accidents of that nature.

I can only turn over a new leaf to assure my dearest sister that I am ever hers, M. P.

Lady Betty Germain writes as follows to Dr. Swift, January 11th, 1731-2, in reference to the Miss Kelly whose beauty is alluded to by Mrs. Pendarves in the above letter:—

"Miss Kelly was a very pretty girl when she went from hence, and the beaux show their good taste by liking her. I hear her father is now kind to her, but if she is not mightily altered, she would give up some of her airs and equipage to live in England."

On the 1st of May, 1733, Lady Betty Germain further says:—

"I am extremely Mrs. Kelly's humble servant, but I will never believe she is more valued for her beauty and good qualities in Ireland than she was in England."

*Mrs. Pendarves to Mrs. Ann Granville.*

Dublin, 9 Dec. 1731.

I wrote to you last Saturday and gave you an account of all that had happened till that time. That night we went to Mrs. Barbier's benefit, which was not very full. She sings well, with a bad voice, but having at home an entertainment so excellent in that way, I cannot say I can bear any other singing. After the concert was over, some young ladies begged of us to go to Mrs. Southby's (*a charitable assembly*). After much persuasion we were prevailed with, and away we went, played one pool of commerce, and were at home by half an hour after ten. Index makes one with us wherever we go, and sometimes adds greatly to our entertainment, for he is certainly the oddest creature that ever was born, but has very extraordinary sense. Sunday morning went to church, spent the evening at Doctor Van Luens.[1] I believe I have mentioned that family to you before: they are sensible and cheerfull. It was proposed by Mrs. Van Luen that everybody should own what quality they valued themselves most for, and afterwards, what they most disliked in themselves; this fancy made us very merry, and made our conversation not unlike some in Clelia.

On Monday Miss Donellan and I went in the afternoon to Mrs. Hamilton's, Mrs. Clayton staid at home with her love. We supped abroad and staid till near one, I never saw a couple I liked better; she says she never had the least wrangle with her husband in her life, for she always yields to him in great matters, and he never will

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Dr. Vanlewin was a physician, born at Dublin, and practising his profession there. Letitia Pilkington was the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Vanlewin.

dispute little things with her. If that state could be envied, I think it can only be when it is such as they make it. They are sensible, cheerful, well bred, and very friendly in their behaviour, have a small fortune, several children, and live as comfortably as any people in Dublin. On Tuesday Phill and I went to the Castle, got a very snug seat in the ball-room, and made ourselves very merry with some good figures that exposed themselves there. I am out of conceit with dancing at the Castle—it is so intolerably crowded. Yesterday was our day, we had a good deal of company, my table is flocked to, and is generally made up of beauties, excepting your humble servant. Lord Charles Hay[1] has made acquaintance with me as a thing whose face he was used to in London; I am jeered about it, and so I am upon some other things of that kind.

Last Monday Mr. Bernard gave a ball; the wretch did not think fit to invite me, and I was not sorry, for I have a great distaste to him, he is so intolerably affected, no lady was ever more so; and he thinks to recommend himself to me by rallying Ireland and all its diversions. I have too much gratitude to find fault with anything that treats me kindly, were there room for it, but I protest I never was in a place that more deservedly claims my good word than this I am now in. To-morrow we go to a concert of music, on Saturday to the poppet-show, on Monday to the ridotto; but I find all these amusements cannot employ my mind so much as to make me forget how large a tract of land

[1] Lord Charles Hay, second son of Charles, 3rd Marquess of Tweeddale. Lord Charles was a major-general in the army; he died unmarried in May, 1760; he was brother to the Marquess of Tweeddale, who married Lady Frances Carteret.

and sea divides us, and that it must be some months before there can be a possibility of our meeting; when I indulge that thought it overcomes my spirits too much. Tell me how French and thorough bass thrive with you? they are good companions, and deserve your favour. Mr. and Mrs. Westley are in the country for a few days; they are much at your service; after Xmas I go to Platten, Mr. Graham's countrey-house, 20 miles from Dublin. We are to spend a fortnight there: they design inviting as much company to go down with them as will make 6 couple for country dances, and we are to dance *every night*. I hope Mrs. Viney and all her family are well, and Mrs. Butler, when you heard from her. Do you ever hear from Piggy? Col. Pyat asks after her very often; he is one of the Duke of Dorset's aide-de-camps, and a constant attendant on our assembly and the commerce table. The Bishop is just come home; dinner is called; you never mention Dr. Greville and his fair lady; in what degree of esteem do they now stand with you?

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*Mrs. Pendarves to Mrs. Ann Granville.*

Dublin, Dec. 14, 1731.

Your kind and tender sentiments never fail of giving me the delight you mean they should, nor can any pleasure make me amends for the reaction I endure when I am robbed of that satisfaction by the perverseness of the winds; we have very little frost here, it never lasts above two or three days. I hope the weather is mended at Glo'ster since you last wrote to me. 'Tis pity your faculties should suffer; but though the cold affects your outside, I can always depend on the warmth of your

heart. *Poor St. Cecilia!* she would have a sad time of it were she to listen to some of the performances that are offered in honour to her. I wish music was on a better foot, or more properly speaking in better hands than it now is at Glo'ster: your ears were designed for more delicate entertainments than you meet with, 'tis well that your eyes make you some amends. What does the Grand Druid mean?

Archbishop Usher was great-uncle to Mr. Usher, my partner, and a great honor to their family, which was a very considerable one. The story of the farmer's daughter is a very remarkable one we have had a wedding lately, too, Lord Meath,[1] a man of good sense and great fortune, who was married unfortunately when he was a boy to his aunt's chambermaid. He never lived with her, and she died about a month ago. Yesterday he married Miss Pendergrass, sister to Sir Tho$^{s}$ Pendergrass: he has been in love with her several years; she has little or no fortune, and is far from handsome.

I always thought that Miss Yate had a good deal of artifice in her in regard to *the Insect*, but I believe she will be bit there, if she builds any hopes of fixing him. I cannot quite give him up; his father keeps him in great awe, and he is unsettled in his opinions. Are you certain that he is to have Miss Stanhope, or did you only say it to her maliciously? I suppose you will see Puzzle at Xmas. Mrs. Barber, I hear, does not design to leave England, but is to settle with her family at Bath: her husband, who is a woollen-draper, is to carry on his

[1] Chaworth, 6th Earl of Meath, married in 1731, Juliana, daughter of Sir Thomas Prendergast. He died without issue in 1758, and was succeeded by his only brother, Edward, 7th Earl.

business, and she will let lodgings; her works are not yet printed, nor do I hear when they will be. I am making interest in getting off some subscriptions for Mr. Hook,[1] the gentleman that wrote the English of the Travels of Cyrus. He is now going to publish an abridgment of the Roman History, taken from the Jesuits; in the original there are 16 volumes, he reduces it to 4 octavos. The subscription is a guinea. Perhaps Mr. Hyett and some few more will like to subscribe, if so, I can convey some receipts to you; the work is done in England; my Lord Lansdowne desired me to be zealous about it—it is what he recommends very much. Poor Mrs. Shuttleworth has *lost* by the *Charitable Corporation* every farthing she was worth in the world, which I am sure you will be sorry for—she has been very unfortunate. By some lucky accident last winter she met with the play of the Lost Lady[2]—you heard Mrs. Duncomb and Sir Thomas Hanmer[3] speak of it. She has sent it over to us to try to get it performed, and for her

[1] Nathaniel Hooke, author of an esteemed "Roman History," translator of "Ramsay's Travels of Cyrus," and a "History of the Life of the Archbishop of Cambray," and editor of "An Account of the Conduct of the Dowager-Duchess of Marlborough, from her first coming to Court to the year 1710, in a letter from herself to Lord ——, in 1742." This was dictated to him by the Duchess, while she was still in bed. She delivered to him, without any notes, her account, in the most lively as well as connected manner, and continued dictating for six hours, and would have continued longer had she not perceived that Mr. Hooke was quite exhausted, and wanted rest and refreshment. So eager was she for the completion of the work, that she insisted on Mr. Hooke's not leaving her house till he had finished it. This was done in a short time, and her grace was so well pleased with the performance, that she complimented the author with a present of 5000*l*. Mr. Hooke died in 1764.

[2] The Lost Lady; Tragi-Com., by Sir William Barclay, 1638.

[3] Sir Thomas Hanmer was born 1676, at Bettisfield in Flintshire. He was the son of William, born at Angers in France, in the time of the Commonwealth, and of his wife Peregrine North, of Mildenhall in Suffolk. He sat more than thirty years in the House of Commons, and was chosen Speaker in 1712. Sir

to have the 3d night. I heartily wish we may bring it to bear; for she has many friends here who will exert themselves upon that occasion; but we do not design to speak of it till it is just ready to publish.

Index speaks like an orator in the House of Commons, and is so much involved in politics, that you must not be surprised he has not paid his devoirs to you; for I assure you he is so far from remembering those that are absent, that he *hardly sees* those that he is every day with; and if we ask him any common question, he answers "such a bill is to be brought into the House," "such a member is a glorious patriot, another is an enemy to his country," all other subjects are shut out from his remembrance. Yesterday Phill and I went to the ridotto with a whole train of young things at our heels. I like it the least of any diversion I have seen here. There was a vast deal of company, two rooms of dancers; above 20 couple in each room. I danced with Mr. Usher 2 dances, and had like to have been torn limb from limb; the Duke of Dorset was there, and Lady Caroline Sackville; the Duchess is very ill of a fever. We staid till 12 o'clock; Index came home with us by way of a guard.

Pray how does your Pussey do? I forget whether or not I wrote you word of a pretty kitten my

Thomas was also a man of letters, of which his edition of Shakspeare, published at Oxford, remains the best memorial. He married first, in 1698, Isabella, the first Duchess of Grafton, who was left early a widow by the death of the Duke at the siege of Cork. She was in her own right Countess of Arlington: secondly, Elizabeth, only daughter and heir of Thomas Folkes, Esq., of Barton, Suffolk. Sir Thomas died in 1746 without issue, when his north estates descended to the issue of his sister, Lady Bunbury, and his Flintshire estates to his cousins of his own name. The baronetcy of James the First expired.

Lady Ross has given me; it is like Ermion that you had at Ealing, but more playful than any of its kind. Do you ever hear from Poor Badge? I wrote to her, but I fear she was angry with me that I did not do it sooner. Last week I had a very obliging, entertaining letter from Sir John Stanley; four sides of paper filled. Was not that a particular favour? Adieu! I am called to breakfast. Do you ever hear anything of Sir Anthony Wescomb?

*Mrs. Pendarves to Mrs. Ann Granville.*

Dublin, 17 Jany. 1731-2.

Would it were so, that I went ravaging and slaying all odious men, and that would go near to clear the world of that sort of animal; you know I never had a good opinion of them, and every day my *dislike strengthens*; some *few* I will except, but *very few*, they have so despicable an opinion of women, and treat them by their words and actions so ungenerously and inhumanly. By my manner of inveighing, anybody less acquainted with me than yourself would imagine I had *very lately* received some very ill usage. No! 'tis my general observation on conversing with them: the minutest indiscretion in a woman (though occasioned by themselves), never fails of being enlarged into a notorious crime; but men are to sin on without limitation or blame; a hard case!—not the restraint we are under, for *that I extremely approve of*, but the unreasonable license tolerated in the men. How amiable, how noble a creature is man when adorned with virtue! but how detestable when loaded with vice!

Yesterday was our Assembly, and a notable one we had,

as full as it could hold. Mrs. Donellan and I have each of us made a brown stuff[1] manteau and petticoat, and have worn them twice at the assemblies; pretty things they have produced; 'tis said now that people are convinced "*fine feathers do not make fine birds.*" We "*adorn our clothes;*" other people are "*adorned by their clothes.*" We gave sixteen pence a yard! I wish I could convey a suit to you, but they *are prohibited;* however I will, when I return, try if I can cheat for you. This afternoon we are to have music—Barbier to sing duets with Phillomell (something like a raven and a nightingale.) Sir Ralph Gore, Speaker of the House of Commons, is to be here; Mr. Usher (who, by-the-by, is given me for a husband by the tattle of the town); Mr. Coot, Mr. Hamilton and his lady. All thoughts are now laid aside of the opera, for the Bishop of Killdare will not give the choir.

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*Mrs. Pendarves to her sister Mrs. Ann Granville.*

Dublin, 3d Feb., 1731-32.

I am sorry my dearest sister has such frequent returns of the headache. I was in hopes the mustard-seed had been of service to you; pray use a great deal of exercise, and take hartshorn constantly. I believe in time you will find more benefit from that than anything; but lose no opportunity of walking or riding every day, when the weather will permit you; remember that in taking care of yourself, you preserve the life and happiness of one

[1] Irish poplin, which Mrs. Pendarves (after she became Mrs. Delany) brought into fashion at the Irish Court. Lady Betty Germain writes as follows about the Duchess of Dorset to Dean Swift, Nov. 4, 1731. "I mightily approve of my duchess being dressed in your manufacture. If your ladies will follow her example in all things, they cannot do amiss."

who I know is not indifferent to you. I prescribe to you the method I pursue, every day that is tolerable, Phill and I walk *three times* round Stephen's Green, which is two English miles. I never had my health better than since being here. They make mighty good gloves here; but I shall not be able to send you any; they are prohibited.

Last Saturday my cousins came from Plattin; I went to them on Sunday-night. Miss Granville has got a very handsome French stuff from France, that her brother[1] has made her a present of. He lives very magnificently at Paris, Villiers is with him, and is his domestic chaplain; how much will he improve from so worthy a preceptor (!) I don't hear that any time is fixed for his return home. Monday we spent at home; and in the evening had an assembly of our prettiest men—Mr. Percival, Mr. Frank Hamilton (the clergyman),[2] Mr. Coot, Mr. Will. Usher. We sang and talked, and were very good company. Tuesday were invited to eat oysters at Mr. Pilkington's, and went accordingly, every woman was to take a man. Mrs. Clayton took Index; Mrs. Don, Frank Hamilton: my man was to have been Mr. Usher, but he basely deserted me; so by way of revenge, I seized on Phill's partner; secured him to myself the whole night, and left her to take care of herself, which she knows how to do as well as any of them all, but nothing less serves her proud spirit than an *Archbishop* or a *General!* At present she *has the last* in her power, his fortune, quality, temper, unexceptionable, (this is no joke,) while I must forsooth be contented with a poor curate! We were not

[1] Lord Weymouth.

[2] The Hon. and Rev. Francis Hamilton, son to the 6th Earl of Abercorn.

very merry at Mr. Pilkington's till after supper, when our spirits danced, and *we sung* most harmoniously.

I have enclosed you a poem to insert in our book, you must not give a copy of it to anybody. I dare not *tell* you the author, who, I believe you will think, has no reason to be ashamed of the piece. I sent you last post The Grand Question debated, a poem by Swift: I hope you have received it safely, and I am endeavouring to get some more entertainment for you. Miss Bush is abroad again, and comes very often to us: she has lost her fine complexion, but her eyes have *not* received *any damage*, but are lively and sweet; she has many agreeable ways with her, and would please you, I am sure. I believe I told you she has a fine genius for painting; she is hard at work for me, she paints both in oil and water-colours. I have enclosed you a little scrap of her drawing, which she scratched out by candlelight in a minute. I hope you draw sometimes. I fancy if you copied some landscapes, and did them in Indian ink, you would like it better than faces. I am sure, with very little application, you would do them very well; but copy only from the best prints.

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*Mrs. Pendarves to Mrs. Ann Granville in the East Gate Street, Glocester, England.*

Bess has had a sad time of it between her two melancholy sisters. I shall long to see the dear little house in Mary's parish, let me know how it is to be trick'd out? Mrs. Donnellan, alias Queen Elizabeth, alias Philomella, has got another very bad cold: she was much delighted with your letter, and if she can will answer it this post.

John King is with me, and grows fatter and fatter. Many thanks attends mama, beside my humble duty, for the receipt of y^e^ eye-water: Miss Forth is a woman of great merit and one you would like extremely. I have ten thousand things more to say to you, but time says *no*; we dine abroad to day, I am not drest, the clock has struck two. Last night we had a full assembly, all the fine folks, but plague take them for engrossing so much of my time, and not allowing me a reasonable opportunity of telling you *all I know and all I think*. My dear Sally I have not yet wrote to — I am provoked when I think of it: I never pass a day without *some thought* concerning her, but I can now say no more but that in short I am for ever yours.

M. PENDARVES.

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*Mrs. Pendarves to Mr. Bernard Granville.*

Dublin, 7th March, 1731-32.

MY DEAR BROTHER,

May your assemblies increase at Wells, and every agreeable entertainment that can give you any pleasure. A thousand thanks to you for your last letter. I will not defer my answer, though I am in a monstrous hurry.

'Tis fit in return for the account you give me of your amusements, that I let you know what we do here. Why, on the first of March we went to Court in the morning, heard a song of Dubourg's, (not so pretty as the last,) after that compliment was over and we had refreshed ourselves by dinner, we went again at seven. The ball was in the old beef-eaters hall, a room that holds

seven hundred people seated, it was well it did, for never did I behold a greater crowd. We were all placed in rows one above another, so much raised that the last row almost *touched the ceiling!* The gentlemen say we looked very handsome, and compared us to Cupid's Paradise in the puppet-show. At eleven o'clock minuets were finished, and the Duchess went to the basset table.

After an hour's playing the Duke, Duchess, and nobility marched into the supper-room, which was the council chamber. In the midst of the room was placed a holly tree, illuminated by an hundred wax tapers; round it was placed all sorts of meat, fruit, and sweetmeats; servants waited next, and were encompased round by a table, to which the company came by turns to take what they wanted. When the doors were *first* opened, the hurly burly is not to be described; squawling, shrieking, all sorts of noises: some ladies lost their lappets, others were trod upon. Poor Lady Santry[1] almost lost her breath in the scuffle, and fanned herself two hours before she could recover herself enough to know if she was dead or alive. I and my company were more discreet than to go with the torrent; we staid till people had satisfied their curiosity and hunger, and then took a quiet view of the *famous tree*, which occasion'd more rout than it was worth. I have enclosed you the newest piece of wit now stirring; the author they say is Mr. Fitzmorris.

Miss Burton was married last week privately to my Lord Netterville; Lord Montjoy was bit, and some say Miss Pearson, who had given my Lord Netterville great encouragement. I hope in your next letter to hear of

[1] Lady Santry, daughter of Sir Thomas Domville, and wife of Barry, 3rd Lord Santry, who died Jan. 27, 1734.

Joseph Browne sc.

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGUE.

*From an original enamel picture by Zincke, in the poſſeſſion of His Grace the Duke of Portland*

London. Richard Bentley. 1861

your leaving your quarters. Your lively neighbour will make rare work among us here where a sprightly English lady is very well liked. We are in hopes of Mrs. Southwell's coming over; I don't know how the present beauties will like such potent rivals, I who have no pretence of being disturbed on that account, shall be *very glad* to see them. Adieu, my dear Bunny.

I am yours most affectionately,

M. PENDARVES.

I had almost forgot to tell you of my brother Bevill's good fortune. He arrived at North Carolina very well. All here make their compliments to you. Mr. Frank Hamilton is your humble servant, and proud of being remembered by you.

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*Mrs. Pendarves to Mrs. Ann Granville.*

Dublin, 11th March, 1731-32.

Miss Forth is much obliged to you for your kind wishes on her account; she is better, but mends very slowly. Who is Mrs. Lanze—what sort of woman? I received the riddle which you say Lord Cornbury wrote. I don't think there is a vast deal in it; what fruit is it—a pineapple? Lady Wortley's[1] verses *are pretty*; how *ill* her *actions* and *her words agree*!

You are very good in taking such care about the boxes. I am afraid I have given you a great deal of trouble, though I know you will say not.

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[1] Query. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu? Her verses are published in Lord Wharncliffe's edition of her works, to which Lady Louisa Stuart wrote the preface.

Letty Bushe. is a very good-humoured agreable girl, with abundance of fancy; we never meet without giving the company a great deal of entertainment. I will tell you exactly how my acquaintance stand in my favour; Phill is out of the question, I have a friendship for her far above any I can cultivate here, yet such a one as you have no reason to complain of, for I can firmly protest my love to you has not diminished, but rather increased since my intimacy with her. I like Mrs. Clayton *very well*, but I *think* it is *chiefly founded* on her being sister to Phill, and gratitude for the civilities I have received from her. I esteem Mrs. Hamilton as a woman of excellent sense and conduct. and I would (were I under her circumstances of life) place her as *my pattern*, I like her company extreamly; she is easy, unaffected, has read a good deal, and her memory serves her very well on all occasions. Miss Mary Forth (the young. lady in the house with us) has a more exalted understanding and great quickness of parts, but I have often spoken of her, so I shall say no more, but that it is almost impossible to know her and not have some degree of. love for her. She has two sisters very different in their characters, the one older and the other younger than herself; the eldest, Miss Betty Forth, has more sense than comes to her share, but withall so fantastical, that 'tis not easy to describe her; she has a *great deal of wit*, but she must like her company prodigiously when she bestows any of it on them, unless she is angered, and then *nothing ever was so keen.* Miss Doll Forth, the youngest, does not want for understanding, though her sisters have the advantage of her on that side; she is good-humoured, and a good deal

in the way of the world; her person rather pretty than otherwise, has a great deal of vivacity, and is *very ingenious*—'tis she that paints *so well.* Kelly comes here, for ever she has taken such a liking to Phill that she will *not live* without seeing her *once a-day!* She is very harmless, and not at all coquet; I thought her quite another creature before I was so well acquainted with her. She brings in all the wit that flies about, and now and then adds a little of her own. These are the women that we converse with most, and from the variety of characters can't fail of some diversion.

I am glad you *can resent* our being left out of the *list* of beauties, I think it was a great slur upon us; the poet has had reason to repent of the great homage and distinction paid to Miss Burton, for she has used him like a dog, and is since married to Lord Netterville,[1]—a fop and a fool, but a lord with a tolerable estate, who always wears fine clothes; she has nine thousand pound for her portion, with a pretty person much in vogue.

I believe I did not say one word to you of our Birthday ball; why it was nothing more than what we had for the King's Birthday, only that in the supper-room there was placed a holly-tree, illuminated by an hundred wax tapers, round which was placed the meats, fruits, and sweetmeats, the servants next, and all was surrounded by a table to which the company came, and was served with everything they wanted. There was a *monstrous crowd;* I did not dance.

I have had a most excellent letter from Gran, which I

[1] Nicholas Netterville, 5th Viscount Netterville, married Catherine, daughter of Samuel Burton, Esq., of Burton Hall, in the county of Carlow. Their son John succeeded at his father's death, in 1750, as 6th Viscount.

will preserve for you; as for Lord Tyrconnell, I don't relent or repent one bit;[1] and as you say, Molly Petty may console me.

As to the grand affair of my returning to my dear mother and sister, 'tis what my heart is full of, from no other motive than the impossibility of my being happy when long absent from you, otherwise I can't say I have had reason one moment since I came here to wish myself away. I believe I ought to stay till the spring, but I can't determine till I know what Mrs. Percival will do. If she comes to Ireland this summer it will be to fix for ever, and I shall have no prospect of seeing Phill any more unless I make her a visit, which will not be easily done; if Mrs. Percival does *not* come I fancy she will insist upon her returning to her this summer. I will not let her go without me. Prudence pleads strongly for my staying here till spring, Love draws me away this summer. I know which would get the better if I was quite at liberty, but the Bishop interferes and swears (*as much as a bishop may*) that I shall not go till spring.

But I did not tell you what I did on Thursday last. Why Mrs. Graham, Miss Granville, one Mrs. Clements, and myself—four dull women, without so much as one cavalier to attend us—went to Mr. Conolly's house, called Castle Town, 'tis not in his possession at present, but will be so after his aunt's death. It is a large heavy building, a vast deal of room in it, but not laid out with a good taste, the furniture good, but not disposed to the best advantage, the situation very fine, and the country about extremely pleasant—some wood and pretty

[1] This alludes to the positive refusal Mrs. Pendarves gave to Lady Carteret when she advised her to marry Lord Tyrconnel.

winding rivers. Our *sleepy* lover was yesterday dubbed a knight, and to-day I have promised to give him the meeting at the Graham's, where I shall dine, but I am afraid *Sir Edward Pièrce* will hardly think it worth his while to make up for the neglects of *Captain Pierce!* Our parliament was dismissed yesterday.

The town will now grow idle—most people talk of going into the country. The Duke goes to England the 27th of April, but first he makes a visit to Plattin, and I doubt the Duchess goes, it will put my cousins in a fuss, and give them very little pleasure, for they are as awkward as ever at entertaining strangers; and I am afraid they will insist upon my going with them, but I had rather be excused.

I suppose you know that Lord Weymouth is in England. Cyrus, by this time, has blotted me out of his memory, or if he does remember me, it can only be to reproach me; what can I say *for* myself? What can I indeed say *to myself*, that have neglected so extraordinary a correspondent? I only am the sufferer, but I should be very sorry to have him think my silence proceeded from negligence, I declare 'tis want of time! then there's poor Sally, too, who I think of every day, but cannot find a moment to tell her so, though soon I will endeavour to acquit myself in a proper manner to them both. I can't put myself into better hands for making an excuse for me than in yours. As for Mrs. Butler, I am sure she never received my letter, or I never hers, I have not been able to write again, and I conclude she is quite outrageous against me. There's Mrs. Foley, too—I declare I have never answered her letter; 'tis not want of good-will to her, I am sure; when I am nearer to

her I will make amends for what is past, but this must be a year of indulgence to me. Lady Carteret, Miss Carteret, nay, even Lady Sunderland, make heavy complaints against me.

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*Mrs. Pendarves to Mrs. Ann Granville.*

Dublin, 30 March, 1732.

You are, my dear, for better things designed than moving of old rubbish and lumber, but I am glad you have eraced *those characters* that were in the old hangings,[1] they were too dear and too sacred to be ridiculed by an insensible logger-head; you have placed those words just where I desire they should ever remain, and where I depend upon their being inviolable. Ah, my dear sister, what enjoyment has my Lady Sun: had of her new house? I declare I would not accept of it on the terms she has hitherto held it; the continual irritation of mind she has been under on Sir R's account, has been purchasing her magnificence at a dear rate. I had a letter from her last post, she is better satisfied than she was, and seems confident of her husband's innocence; but he *has been in very bad company.*[2] I already delight in your garden; pray have plenty of roses, honeysuckles, jessamine and sweet briar, not forgetting the lily of the valley, which I would rather be than any flower that grows—'tis retired, lives in shade, wraps up itself in its mantle, and gently reclines its head as if

[1] This probably alluded to some of the relics removed from Buckland, and to some motto worked by Mary Granville in her father's life time.

[2] June, Friday, 23rd.—"Sir Robert Sutton, Knight of the Bath, entered into recognizances before the Barons of the Exchequer, not to depart the kingdom for one year, and until the end of the next sessions of Parliament, &c., pursuant to the late Act."

ashamed to be looked at, not conscious how much it deserves it. How pretty it is! Who would not be that flower? I am afraid you are not careful enough of your foot. By this time the wind has chopped about, and conveyed my letters to you: from the finest weather in the world we have now the worst.

This has been a week of great mirth and jollity; on Monday Phill and I went to the ridotto with Mrs. Wesley, where we met with no disturbance; it began with a concert of music, the Duke, Duchess, and Lady Caroline were there; they went away when the music was over, and after some hideous minuets, we went to country dances. Mr. Wesley was my partner, there were twenty couple, four dances were as much as my spirits would bear. We got home by a little after twelve.

On Tuesday we had a party more to my *goût*. Mr. Wesley in the days of yore, (before he had his great fortune,) had a little house about three miles out of town, called Butlers Town,—the situation of it very fine, something like Roskrow, but nearer the sea. It is now in possession of a near relation of his, Mr. Kit Ussher, a very sensible, plain, good humoured man: his wife is a poor little meek woman that never makes or mars sport. To this place the old jaunting set went, about two o'clock, where we had cold fowl, lamb, pigeon pye, Dutch beef, tongue, cockells, sallad, much variety of liquors, and the finest syllabub that ever was tasted. When we had devoured as much as possible, we all adjourned to Mr. Wesley's, where I was placed at the harpsichord, and after jangling a little, Mr. Wesley took his fiddle and played to his daughters' dancing. Those children grow prettier and more agreeable every day than

the other, and remember you very well. We mustered up five couple and danced two hours; the master of house fiddled and danced the whole time; then we went to supper, and had a profusion of "*peck and booz*" (terms for meat and drink) and extravagance of mirth. We parted at half an hour after one.

Yesterday, we had an entertainment of another sort, and very agreeable in its way,—an assembly at Mrs. Butler's, a lady I have mentioned in some of my former letters, cards of all sorts; I played two pools at commerce: when that was over, at ten o'clock was placed on little tables before the company as they sat, a large Japan board with plates of all sorts of cold meat neatly cut, and sweetmeats wet and dry, with chocolate, sago, jelly, and salvers of all sorts of wine. While we were eating, fiddles were sent for, (a sudden thought). We began before eleven and held briskly to it till half an hour after two. Phill was not idle; she danced with her cousin Will (Usher), and I with Mr. Butler: we were eight couple of *as clever dancers* as ever eye beheld, though *I say it that should not.*

To-day we are to dine at the college with Mr. Lloyd, a clergyman, a great friend of the Bishop's, a worthy, agreeable, well-behaved young man; he has a living near Killala, and is to be with us there. (Remember his name and character, because I shall speak of him sometimes.) We shall be very merry in a quiet free way to-day, and come home soberly at eleven: nobody is allow'd to stay in the college after that hour. Pray let me know in your next letter those people that I have mentioned in my letters, with whom you are best acquainted: I don't love to name people whose characters you don't know some-

thing of, as it must be very dull to you. I took a great deal of pains last year to get my mother's picture from Lady Catharine Jones, and have attempted it several times to no purpose. I hope you will have better success. I will pay the money for it positively. Adieu.

For ever yours,

M. PEN.

Gran[1] has writ a poem call'd the Progress of Musick, which, if we can coax her to show, will give us great diversion; 'tis writ in *ridicule* of Mr. Pilkington. We design to send her verses by way of praising her works. You must contribute and enclose it to me, either comical or the highest sublime—which you please; you must not fail sending some to me, 'tis to be quite among ourselves.

The Lady Catherine Jones, mentioned in this letter as having a picture of Mrs. Granville, was the third daughter of Richard Earl of Ranelagh. She was a correspondent of Dean Swift's, and in one of her letters to him she writes as follows:—"The world teaches us that *relations* and *friends* look like two different species, and though I have the honour to be related to my Lord Burlington, since the death of his good father and mine, the notice he takes of me is as if I was a separated blood, or else I am vain enough to say that we are sprung from one ancestor whose ashes keep up a greater lustre than those who are not yet reduced to ashes."

The ancestor alluded to was Richard Boyle, 1st Earl of Cork, to whom Lord Burlington and Lady Catherine Jones were great-grandchildren. A gap here occurs in the correspondence of more than a month.

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[1] "*Gran.*"—Query, the Hon. Ann Granville, daughter of George Lord Lansdowne, and sister of Mrs. Graham of Platten.

*To Mrs. Ann Granville.*

Dangan, 27 May, 1732.

We left Dublin last Thursday at twelve o'clock, stopped at a place called the Pace, where we bated ourselves and our horses. Miss Kelly and Letty Bushe accompanied us so far on our journey in a chaise, Mr. Usher, Nemmy Donnellan and Mr. Lloyd on horseback; those that we were to leave behind had most sorrowful faces. Phillis's love, and mine (that is Miss Kelly and Letty Bushe) played their parts very handsomely, and I should have been very glad could they have proceeded on the journey with us, but that was not practicable, so part we must, and did; at five o'clock I went in a chaise with my L[d] Bishop; the evening was very pleasant, and the road very good.

Mr. Wesley took a walk to meet us two mile from his house; we got to our journey's end about eight o'clock, were received with a very hearty welcome; we shall not stay here longer than the latter end of next week. Our young men are not with us now, but are expected to day. The house is very large, handsome, and convenient, the situation not very pleasant, the country being flat about it, and great want of trees. Mr. Wesley is making great improvements of planting trees and making canals. You know the good people so well that belong to this place, that there is no occasion for me to say how agreeable they make their house, and they never fail of obliging me by enquiring after my dearest sister. The sweet little girls remember you and all your pretty ways. Miss Wesley does the honours of the house as well as if she was a woman. We live magnificently, and at the same time without

ceremony. There is a charming large hall with an organ and harpsichord, where all the company meet when they have a mind to be together, and where music, dancing, shuttlecock, draughts, and prayers, take their turn. Our hours for eating are ten, three, and ten again; I am afraid I shall not be able to write to you again a great while, if I can once more before I leave Dangan I will, but what I shall do on the road I cannot tell, however I *will write* though I may run the hazard of a miscarriage by it; my brother I suppose is still with you. After this post I will not trust to that, because Sir John Stanley writ me word, he expected him soon to town. Our correspondence will have a cruel interruption till I am settled at Killala; tongues are already levelled at me for writing so much; let them scold on, I will find time to fill this sheet. I hope my dear sister will endeavour to make herself and my mama easy at my staying so much longer in Ireland than I at first designed, for I never had my health better in my life; this country agrees perfectly well with me. Sir John Stanley, I find by one of his letters, has been told that I am going to be married: I easily guessed the party though he did not name him; it is very likely the same report may reach your ears,—this is therefore to give you notice that it is altogether groundless. I cannot perform my promise of filling this sheet of paper; I am called off from my employment, but 'tis not in the power of mortal man or woman to call my thoughts from my dearest sister, who occupies all my tender faculties. My duty to dear mama.

Yours entirely,
M. Pen.

The following account of Dangan is given in Hall's Ireland:—"Dangan, the former seat of the Wesleys, is distant about seven miles from Trim, and about twenty from Dublin. On the death of Lord Mornington, it became the property of the Marquis of Wellesley, from whom it was purchased by a gentleman named Boroughs, who, after residing there some time, and adding to it many improvements, let it on lease to Mr. Roger O'Connor. While in his possession the house and demesne were dismantled of every article that could be converted into money; the trees (of which there was an immense variety, of prodigious height and girth,) rapidly fell beneath the axe; the gardens were permitted to run waste. An application to the Lord Chancellor proved utterly ineffective, and at length, the premises being largely insured, the house was found to be on fire, and was of course consumed before any assistance could be obtained to extinguish it. One portion of the building, the walls of which are of prodigious thickness, is still inhabited by a farmer, who superintends the property."

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Newtown Gore,[1] 12th June, 1732.

We are now, my dear sister, within six mile of Killala. We came here on Saturday night, and are to decamp this morning. But before I say anything of this place or the person it belongs to, I must let you know all that has happened since I last wrote to you. This is the third letter I have addressed to you in my travels; my first was from Mr. Wesley Dangan; the other was from Mr. Mahone, Castlegar. I hope you have received both those letters, that you may see that wherever I go you are still in mind; not that I believe you want a confirmation of

[1] Newtown Gore.—There are some vestiges of the ancient abbey of Moy, and close to the village is a large druidical altar. About 2½ miles to the south, are the ruins of the castle of Longfield.

*Lewis' Topographical Dictionary of Ireland*, 1837.

that. Well, (as I was saying in my last to you), we went a-fishing to the most beautiful river that ever was seen, full of islands delightfully wooded. We landed on one of the islands belonging to the gentleman that carried us there—Mr. Mahone. A cloth was immediately spread on the grass under the shade of the trees, and within view of the winding of the river, great variety of provisions was produced. We sat ourselves down and partook very plentifully and merrily of the good cheer before us; our sweet Phill supplied the place of nightingales, and the weather favoured us. I often sighed that you were not there to share so agreeable an entertainment, for I think I have not met with anything since my being in Ireland that I have liked so well. We staid on the water till eight o'clock, then went to a cabin, which is such a thing as this thatched. It belongs to a gentleman of fifteen hundred pounds a year, who spends most part of his time and fortune in that place: the situation is pretty, being just by the river side, but the house *is worse* than I have represented. He keeps a man cook, and has given entertainments of twenty dishes of meat! The people of this country don't seem solicitous of having *good dwellings* or more furniture than is absolutely necessary—*hardly so much*, but they make it up in *eating and drinking!* I have not seen less than fourteen dishes of meat for dinner, and seven for supper, during my peregrination; and they not only treat us at their houses magnificently, but if we are to go to an inn, they constantly provide us with a basket crammed with good-things: no people *can be more hospitable or obliging*, and there is not only great abundance but great order and neatness. All this by way of digression. We went to the above-mentioned cabin, where we had tea,

wine, bread and butter, and might have had a supper would we have accepted of it. At nine we mounted our chaises and returned to Mr. Mahone's, where we had spent Saturday, Sunday, and Monday. On Tuesday we proceeded on our journey; that night lay at Tuam, where we had a very tolerable inn, where Mr. Loyd met us; his living is near Killala, and he is to be all the summer with us, which I am glad of, for he is a very good-humoured, well-behaved man. From Tuam we went to Mr. Bingham's, the name of the place Castlebar,[1] where we staid Thursday and Friday. The house is a good old house, and Mr. Bingham is improving about it, so that in time it will be a very pretty place, there are very pretty shady lanes about it, at the end of them a wood; at some distance from the house there is a *lough*, which in our language is a lake.

The face of the country has very much improved since we left Mr. Mahone's, bogs less frequent, and pretty woods and water have supplied their place—a good exchange you'll say. The country of Ireland has no fault but want of inhabitants to cultivate it; the mountains and noble *loughs*, of which there are abundance, make a fine variety, but they *cut down all their woods* instead of preserving them here. Mr. Bingham and his lady are very agreeable people; he has been a great beau, and has seen a good deal of the world, is now turned perfect country gentleman, and affects bluntness and humour, which he manages so as to be very entertaining; Mrs. Bingham is very civil, and a smart woman. We left them on Saturday morning, travelled that day over very high mountains—a pretty romantic road. The roads are much better in Ireland than England,

[1] "*Mr. Bingham's, Castlebar*," now the residence of the Earl of Lucan.

mostly causeways, a little jumbling, but *very safe*. We arrived at this place on Saturday about nine o'clock; 'tis an old castle *patched up* and very irregular, but well fitted up, and good handsome rooms within. The master of the house, Sir Arthur Gore,[1] a jolly red-faced widower, has one daughter, a quiet thing that lives in the house with him; his dogs and horses are *as dear* to him as his children, his laugh is hearty, though his jests are coarse. His eldest son married a widow of great fortune, daughter to Mr. Saunders; her father I believe has something to do with Snowhill, for Sally writ to me about her father's having a mind to *plough up the hill*, and I hope soon I shall have an opportunity of doing him some service. Mrs. Gore is expected here, and I will not forget Sally. By the wall of this garden runs a river that ends in a lough, we rowed all over it yesterday; 'tis bounded by vast mountains, such as you never saw. As soon as I have finished this letter I must eat my breakfast, and then depart, for all things are ready.

Phill hopes she shall find a letter from you at Killala; you may now direct your letters to me there; you need say no more than *for me "at Killala, in Ireland."* The poverty of the people as I have passed through the country has made *my heart ache*, I never saw greater appearance *of misery*, they live in great extremes, either *profusely* or *wretchedly*.

[1] Sir Arthur Gore, of Newton Gore, in the county of Mayo, was created a Baronet in 1662; his grandson, Sir Arthur, was M.P. for Longford in 1727, and married Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Maurice Annesley, Esq. Their son was the 1st Earl of Arran, who, in 1730, married Jane, daughter of R. Saunders, Esq.

*Mrs. Pendarves to Mrs. Ann Granville,*

Killala, 21st June, 1732.

Killala is a very pretty spot of ground; the house old, and indifferent enough, the sea so near us, that we can see it out of our window; the garden, which is laid out entirely for use, is pretty,—a great many shady walks and full-grown forest trees. The Bishop has added a field, and planted it in very good taste; there are abundance of green hills on one side of the garden, on the other a fine view of the Bay, and main ocean beyond it, and several pleasant islands. I have given already an account of our journey, and how my heart fluttered as I went further from you, but I must not turn my thoughts that way now, if I do I shall soon grow incapable of finishing my letter.

One day Miss Don, Miss Forth, Mr. Crofton, Mr. Lloyd, and your Penny, mounted their horses to take the air! We rode very pleasantly for a mile by a sweet river, were caught in a smart shower of rain, took shelter in a cabin as poor as that I described to you some time ago, the master of it the *greatest bear* that ever walked erect on two legs, his wife little better, and that man is absolutely worth two thousand pounds a year; "*muck is his darling,*" poor miserable wretch! but, however, he had hospitality to receive us as civilly as his sort of manners would allow, made a good fire, and his wife gave us tea; the sky cleared, we took our leave, and returned home wisely moralizing all the way, and condemning the sordidness of the wretch we left behind us.

Last Sunday the Bishop gave us a very good sermon. Perhaps you think our cathedral a vulgar one, and that

we have an organ and choir; no! *we* have no such popish doings,—a good parish minister and *bawling* of psalms is our method of proceeding! The church is neat, but you *would not dream* it was a cathedral! I suppose you never set your foot within a parish church, now you are placed so near the college. Monday we made visits to some of the townspeople; there are none better than Mrs. Herbert or some of her rank, which eases us of much ceremony. Tuesday we had a very clever expedition,—the Bishop and I in a chaise, Mrs. Clayton, Phill, and Miss Forth on horseback; Mr. Crofton, Mr. Lloyd, and another black coat made up the train. We went to a place about five miles off where the salmon fishery is,[1] the house put me in mind of Redgate,[2] in Cornwall,—the place mama used to be so fond of. We saw the river drawn as we stood in the garden, and a whole net full caught of salmon and trout. It was very good sport, but what was best of all, those salmon were dressed for our dinner, and we regaled very plentifully; we might have eat *beef*, *pig*, *lamb*, or *goose*, but we stuck to fish and left the flesh for vulgar mouths. Phill and I changed places when we returned home; the evening favoured us; part of our way home was over a pleasant strand. To-day we dined at one Mr. Palmer's, a gentleman that lives a mile off, the only very agreeable neighbour we

[1] The river here mentioned is the river Moy, on which there is a salmon leap, the fishery of which was mentioned by Berins, in 1837, as very productive; the rent being from 1200*l.* to 1400*l.* a-year, although in 1779 it was let for only 250*l.* He also states, that as many as one thousand and thirty salmon have been taken at one time. The Ballina fish were sent to Liverpool and Glasgow, and the season for fishing closes on the 12th of August.

[2] Redgate, situated just above Fowey river, in St. Cleer parish, about four miles from Liskeard, in Cornwall

have; he is a very good sort of man, has a handsome fortune, his wife a civil, gentle, agreeable woman: they are very fond of one another, but both melancholy in their dispositions; they were married some time and had no children, at last she had one son, which is so great a darling and so much spoiled, that I believe she'll repent of her wishing so earnestly as she did for a son. He is a fine boy, has great vivacity (the more likely to prove her plague); we had a very fine dinner; she played once very well on the harpsichord, but has left it off, and I am in hopes she will lend us her harpsichord as she has no use for it herself; we have staid longer than we intended.

I expect the post every minute, beside supper stays for me, which puts me into a hurry of the spirits. We rise at eight, meet altogether at breakfast at ten, after that sit to work, Phill holds forth, Zaide[1] entertains us at present in French,—'tis a pretty romance. How I love Belasive, Alphonzo's mistress, and pity him, though his folly wrought his destruction. We dine at three, set to work again between five and six, walk out at eight, and come home time enough to sit down to supper, by ten, very pretty chat goes round till eleven, then prayers, and so to bed.

How many of my waking and sleeping hours does my dearest sister occupy! I harassed mama with a long letter

[1] Zaide, Histoire Espagnole, par Monsieur de Segrais (J. Regnauld de Segrais), avec un Traité de l'Origine des Romans, par Mr. Huet. Published at Amsterdam, chez Jaques Desbordes, M.DCCXV. 12mo. Edition in British Museum. The above edition could not have been the first, as it was "done into English by P. Porter, Esq.," and published in London, 1678. Gonsalvo, son of Alphonso, king of Leon, appears to be the hero; and the story takes place about 50 years after the Moors invaded Spain,—Zaide being the daughter of a Moor. (Madame La Fayette is believed to have asssited Mons. de Segrais in this work.)

the post before last; I hope she received it. I have asked you twenty times about the Bishop of Gloucester,[1] who he is and what he is? I must go—a cruel case. My humble duty and service to all as due. Phill croaks out as hoarse a note as she can by way of reproach for your ill usage of her correspondence. Had my paper been three ells long, I should have reached the bottom I verily believe, though *all the bishops* in the universe were *waiting supper for me.* I am yours for ever and ever, M. PEN.

See of Killala, Barony of Tyrone, County Mayo. Founded by St. Patrick between 434 and 441. St. Patrick, it is said, built a church at this place, called Kill Aladh, over which he placed one of his disciples, St. Murduch, as bishop, whose successors were called by the early writers Bishop of Tiramalgaed, from the surrounding territory, now called the Barony of Tirawley, and also they were called Bishops of O'Fiaira Mue, from the districts extending along the river Moy. Owen O'Connor, Dean of Achonry, was advanced to the see of Killala by Queen Elizabeth, 1591, and allowed to hold the deanery with the bishopric. Archibald Hamilton, who succeeded 1623, obtained from James I. a commendatory grant of the see of Achonry; and his successor, Archibald Adair, 1630, was consecrated Bishop of Killala and Achonry, which appear from that time to have been united. Thomas Otway, 1670, rebuilt the cathedral from the foundation. These sees were held together till the death of Dr. James Verschoyle, 1833, when, under the provisions of the Church Temporalities Act, 3 & 4 William IV., they became annexed to the archiepiscopal See of Tuam, and the temporalities were vested in the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. The diocese is one of the six that constitute the ecclesiastical province of Sligo, and a considerable portion of Mayo. It is forty-three miles long and twenty-one in

[1] The Bishop of Gloucester was Dr. Elias Sydall, translated from St. David's to Gloucester, 1731, and died 1734, when he was succeeded by Dr. Martin Benson, Prebendary of Durham.

breadth, comprises twenty-seven parishes and thirteen benefices. The cathedral is also the parish church. It is an ancient structure with a spire, and was repaired in 1817, when the late Board of First-fruits granted a loan of 1061*l.* 10*s.* 9*d.*, and the Ecclesiastical Commissioners afterwards granted 600*l.* for further repairs.

In the Roman Catholic division this diocese is an appointed bishopric, and one of six suffragans to Tuam. The parish includes the island of Bartra or Bartrach. The castle was formerly the episcopal palace, and in 1837 was the residence of Mr. Bourke. On an eminence in the town is an ancient round tower. At the mouth of the river Moy are the remains of a Franciscan friary, of the "strict observance," founded 1460, by Mac William Bourke. After the dissolution it was granted to Edmund Barrett. At Castlereagh, on the banks of the river Rathfran, two miles from the sea, are the vestiges of a castle of great strength, which was levelled to the ground; and a mile to the west is Carrickanass Castle, built by the family of Bourke, and several forts. The arms of the bishopric are—an open book, a cross and upright crozier. Killala was in the hands of the French for a month in 1798.

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*Lord Lansdowne to Mrs. Ann Granville.*

Old Windsor, June 23, 1732.

MY DEAR NIECE,

If you are angry with me you have reason: it is now nearly six months since I had the pleasure of your good wishes upon the last New Year's Day; though I failed in returning them to you in writing, I did it very sincerely in my heart; but that is not justification enough, since my silence may have given you occasion to think unkindly of me. The truth is, I was so entirely laid up for all the winter months with one of my usual colds in that season of the year that I was not able to

write to anybody. All my other correspondents have forgiven me, and allowed it for a sufficient reason, I trust to your goodness to do so too.

I cannot say that winter is yet over with us. As near as we are to Midsummer-day, the cold rainy weather still obliges us to sit by a fire-side. As "*God*," (they say), "*is in Gloucester*," I hope he takes better care of you. The last news we had of your brother Bevil, was that he was settled, at that time of his writing, to his satisfaction in Carolina, where he found the governour, an old acquaintance and school-fellow at Westminster, who immediately put him in an advantageous way of preaching the gospel and converting infidels. If he could but have been steady but a very little longer in his pious fits in *this old world*, he would soon have been under no necessity to seek his fortune in *the new*, but I hope that is not irretrievable. Time and patience bring about many unexpected events. Pray, if you are so good to restore me to favour, after having in appearance deserved so much to forfeit it, let me hear how my sister, your mother, enjoys her health. Assure her of my constant affection and best wishes, and believe me, my dear niece, always with truth and tenderness,

Your most affectionate uncle and humble servant,

LANSDOWNE.

Lady Lansdowne is very much your humble servant, and your mother's.

Robert Johnson, Esq., was "the Governor" of South Carolina mentioned by Lord Lansdowne; he made his first speech to the general assembly in that colony January 22, 1730-1. George Lord

Carteret, afterwards Earl Granville, was one of the eight lords proprietors of South and North Carolina, as heir to his grandfather, Sir George Carteret, vice-chamberlain of the household to Charles II. The other seven lords proprietors, viz., Edward Earl of Clarendon, George Duke of Albemarle, William Lord Craven, John Lord Berkeley, Anthony Lord Ashley, Sir William Berkley, and Sir John Collaton, having sold and surrendered their respective rights and titles to George II., the one full-unprovided eighth part of the said provinces, and all the premises granted by letters patent, &c. was confirmed by Act of Parliament to George Lord Carteret, in 1744, subject to the payment of an annual rent of 1*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* on the Feast of All Saints, with a right to one fourth part of all the gold and silver ore found upon the premises. The extensive interest that Lord Carteret must have had in North and South Carolina accounts for Mr. Bevil Granville having been sent there.

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*Mrs. Pendarves to her sister Mrs. Ann Granville.*

Killala, 28 June, 1732.

You have already had an account of our journey and safe arrival. You say nothing of my letter from Castle Gar, (Mr. Mahone's) so I suppose that has escaped you. Another you ought to receive from Sir Arthur Gore's. Poor Mrs. Wilson! I am sorry for the shock her death must have given Sally, whose tenderness must sometimes take place of her wisdom, but I hope when she considers the great advantage her sister in all probability will receive by the exchange she has lately made, that she will be reconciled to the loss of a sister that has given her more woe than happiness; pray has Mrs. Wilson left any children? Whilst I am writing this letter my ears are dinged with the Irish howl, our window looks into the churchyard, and during the burial

service there is such a *confusion of howls*, that 'tis enough to distract one. The clouds interposed so much while we were at Dangan, that I could not pay my homage to the planetary world as I designed; but I forget myself, and I am talking like a mortal, though you must know that I am nothing less than Madam Venus, Mrs. Clayton is Juno, Phill Minerva, Miss Forth *the three graces*, so named by Mr. Wesley, who is Paris. Mr. Lloyd Hermes, and Mr. Crofton is the Genius of the grotto that we are erecting. About half-a-mile from hence there is a very pretty green hill, one side of it covered with nut wood; on the summit of the hill there is a natural grotto, with seats in it that will hold four people. We go every morn[g] at seven o'clock to that place to adorn it with shells—the Bishop has a large collection of very fine ones; Phill and I are the engineers, the men fetch and carry for us what we want, and think themselves highly honoured. I forgot to tell you that from the grotto we have an extensive view of the sea and several islands; and Killala is no small addition to the beauty of the prospect, for in the midst of it there is a pillar, not unlike a Roman obelisk, of great height. The town is surrounded by trees, and looks as if it was in the middle of a wood; this affair yields us great diversion, and I believe will make us very strong and healthy, if rising early, exercise and mirth have any virtue.

Could you be here with a wish, our godships would soon have their band enlarged, and we would ravage Olympus to find a title suitable to you. I am glad you correspond with Gran, Phill takes it a little to heart that you have neglected her correspondence so much. I am glad Ogleby is worth your acquaintance. Let no

opportunity of laughter escape you I beg; every hearty laugh you laugh is an addition to my happiness, *so laugh* and *be sure to let me know you do*. I heartily rejoice with you for Mrs. Foley's coming into the country, many pleasant hours may you have together, and much of that time may I employ! "An unreasonable, impertinent wish," says Mrs. Foley, who has not heard from me since my receiving a very obliging letter from her, but I trust you will make my peace. I will not promise for much better behaviour till I have got off from this same Hibernian land.

Notwithstanding many pretty things we do here, the shortening of the days gives me a secret joy—not that I wish for a return to Dublin, but the sooner winter comes, the sooner comes spring, the time when I am to take my flight and perch *I know where*.

I had a letter yesterday from my brother, by this time he is playing the coquet among the belles on Tonbridge walks, and *I know not who can do it better!* I have not yet had a letter from Lady Sunderland since Sir Robert's misfortunes. I believe she has not been in a very writing way; I own my heart aches for her, and the thought of her being unhappy comes across my mind too often. Who could have thought that *her fortune should fail her?* We have begun Clelia, she is a much better French lady than an English one; our hours of work and reading are from breakfast to dinner, and from five to seven our walking hours. You are very good in getting the copple-crowned fowl: I suppose they are white ones. I writ a direction how you were to send them to the Bishop, but for fear that letter should miscarry, I will repeat it.

You can, I suppose, get them conveyed to Bristol, and a bargain made for their passage thence to Dublin, but great charge must be given about them, for as the poor birds are *eatable* things, some one on board the ship may long for a tit-bit; they must be directed to Mr. Ryves, merchant in Dublin. Pray, what is become of Sir Tony? does he correspond with my mother or you? We have not touched a card since we came, but when candle-light is more plenty we shall begin commerce. Must I bid you tell my mother that I am hers most dutifully and affectionately; she does not, I hope, want a confirmation of that, but it cannot be too often repeated. I am now going to build a pyramid for the grotto: I will secretly dedicate it to *you* know who; *if not*, 'tis time you should, and every looking-glass can inform you. Where is the Marquis?

The book called "Clelia," which was read aloud for the amusement of the society at the Bishop of Killala's, is thus entitled:—"Clelia; an excellent new Romance, dedicated to Mademoiselle de Longueville. Written in French by the exquisite pen of (Magdeleine de Scudery, sister of) Monsieur de Scudery, Governour of Nostredame de la Garde." An English folio edition, published in London, 1678. The words "*Magdeleine de Scudery, sister of*," are interlined in ink, in the title-page of the copy in the British Museum. This folio romance has a remarkable commencement, as it begins with "Clelia" and "Aronces" (who are to be married the following day) taking a walk with her father and mother, and seeing a former lover approaching, she leaves Aronces to go to her father and induce him to "prevent mischief," at which express moment an earthquake happens, which divides the ground between Clelia and Aronces, and in the confusion Clelia falls into the power of the rival lover Horatius! There is a map appended, which contains a river representing the course of Esteem, Friendship and Love.

*Mrs. Pendarves to Mrs. Ann Granville.*

Killala, 4th July, 1732.

As I was yesterday sitting on a haycock, thinking intensely of her that gives the relish to all my pleasures, and as a reward for so faithfully performing my duty, my dearest sister's letter was brought to me. As for the riddle, I own my ignorance, I cannot find it out; pray always send me the explanations with your riddles, for I am dullness itself.

Poor Mrs. West! there's an end of her beauty and vanity; the illness she had before her death I hope was of service to her. Just as I came was I dragged out, to go to the grotto: I resisted as much as I could, that I might bestow all the evening on you, but company being here, I was afraid they might be affronted if I shut myself up, and country ladies, you know, are *tetchy things*. I have now snatched up my pen in great haste, much afraid I shall not have time to finish my letter before the postman sounds his horn.

You said not one word to me about Bunny's wearing his own hair.[1] I had a letter yesterday from Lady Carteret; she writes me word that he "looks *very well* with his new-adorned pate." Tell me what you think? *I fancy* a wig became him better; what provoked him to cut *so bold a stroke?* I received a packet of the same sort as yours, the author is easily guessed—she is made of odd materials; I wonder at this time frolics can take place.

[1] In the early part of King George II.'s reign, wigs were very generally worn, some of which were powdered and others not; but some young men wore their own hair dressed and powdered, and some, in imitation of Lord Bolingbroke, wore their unpowdered hair in long ringlets, tied back with a long streaming ribbon.

I have not heard from Lady Sunderland since her misfortunes.[1] I am not much surprised at it, but I think Bess might have given me some account of their affairs; unhappy as they are, it would be more satisfaction to me to hear it from them than from strangers.

Last Monday our family and Mr. Palmer's met on a very agreeable expedition. We were in all twenty; we left home about eleven, and went four mile in coaches and chaises, then we all mounted our horses, and went to a place called Patrick Down, seven mile from Killala. The road is all the way by the sea-side, over vast cliffs, such as you have seen about Mr. Basset's, in Cornwall. We had no prospect from the Downs where we stood, but the main ocean; about a mile from the cliffs, that are of an immense height, is a rock which formerly was joined, I believe, to the part where we stood, for it seemed to be the same height: grass grows upon it, and there is the remains of a wall; it is so perpendicular that no one could climb it. The day was just so windy as to make the waves roll most beautifully, and dash and foam about the rocks. I never saw anything finer of the kind; it raised a thousand great ideas; oh! how I wished for you there! it is impossible to describe the oddness of the place, the strange rocks and cavities where the sea had forced its way. For our feast there was prepared what here they call a "*swilled mouton*;" that is, a sheep roasted whole in its skin, scorched like a hog. I never eat anything better; we sat on the grass, had a rock for our table; and though there was great variety of good cheer, nothing was touched but the *mouton*. The day was very agreeable, and all the company in good humour.

I beg the receipt of American balsam and elder-berry water.

"The misfortunes" of Lady Sunderland may be explained by reference to the records of the reign of King George II., when a Joint Stock Company called "The Charitable Corporation," having for its expressed object the loan of money in large and small sums at a legal rate of interest, and upon any sufficient security. It originated in the reign of Queen Anne, and had maintained its reputation for about twenty years, when in the year 1731, the cashier, George Robinson, M.P. for Marlow, and John Thompson, the warehouseman who had charge of the pledges, both suddenly disappeared in one day. The shareholders, finding that their capital of 500,000*l.* had also disappeared in a mysterious manner, brought the affair before the House of Commons. A secret committee was appointed, and a system of fraud was discovered, in which some of the most considerable persons in the country were implicated. Three members of the House of Commons were expelled for the "sordid knavery" of these transactions—Sir Robert Sutton, Sir Archibald Grant, and George Robinson, Esq.

It is probable that Sir Robert Sutton's well known attachment to the Stuarts prevented the possibility of his exposure and disgrace being avoided on this occasion. He represented the county of Nottingham, was a Privy Councillor, a Knight of the Bath, and a distinguished diplomatist.

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*Mrs. Pendarves to Mrs. Ann Granville.*

Killala, 7th August, 1782.

Long before this will reach you you will be returned from Staunton.[1] I can easily guess how well you spent

[1] Staunton, near Broadway, Worcestershire, and consequently near Buckland, (once the retreat of Col. Bernard Granville,) was at that time the residence of Sarah Kirkham, (Mrs. Capon), it was here that Mrs. Elstob, the Anglo-Saxon scholar, found a home during her trouble.

your time there, but part of the entertainment you expected at Stanway I am afraid you have been disappointed in, for the Fredericks I hear are at Tunbridge. Sir John and my brother are now, I suppose, at London; they write me word that they have not had a great crowd of company. I had a letter two posts ago from poor Lady Sunderland, who bears her misfortunes with great strength of mind; she goes constantly to Islington wells, where she meets abundance of good company. Those waters are rising in fame, and already pretend to vie with Tunbridge: if they are as good it will be very convenient for all Londoners to have a remedy so near at hand. The Scotts are soon to go to Scofton, there, I hope, to end their days; Bess Tichbourne has a strange disorder in her eyes, and has had it for above two months—little blisters that rise on her eyeballs every morning, and continue two or three hours. I never heard of so odd a complaint; Lady Delawarr is in Holland.

Sir Thomas Peyton[1] was married on the 2nd June, at Cambridge—my friend Dr. Williams tied the Gordian knot; the affair was finished at Emneth.[2] Very merry doings they have had ever since; the lady is far from a beauty, but every way else much commended. Now you must know I always thought the Tomtit a better judge of beauty than of the agreeable; I have not heard what fortune, but I fancy no great matter, or it would have been mentioned. It is comical that I, who am removed to one of the remotest parts of Hibernia, should be sending you news from your neighbourhood, but

[1] Married June, 1732, Sir Thomas Peyton, of Doddington, in the Isle of Ely, to Mrs. Skeffington, of 20,000*l.* fortune.—*London Magazine.*

[2] Emneth, county of Norfolk, belonged to Laurence Oxburgh, who married Dorothy great great aunt of the Sir Thomas Peyton, here alluded to.

sometimes foreign papers inform one more exactly of our own affairs than domestic ones. I have been at an island inhabited by nothing but *bullocks*, *rabbits*, and *snails*, it is over against Killala; we took a boat and away we went, the hottest day that ever was felt. When we came to the island every one took a way of his own, my amusement was running after butterflies and gathering weed nosegays, of which there are great plenty; Phill sat down on a bank by the seaside and sung to the fish, got up in haste when she thought it time to join her company, dropped her snuff-box in the sand, and did not recollect it till she was at home. The next day we were to dine at Mr. Lloyd's sister's, who lives four or five miles off; we went by sea, passed the island; Phill said she'd go and look for her box, as odd an undertaking as "*seeking a needle*," &c.; but she went *and found it*. So we proceeded merrily to the place appointed, walked a mile or two on a very pleasant strand, and gathered a fresh recruit of shells for our grotto; the whole day was very pleasant, and put me in mind of our jaunt to Rosteague; but the water was somewhat smoother. Mr. Kit Donellan is come among us, and is a very good addition; he is a man of great worth, and must be valued by all that know him; his only fault is being too reserved, and not caring to preach—that last is unpardonable in him, because nobody does it better; his excuse is weakness of his lungs. I writ my mother word that we had company in the house with us; they stay till Wednesday, after that we shall have another supply; in short, we have almost as much company here as in Dublin, and that is *too much*, indeed we never are so well pleased as when we are by ourselves. To-morrow,

madam, we are to have dainty doings; 'tis Killala fair-day. There are to be the following games, viz., two horse races, one race to be won by the *foremost* horse, another by the *last horse.* A prize for the best dancer, another for the best singer, a third for the neatest drest girl in the company. Tobacco to be grinned for by old women, a race run by men in sacks, and a prize for the best singing boy. Judge you if these will not afford us some good sport. I will let you know who are the visitors, and all the grand doings.

Miss Forth made me abundance of speeches the other day for a letter she writ you, with directions how you might enclose my letters free; but as you have never mentioned the receiving it, or taken the advantage she proffered you, I suppose the letter miscarried; I am sorry you should miss of it, because it cost her some pains to write it; her eyes are not well enough to permit her to write often, or hardly at all.

Lord Weymouth has given his house at Old Windsor to his mother,[1] who *immediately sold it.* I wish he had given it to me! 'twas on a pleasant spot of ground, and the house good enough for me. Lady Carteret writes me word that she has bought the ground her house stood on in Arlington Street, and that my lord designs to build there.[2] Lady Dysart is at Welmingham, Miss Lewson with her: her daughter, Lady Grace, is at Ham,—a fine thriving child; Mrs. Percival is at a lodging at Little Chelsea, and Dr. Delany with her, who has just married a

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[1] "*His mother,*" Lady Lansdowne.

[2] Lord Granville's house in Arlington-street, was the lowest in the street, on the side of the Green Park. It now belongs to Lord Gage.—D.

*Letters of Horace Walpole*, vol. ii. p. 351.

very rich widow: Gran has writ me a very comical account of their way of living; she has an excellent talent at description. Mrs. Mahone's being in the house with us has put a stop to our studies for some time. I writ you word that we had read Dr. Delany's and were about Dr. Berkeley's; I wish if Mrs. Chapon could get them to read she would, and send me her judgment of them; and also let me know (if you have an opportunity of reading them) *your* opinion. Did you get my letter about Nanny Griffith?

Our fiddler has left us, so there's an end of dancing for some time, but we expect a famous piper and hautboy, and then we shall foot it again most furiously. Miss Granville is gone to England; I hear that Lord Lansdowne went as far as Chester to meet her. Mrs. Graham has got another son. I fancy they will take a trip to France, but I have no authority to say it. Miss Bushe writes me once a fortnight—she has as good a command of her pen as of her pencil: she sends me some pretty produce of her pencil every time she writes: when I see you I shall be able to show you a collection of her works. I must write three or four letters this post besides this, so adieu, my much-loved sister; I have not had any letter from my brother Bevil, but my Lord Lansdowne has had an account since I heard of him, that confirms the news of his extraordinary good fortune.

The Islington Wells which are mentioned in this letter, were also called Sadler's Wells, from a spring of mineral water, discovered by a man named Sadler, in 1683, in the garden of a house which he had opened as a public music-room, and called by his

own name, "Sadler's Music House." A pamphlet was published in 1684, giving an account of the discovery, with the virtues of the water, which is there said to be of a ferrugineous nature, and much resembling in quality and effects the water of Tunbridge Wells.

"People may talk of Epsom wells,
Of Tunbridge Springs which most excells;
I'll tell you by my ten year's practice
Plainly what the matter of fact is:
*Those* are but good for *one disease*,
To *all* distempers *this* gives ease."

*A Morning Ramble, or, Islington Wells Burlesqt.*
London, 1684.

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*Mrs. Pendarves to Mrs. Ann Granville.*

Killala, 13th August, 1732.

Your last letter, my dearest sister, raised an idea that I could not think of without a mixture of pain and pleasure, the remembrance of those happy hours that I have passed with you and Sappho: the arbour, Bunhill, the fields, all the places where we have enjoyed her conversation I have a particular regard for, and could not bear their being passed away, had I not hopes of renewing that satisfaction as soon as I can set my foot on English ground: that prospect indeed is too far off, but winter approaches, and as soon as a safe passage may be depended on, I shall sail over the main to my best beloved sister.

I hope Sally finds a great deal of comfort from her fair companion whose person you commend: if she has a mind capable of improvement she has now a fair opportunity of cultivating it to the utmost advantage. I am glad our goddaughter is such a lively creature, and gives you reason to think she *will* have her *mother's wit*. I hope Mr. Gore has accommodated his affairs to Mr. Kirkham's satis-

faction: they say he is a good sort of a young man, but I question if he is unprejudiced enough to relish the conversation of our friend—his life has not been spent with women of *her turn;* so much for Sally, I delight to talk of her! Mr. Gore could not say more of the Bishop of Killala's, &c., than they deserve. The Bishop seems to be one of the best of men, so even-tempered and obliging, everybody is at liberty to do what they like, and he is never so well pleased as when his company is diverted. Mrs. Clayton has also her charms, and Phill's you are acquainted with better than I can describe. Miss Forth is also a very agreeable creature.

Last week we were hard at work in gathering a fresh recruit of shells to finish the grotto. You lost some sport by the Tracys and Fredericks being from home. The verses on Stella and Flavia *positively are* Mrs. Barber's. Dr. Delany's being married to a very rich widow,[1] and Mrs. Barber's design of leaving England soon, may be you know already. We have been diverted lately in reading the renowned history of Reynard the Fox. The fair of Killala has added largely to our library—Parismus[2] and Parismenos,[3] the Seven Champions, Valentine and Orson, and various other delectable histories too numerous to be here inserted. Philosophy,

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[1] Dr. Delany married in August, 1732, Mrs. Tennyson.

[2] "Parismus, (by Thomas Creed or Creede,) the renowned Prince of Bohemia, his most famous, delectable, and pleasant history; containing his noble battailes fought against the Persians, his love to Laurana, the king's daughter of Thessaly, and his strange adventures in the desolate island, etc."—London, 1598, 4to.

[3] "Parismenos: the second part of the most famous delectable history."—London, 1599, 4to.

Creed was a London printer or bookseller, who lived in the 16th century and wrote many works.

romance, and history amuse us by turns; when candles are lighted, Mr. Donnellan, Phill and I, play at back-gammon, the Bishop and Mr. Crofton go to chess, the rest saunter and make their observations on the gamesters; we go to supper at nine, after supper play at pope Joan or commerce till eleven, then go to prayers and so to bed.

This is Sunday morning. Mr. Lloyd is to preach to-day, which I rejoice at, for he preaches prodigiously well. I have a very good joke to tell you, but Phill has a mind to be the tell-tale herself, so I think I must leave it to her: it is a thing that has *flustered me* not a little. You must have patience till next week, and considering how long you kept silence, you may be contented.

We had excellent sport at the fair; I gave you an account of the method that was to be observed, the games and the prizes. About eleven o'clock Mrs. Clayton, well attended, in her coach drawn by six flouncing Flanders mares, went on the strand, three heats the first race. The second gave us much more sport; five horses put in, the last horse was to win, and every man rode his neighbour's horse without saddle, whip, or spur. Such hollowing, kicking of legs, sprawling of arms, *could not* be seen *without laughing immoderately*; in the afternoon chairs were placed before the house, where we all took our places in great state, all attired in our best apparel, it being Mrs. Clayton's birthday; then dancing, singing, grinning, accompanied with an excellent bagpipe, the whole concluded with a ball, bonfire, and illuminations; pray does *your Bishop* promote such entertainments at Gloster as ours does at Killala?

I had a letter last post from Lady Carteret; Lady

Dysart is at Welmington, Miss Lewson with her. Lady Chen's[1] death has enriched my Lord Gower's family; he is a worthy man, and I am glad he should prosper.

You say nothing of my brother's having left off his wig: *how does* his hair become him? what work are you about, and what book?

I suppose you saw the Winningtons and Griffiths; are they as usual, or has any alteration happened? Where is Sir Tony? Now I am drawing towards my fortieth year,[2] 'tis time to enquire after him. Did Mrs. Wilson leave any children? No end of my questions to-day.

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The following paper was found in a sketch-book belonging to Mrs. Pendarves, with views of places in Ireland by Letitia Bushe, especially one of Coote Hill, which is so particularly described in this Journal, and which appears to have been kept by her with the drawing of that place which Miss Bushe had been visiting.

August the 24th, 1732. Left Dublin.

Dined at Lismullen;[3] Mr. Dillon's house made mighty neat; a vast deal of wood and wild gardens about it. Walked to see the ruins of the old Abby near them—a vast building enclosed with large trees, great subterraneous buildings, with arches of cut stone, which make no other appearance above the earth than as little green hillocks, like mole-hills. The arches seem to have been openings to little cells, rather than continued passages to any place; they are very low—whether it be that

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[1] Query. The Lady Cheney, who died at her house in Lisle-street, near Red Lion-square, in June, 1732.

[2] Mrs. Pendarves was then only thirty-two.

[3] Lismullen, five miles from Navar, county of Meath.

they are sunk into the ground, or always were so, I can't judge, but they are formed of very fine cut stone. The Abbey is in the prettiest spot about the house; 'tis surrounded with tall trees, and a little clear rivulet winds about it. The road from Lismullen to Naver very pleasant; passed by Arsalah, which lies upon the Boyn. The house seems a very antique edifice, it has fine gardens, but the trees and meadows that lie by the river are extremely beautiful; their domains reach all along the river, and half the way to Naver. Naver stands just where the Boyn and Blackwater meet, high over the river. I walked over the bridge by moonlight, along a walk of tall elms which leads to a ruined house they call the Black Castle, from a vulgar tradition of its being haunted; it lies over the Blackwater, has a vast number of trees about it, and seems to have been pretty. The "*spirit*" it was visited by was *extravagance;* it belonged two young men, who in a few years ruined themselves, and let the seat go to destruction, and ever since they give out it is haunted, it is now another person's property, and going to be repaired.

The 25th, left Naver, and travelled through bad roads and a dull uninhabited country, till we came to Cabaragh, Mr. Prat's house, an old castle modernized, and made very pretty: the master of it is a virtuoso, and discovers *whim* in all his improvements. The house stands on the side of a high hill; has some tall old trees about it; the gardens are small but neat; there are two little terrace walks, and down in a hollow is a little commodious lodge where Mr. Prat lived whilst his house was repairing. But the thing that most pleased me, was a rivulet that tumbles down from rocks in

a little glen, full of shrub-wood and trees; here a fine spring joins the river, of the sweetest water in the world.

The 26th, left Mr. Prat's, and travelled over the most mountainous country I ever was in; still as we had passed over one hill, another showed itself, Alps peeped over Alps, and "hills on hills" arose: the face of the country not pleasant till I came to Shercock, which is a handsome house, and stands over a fine lake, that has several woods and meadows on the sides of it. A vast deal of heath and ploughed land from that till I came within three miles of Coote Hill, then the scene changed most surprisingly, and the contrast is so strong, that one imagines they are leaving a desert and coming into Paradise. The town of Coote Hill is like a pretty English village, well situated, and all the land about it cultivated and enclosed with cut hedges and tall trees in rows. From the town one drives nearly a mile on a fine gravelled road, a cut hedge on each side, and rows of old oak and ash trees, to Mr. Coote's house. Within two hundred yards of the house is a handsome gate-way, which is built in great taste, with a fine arch to drive through. This house lies on the top of a carpet hill, with large lakes on each side which extend four miles, and are surrounded by fine groves of well-grown forest trees. Below the house and between the lakes is a little copsewood which is cut into vistas and serpentine walks that have the softest sods imaginable, and here and there overgrown forest trees, in the midst of them there is jessamine, woodbine, and sweetbrier, that climb up the trees; and all sorts of flowers sprinkled in the woods; all these have end in the view of a lake of four or five miles long. From the copsewood you go into a spacious moss-walk,

by the lake side: on the other side towards a spacious kitchen-garden, there is a wood of scrub and timber trees mixed, of twelve hundred acres, with avenues cut for a coach to drive through, and up and down little openings into fine lawns, and views of the lake and town of Coote Hill. From this wood I rode, and saw the demesnes in Mr. Coote's hands, which are about thirty fields, finely enclosed with full hedge-rows, corn-meadows, pastures, and a deer-park, enclosed with a high stone wall well stocked with deer it is a very convenient ground.

Coote Hill, in the county of Cavan, was the residence of the Honourable Thomas Coote, son of Richard, Baron Coote. Mr. Coote was one of the Justices of the King's Bench, and in 1696 one of the Commissioners entrusted with the Great Seal. He married three times: 1st, Frances, daughter and co-heir of Colonel Christopher Copley; 2ndly, Elinor, daughter and co-heir of Sir Thomas St. George; and 3rdly, in 1679, Anne, widow of William Tigh, Esq., and daughter of Mr. Alderman Christopher Lovett, of Dublin, by whom he left six children. Mr. Coote died 24th April, 1741. His second daughter by his third wife, married in 1704, Mervyn Pratt, Esq., of Cabra Castle, in the county of Cavan, which place is also mentioned in the narrative as "*Cabaragh.*"

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*Mrs. Pendarves to Mrs. Ann Granville.*

Killala, 27th August, 1732.

I believe Gloster looked dirty enough after the sweets of the Vale of Evesham and Glostershire hills. I have not heard lately of young Walpole's[1] love: I do

[1] "*Young Walpole.*" Horace Walpole was born in 1718. He left Eton in 1734. This might have been him; but it was more likely to have been one or other of his elder brothers; the eldest of whom was afterwards the second Earl of Orford, and the second, the Hon. Sir Edward Walpole.

not hear he has applied elsewhere since his disappointment, and am willing to believe him that rarity,—a *constant man.* Puzzle has acted like one of his profession: I think him monstrously ungrateful to my mother; I have no notion of Tom Frederick's[1] marrying *for love,* I fear the love of money has too powerfully got the possession of him, to let in a spark of generosity.

Now, having answered all your queries, I proceed to inform you how we have passed our time since I last wrote. Last Tuesday our family and the Palmers went to a place called Kilcummin, not very unlike Down Patrick, but nearer to us; the day was very fine, the sea in a great agitation; we had a magnificent entertainment, with a rock our table, and rocks for seats, where we had a full prospect of the sea in *all its glory,* and were shaded from the wind. We were exceedingly merry; no one of the company seemed to want anything to complete their pleasure, except myself. I fell into my usual reveries, which are now so well understood, that I am indulged in them. We returned home well satisfied with our entertainment.

Last Friday we were diverted in another way: it was Mr. Lloyd's birthday, his father was bishop of this place, and Mr. Lloyd was born in this house, for which reasons it was thought proper to solemnize it. We all dressed ourselves out with all our gaiety and abundance of good taudry fancy. After dinner a fiddler appeared, to dancing we went ding dong, in the midst of which I received your last dear letter, Notice was given that a set of maskers desired admittance; so in they

[1] Elizabeth, daughter of Peter Bathurst, Esq., of Clarendon park, Wiltshire, M.P., married Sir Thomas Frederick of Hampton, Middlesex, Bart. She died in 1764.

marched, three couple well adorned with leeks, and a He and She goat were led bridled and saddled with housings and pistols, and their horns tipped with leeks; the whole concluded with an entertainment of toasted cheese.

The enclosed poem was presented to the gentleman of the day, which I think well deserves your notice. They were made by Mr. Donnellan, though he will not own them.

*An Ode on the Birthday of the Rev. Mr. Lloyd.*

RECITATIVE.

Hail to the day
That gave the noble Welshman birth;
Th' illustrious Lloyd.
The pride of Wales and glory of the earth.
Descended from a kingly race
Of Welsh nobility.
Cadwaladyr and Tudor's grace
His royal stock and blazon out his pedigree.

AIR.

What tongue can tell, or pen describe the joy
That ushered in the lovely royal boy.
The shaggy tribe in transports wild,
Did frisk, curvet, and play;
The rugged rocks and mountains smiled,
And Penmaen mawr looked gay.
The leek in freshest verdure clad,
Its choicest odours spread
And formed a beauteous garland glad
T' adorn the hero's head.

RECITATIVE.

From heavenly mansions bright,
The gods with Taffy posted to the earth,
And at Penhwnllys[1] famous castle light,
T' attend the great, the vast the important birth,
They club the lovely babe t'endow.
With every virtue, every grace.
Each god and goddess did their gifts bestow
To dizen out his body, soul, and face.
These Taffy mixed, and his best clay employed,
*Then called the happy composition, Lloyd.*

[1] The name of Mr. Lloyd's ancestral castle in Wales.

AIR.

Let every Welshman then with might and main,
Echo aloud his praise,
And every harp with stirring strain
Call forth its choicest lays.
Let the seas roar,
On the bleak shore,
The rocks their joy proclaim;
And kids and goats,
With quivering throats,
Bleat forth his mighty fame.
Chorus.
Let every, etc.

Ware states in his history of Ireland, that—Bishop William Lloyd was born at Penhwnllys, in the island of Anglesea, in Wales (the Mona of the ancients),[1] but was educated in the University of Dublin, of which he afterwards became a Fellow. In 1683 he was made Dean of Achonry and Chantor of Killala, from whence he was promoted to the sees of Killala and Achonry, by letters patent dated the 28th of February, 1690, and consecrated in Christchurch, Dublin, August 23rd, 1691, by Francis, Archbishop of Dublin, assisted by the Bishops of Kildare, Killaloe, and Clonfert. He died in December, 1716. William Lloyd, Bishop of Killala, had a son born at Wrexham on February 24th, 1691, and a daughter, Susan, also born there June 3rd, 1693. The Penhwnllys family seem to have been Hughes; and one of them married a Lloyd.

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*Mrs. Pendarves to Mrs. Ann Granville, at Gloucester.*

Killalla, 6th Sept., 1732.

I won't make an apology to you, my dear sister, for not writing to you last post; I know you are better pleased

[1] The Isle of Anglesea (in Welsh) is called *Mon*, and the Isle of Man, *Monaw* (or Mon of the Waters); whilst Anglesea is sometimes designated by the Welsh poets, as "*Mon Fynydd*," or Mon of the Mountain. The Romans

that I spared my weak eye, than if I had writ you a very entertaining letter,—besides my place was so well supplied that you have no reason to complain. Phill attacked you with a folio sheet, which I hope you have received safely, I believe it afforded you good entertainment every way. She writes well, and had a very extraordinary affair to relate to you, which she would not suffer me to tell. To speak the truth of the matter, I have been not a little *enraged* about it, but at last I thought it best to make a joke of it: the whole country knows it,[1] and the wretch is ridiculed to that degree, that he has not made his appearance since he wrote the letter,—so much for that.[1] Now for a more pleasing subject.

Your last letter was kind, entertaining, and delightful. I blame myself for not sometimes shewing your letters, they would do you great honour, but I have a particular pleasure in thinking, though they are worthy of being perused by the best judges, that they are designed only for me, and that my shewing them would rather offend than please you. I however read part of some of them to dear Phill, who has the heart and delicacy to be delighted with them, and she says you write better than anybody and with more ease and liveliness. I hope you have now the pleasure of my brother's company, and that the assizes and review will have given you much diversion: you are list'ning to the sound of the trumpet, the beating of the drum, and the fine speeches of the officers, whilst we are occupied in our rural sports, far

called *both Anglesea* and the *Isle of Man*, Mona; but the natives of the latter island called it Mannin, hence the English name of Man. It was further known to the Romans by the names of *Monœda*, *Monabia*, and *Eubonia*.

[1] This joke appears to relate to a letter of proposal from an Irish admirer of Mrs. Pendarves.

removed from the noise and din of the war and warlike men. Our daily amusements I have so often repeated; that you have them by heart, but are they not pretty? do you not wish yourself extended on the beach *gathering shells*, listening to Phill while she sings at her work, or joining in the conversation, always attended with cheerfulness? perhaps you had rather rise by seven and walk to the grotto with your bag of shells, and a humble servant by your side, helping you up the hill and saying pretty things to you as you walk? though may be you choose to be at work in the grotto shewing the elegancy of your fancy, praising your companions' works, and desiring approbation for what you have finished? if this is too fatiguing, 'tis likely you would prefer working or reading till dinner, after that eating nuts and walking to gather mushrooms, &c.

Do *display your fan*, my dear sister, never spare it, and make those wretches tremble that would make you a slave were you in their clutches. I don't believe one word of Tom Tit's great fortune; for I think his aunt and sister would have acquainted me with it were it true. The occasion of Miss Forth's writing to you, was to put you in a way of enclosing your letters to a relation of hers, that would have conveyed them without expense to me; she said nothing of it to me at that time for fear I should oppose her giving herself so much trouble; but I have made your compliments to her, and that will do as well as your writing to her. You have reason to wish to hear Mr. Donnellan preach; he is very excellent that way, but has weak lungs, and is forced to spare himself; he has not brought a sermon with him to Killala, to my great disappointment, I never heard him but once. I believe I

have told you that Mr. Lloyd is a very good preacher, but so modest withall, that 'tis not easily done to get him into the pulpit; he is a mighty good sort of a young man. D's writings are very differently spoke of, some commend them prodigiously, others rail at them, my judgment is that they neither deserve to be extolled nor condemned! he writes with a spirit that sometimes carries him a little towards extravagance, but he means very well, and is hearty and zealous in the cause of religion, is a man of *exemplary charity*, but is very particular in some of his opinions, which he is apt to maintain with obstinacy. Mrs. Barber[1] is come to Ireland they say in order to transplant her family in England; the copple crown'd[2] gentry will be extremely welcome; the Bishop and Mrs. Clayton think themselves much obliged to you for the trouble you have had about them.

Yesterday at five o' the clock in the afternoon we took boat and went to a shore about a mile off to gather shells, where we found a vast variety of beauties. We were very merry at our work, but much merrier in our return home, for five of us, viz., Phill, Mrs. Don., Mr. Lloyd, and a young clergyman (who is here very often, one Mr. Langton), *and Penelope* all mounted a cart, and home we drove as jocund as ever five people were. I laughed immoderately at the new carriage, and wished for you there, more than ever I did when flaunting in a coach and six. The rest of the company were conveyed home

[1] "Mary Barber was born in Dublin, about 1712. She married a person in business, and appears to have been an estimable character. She published a small volume of poems, under the patronage of Dean Swift and Lord Orrery, which are moral and not inelegant." Mrs. Barber died in 1757.—*Walsh's H. of I.*

[2] Referring to the "Copple-crowned fowls," mentioned in a former letter.

in a chaise, being too proud for carting. You must understand that we are as private in this place as heart can wish, and that we may do a hundred frolics of that kind without any other witnesses than the servants of the house. Pray make my compliments in the kindest manner to Mrs. Viney and her family. Where is Mrs. Butler? when you write to her, tell her the reason she has not heard from hence has been because I would not put her to so much expense; I have no opportunity here of getting my letters franked. When I return to Dublin, she shall certainly hear from me. We shall leave this place about the middle of next month. We are all so well pleased with our situation, that if it was convenient to the Bishop, I believe we should prevail on him to stay till Xtmas. My humble duty and tenderest wishes to dear mama.

If Bunny is with you, say something very kind from your faithful

M. P.

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*Mrs. Pendarves to Mrs. Ann Granville.*

Nenagh, Oct. 27, 1732.

This is the first opportunity I have had since my leaving Castlebar, of writing to my dearest sister: the days that we have rested on the road have not happened on post days. If you have suffered by that, I promise you I have heartily shared with you; and the want of telling you every step I took, made the road tedious and dull. Perhaps you'll say that was owing to the bad ways and weather; no indeed; the roads, though bad for Irish

ground, have been very tolerable, and the weather has favoured us just as you wished it should.

I writ to you from Mr. Bingham's: we staid there Tuesday and Wednesday, and were very merry. Left that place on Thursday morning, and dined at another Mr. Bingham's, about eight miles from Castlebar, uncle of the Mr. Bingham we left—a very good, agreeable sort of man, extremely beloved by all the gentlemen of the country; his wife—a plain country lady, civil, hospitable and an immoderate lover of quadrille; their two eldest daughters are beauties—reserved, well-behaved, but not entertaining, so we passed that day *hum-drumish*. The next morning we decamped, and travelled to Tuam; nothing happened on the road remarkable, sometimes I rode, but generally went in the chaise with Phill, that being the way I like best. We got early into our inn, played at my lady's hole, supped, and went early to bed.

The next day we arrived at Mrs. Mahone's, staid there Sunday and Monday, were free and easy, lived as at Killala, everybody went their own way, we *danced and sung*, and were entertained in a very handsome friendly manner. We left them Tuesday morning; jogged on through bogs, and over plains, and about three miles from the place we were to rest, we passed a fine place called Aire's Court, a great many fine woods and improvements that looked very English. We passed the finest river in Ireland—the Shannon, but it was so dark I saw but little of it; it parts Connaught and Munster. The town we lay at that night was Bannahir, in the King's County. After very little rest in a bad inn, we rose at six, and made the best of our way to the place where we are now lodged, which belongs to Mr. Donellan. The

country we passed through the last day was very pleasant; fine oak woods, great variety of hills, little winding rivers, and every pretty circumstance that can make a prospect agreeable. This moment I have heard a piece of bad news—that the post goes out before twelve. I am summoned to breakfast, and after that we are to drive about Mr. Donellan's grounds, to see his improvements. He is going to build, at present he is in a small house in the town, which is part of his estate. They have very fine children, are sensible and agreable people, and live handsomely.

Nenagh is partly in the barony of Upper Ormond, but chiefly in Lower Ormond, county Tipperary, and province of Munster, 19 miles from Limerick, and 75 S.W. from Dublin; on the mail-road between the two. It was one of the ancient manors of the Butlers, by whom the old castle, now in ruins, is believed to have been built. The town is on a stream of the same name. Fairs are held six times a year, under a grant of Henry VIII. to the Butler family. The ruin of the old castle is commonly called "Nenagh Round," and consists of a lofty and massive circular dungeon, or keep.

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*Mrs. Pendarves to Mrs. Ann Granville.*

Nenagh, 30 Oct. 1732.

As I was saying, my dearest sister, this place has afforded me very good entertainment of all sorts. The people you know already, by my account of them. Mr. Donellan has only laid the plan of his improvements, and raised fine nurseries for that purpose; he is going immediately to execute his designs, which when finished will be delightful. Nature has done everything for him

he can desire—fine woods of oak, a sweet winding river, and charming lawns, that will afford him sufficient materials to exercise his genius on. He seems to have a very good taste, and if he could prevail on his countrymen to do as much by their estates as he intends doing, Ireland would soon be as beautiful as England, and in some circumstances more so, for it is *better watered.* I was obliged to cut my discourse to you short, so I resolved to give you the sequel the first opportunity; our time for leaving this place is not quite determined. The Bishop talks of Thursday; but I fancy they will prevail on him to stay till Monday.

The weather has been very favorable to us since our being here; we have gone every morning in chaises to view Mr. Donellan's grounds. We dine at three, plenty of excellent food. After tea and coffee, we divide into different parties. The Bishop and Mr. Donellan go to chess, a party of quadrille is made, and the overplus play at backgammon, at which I always make one. Mr. Kit Donellan is here, and young Nemmy, and we are a jolly company; we sup at ten, and go to bed very late. Yesterday we went to church, the Bishop preached. Company came to dinner, among them a *great beauty,* Miss Pretty: she is very handsome, and if she was less acquainted with it, it would be more agreeable; she is tall and well shaped, and has a great resemblance to Lady Charlotte Hyde and Peg Sutton. We are to dine abroad Tuesday and Wednesday, to my sorrow; for I do hate the fuss of dressing, and unpacking all one's frippery. I have a pretty girl at my elbow, about five years old, who has asked me a thousand questions; Mrs. Donellan has very fine children, her two eldest boys are at school. At home

she has the little girl I just now named, a boy about four, and two younger; I never saw children under better management, and yet have spirit in abundance. I make great diversion out of them, and have made them fond of me.

We shall not go back to Mrs. Wesley's till after we have been at Dublin, which will be more convenient to us all, for our apparel wants to be recruited. I have taken my brother at his word, and have not troubled him with a letter since I began my journey. I suppose you let him know my progress, and that I am now in the County of Tipperary. After breakfast I thought myself sure of time enough to finish your letter; but, a walk was proposed, and the company insisted on my going with them, and by that means my letter was delayed a post. The weather has happily favoured us ever since our being here, by which means we have had an opportunity of seeing all Mr. Donellan's estate, and knowing all his schemes. How much more laudable is his turn, than most country gentlemen's, who generally prefer a good *stable* and *kennell*, to the *best house* and *finest improvements*; though the expense would be rather less. Three days together have we dined abroad.

We shall not go away till Monday; you must not expect to hear from [*a piece here out*], the town of "Nenagh-aroon," that is, in English, *Sweet Nenagh*; at the bottom of the hill, which is covered with wood, runs the river, by the side of which Mr. Donellan can make a walk three miles long, of the finest turf that ever was seen. The river is so well disposed, that he can make cascades, and do what he pleases with it; I almost envy him the pleasure his improvements will give him every hour:

for next to being with the friend one loves best, I have no notion of a higher happiness, in respect to one's fortune, than that of *planting* and improving a country, I prefer it to *all other expenses.* I can't address any of my correspondents till my travels are at an end.

Oh, I had almost forgot a request I promised to make, which was for the receipt of your white elder wine; we met with some yesterday that was not quite so good as ours; and Mrs. Clayton wants the receipt mightily. I am always troubling you with some trumpery thing or other: I wish you could contrive to send me over a pattern of your gloves, that I may bring you over a few pair, when I come to you; not that the gloves are better here than in England, but they are cheaper. Does your stuff wear well? Mrs. Clayton designs having her assembly when she goes to town till Lent, so we must prepare for *hurry-durry;* but as it will be the only agreeable crowd, I think it may be borne once a week. I shall soon now give you an account of your old acquaintances, Will. Usher, Mrs. Hamilton, etc., whom you have not heard of a great while; till then, my dearest sister, once more adieu, wherever I am my best affections are constantly with you; 'tis not possible for me to be more faithfully than I am,

Yours, M. Pen.

The remark about "dressing" for dinner in the above letter, proves that it was not considered indispensable for daily life, which might have been inferred from the number of hours spent out of doors after dinner, which in a variable climate would have been quite incompatible with an elaborate toilet.

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An interval here occurs in the correspondence of two months; but when it is considered that so many of the letters of Mary

Granville have been preserved, it is not extraordinary that some have disappeared. The next letter is from Dublin, in January, 1732-3, by which it seems she had been at Platten, with her cousin, Mrs. Graham (born Granville).

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*Mrs. Pendarves to Mrs. Ann Granville.*

Dublin, Jan. 4, 1732-3.

Four packets are due, and yet there is a letter of yours to answer—is not that monstrous? The new year too! Some days of that is past, and not one word to mother or sister! "Come, Pen, what have you been doing? answer the charges, and if possible clear up these matters." Upon honour, my heart is so full of wishing you and my mother multiplicity of happiness, that it is ready to burst, and I have been miserable in keeping of it in so long. I defy all your tenderness and generosity (and that's a cold word), to be more busy on this occasion than I have been. Ever since the new year has begun, I have been considering what could be the greatest happiness for my mother and you, and have joined my ardent wishes to every thought that could possibly promote your happiness. For my own part (for I could not forget one you love so well), my chief wish has been our happy meeting; health and joy seems to attend that prospect, and many delightfull circumstances that my pen or yours cannot so well describe as my heart suggest.

The last time I writ to you was from Plattin, on this day sen'night. I told you we were to have a ball, and a ball we had; nine couple of as clever dancers (though I say it that should not) as ever tripped. The knight and I were partners, we began at seven: danced thirty-six dances

with only resting once, supped at twelve, every one by their partner, at a long table which was handsomely filled with all manner of cold meat, sweetmeats, creams, and jellies. Two or three of the young ladies sung. I was asked for my song, and gave them "*Hop*[d] *she*;" that occasioned some mirth. At two we went to dancing again; most of the ladies determined not to leave Plattin till day-break, they having three miles to go home, so we danced on till we were not able to dance any longer. Sir Thomas Pendergast is an excellent dancer[1]—dances with great spirit, and in very good time. We did not go to bed till past eight, the company staid all that time, but part of the morning was spent in little plays.

We met the next morning at twelve (very rakish indeed), went early to bed that night, and were perfectly refreshed on Saturday morning. We had promised Miss More to breakfast with her that morning; we kept our word, Sir Thomas was of the party. I believe I writ you word that he was enamoured of that young lady; he carries the affair very cunningly if he has any design there; his behaviour was not at all particular to her; and by what I see of him and his manner of talking, he has no thoughts of the matrimonial trap; he is very civil and agreeable, but no gallantry. On Sunday we went to church, and on Monday Mrs. Graham brought me to town, where I found my good friend in the Green in very

[1] March 10, 1733. "Sir Thomas Pendergast, Bart., a relation to her Grace the Duchess of Richmond, elected representative in Parliament for the city of Chichester, in the room of the Lord William Beauclerk, deceased."—*Historical Register*. The relationship to the Duchess of Richmond above alluded to, must have been that of first cousin, as the mother of Sir Thomas Pendergast was the sister of William, 1st Earl Cadogan, father of Sarah Duchess of Richmond.

good health, but complaining of the dulness of the town. The death of poor Miss Pierson had damped everybody's spirits, and stopped the circulation of amusements for some time. She was a young woman worth lamenting, but as these afflictions wear off, those that mourned deepest for her, are now endeavouring to divert themselves and the town.

To-morrow is to be acted The Distressed Mother, the part of Hermione by Miss Molesworth, daughter to my Lord Molesworth, Andromache by one Miss Parker, a good and pretty girl, Pyrrhus by Lord Montjoy, Orestes by Mr. Burnwell, brother to my Lord Kingsland. Every performer has twelve tickets to dispose of. The scene of action is to be the council-chamber, all the Bishops, Judges, and Privy Counsellors are to be there; Lord Montjoy brought us all tickets last night, so *we are happy*, whilst half the girls in town are trembling for fear they should not be admitted.

Yesterday Mrs. Clayton had an Assembly; a great many ladies, few gentlemen. I had a commerce table of *absolute beauties:* I divided them, or rather tied them together, like a black ribbon in a garland of flowers, for I am in mourning for Lord Villiers.[1] I am very glad to find you keep up to a good spirit at Gloucester; long may it last! Well then, I find I have done myself much wrong, for upon reading over your last letter, I see that *I did* answer it, so I am off of that accusation. I should indeed have writ to you or mama on Tuesday, but I had the headach that morning, and was afraid that writing

[1] James Fitzgerald, Lord Villiers, eldest son of John first Earl Grandison, married Jane, daughter and heir of Richard Butler, Esq., of London, and dying in 1732, left an only daughter, who died in 1738.

would make it worse. Perhaps you take all my letters to yourself, my dear sister; if you do you are wrong. It is true I address them to you, as they are in the familiar style, but positively I mean them as much to my mother as to you, and hope she is so good as to take them as if I dedicated them principally to her. I should be ashamed to trouble her with so many bagatelles, but as I address them to you, I take the liberty of writing down all my rough thoughts with little or no ceremony. Take care of the enclosed letter, my dear, and say some very kind things for me to Mrs. Viney and Mrs. Butler. When I return to England, I will try to make amends for my past silence, but here I have not time, and I hope they will accept my best wishes through your means, I think I do them no wrong in employing such a messenger.

To-day I dine at Mr. Stanley Monck's (*my lord*[1] that *might* have been). In the evening we are to have a merry tribe at home to eat oysters—Miss Usher, her cousin Miss Ormsby, Miss Kelly, and Miss Bush, whose sketch I sent you, but there's something about the mouth that does her great injustice, for she has graces and sweetness which does not appear in her shadow; but she did it for you, and I would send it: the nose and eyes resemble her.

Mrs. Wesley and those sweet girls are in town; I have not yet seen them. Mr. Wesley is at Dangan with his Xtmas companions; we shall go to him some time in February. We had a notable masquerade among the servants at Phellin that entertained us mightily. Lord George Sackville dressed himself up in women's

[1] "*My lord that might have been*," is in allusion to her rejection of Mr. Stanley Monck, whose suit was so much favoured by her aunt Lady Stanley.

clothes, and pla,ed his part very archly; he is a comical spark. Adieu, my dear Anna, receive the compliments of the season from this house; you have had duplicates of mine, but I cannot too often repeat how much I am, my dearest sister,

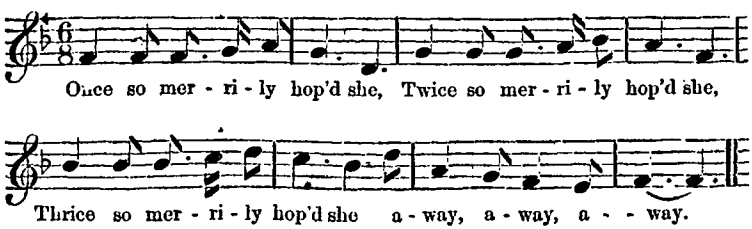
Your affectionate and faithful,

M. PEN.

"*Hop'd she.*" The song alluded to must have been the old air sung with words beginning:—

"A crow sat on a pear-tree, a pear-tree, a pear-tree,
A crow sat on a pear-tree, heigh ho, heigh ho, heigh ho!
Once so merrily hopp'd she;
Twice so merrily hopp'd she;
Thrice so merrily hopp'd she;
Heigh ho, heigh ho, heigh ho!"

The above words were repeated by the daughter of a Scotch nobleman, who was born in the last century, and who had a large collection of very old songs, some of which, and this among the number, he used to teach his children. The amusement consisted in swallowing the contents of a wine glass of water in three sips at the words "HOPP'D SHE," without choking or delaying the song long enough to interrupt the air; the company present sang the chorus. For the notes of the air here given the Editor is indebted to Mr. W. West, who said he believed them to have been written by Mr. T. Cooke, the well-known composer, and that they were sung by him at the Beef-Steak Club, in Dublin. In the copy given by Mr. West, the burden of the song is "Away, away, away," instead of "Heigh ho."



*Mrs. Pendarves to Mrs. Ann Granville.*

Dublin, 24th January, 1732–3.

Last post I answered your letter, my dearest sister, and not having any of your sweet words to raise my spirits, you must not be surprised if I am exceeding dull. The last packets brought me a letter from Saph,[1] which I designed answering to-day, but I am not at home, and all I shall be able to do will be to fill this sheet of paper to you. She is in great raptures with Dr. Delany's book on Revelation,[2] but she does not say if he has made her a convert to his opinion about eating of blood. It is hard to know what judgment one must make in such an affair, where *one* very learned man says we *must* do one thing, and another as learned tells you 'tis *unnecessary*. I hope it is not a point necessary to salvation, for I protest I am at a loss what to determine: the salvo I have, is that if eating blood was against the law of God, that the churchmen would not have given it up.

Last Tuesday I wrote to you; that day I dined at Mr. Usher's, and in the evening went to Mrs. Southby's Assembly, where we met a great deal of company. On Wednesday we went to sweet Mrs. Hamilton's, and sat a melancholy evening with her, Mr. Hamilton has just lost a worthy good friend, and a man generally lamented—Sir Ralph Gore.[3] He was speaker of the House of Commons

[1] "*Saph*," Sappho (Mrs. Chapone).

[2] "Revelation examined with Candor," by Dr. Delany. Dr. Campbell says (1775) "He (Dr. Johnson) told me he had seen Delany when he was in every sense *gravis annis*, "but he was an able man," says he; "his 'Revelation examined with Candour' was well received, and I have seen an introductory preface to a second edition of one of his books, which was the finest thing I ever read in the declamatory way."

[3] Sir Ralph Gore, M.P. for the county of Donegal, a privy councillor, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and, subsequently in 1729, Speaker of the House of

and one of the lords justices, an amiable man in his private life, affable and humane to every creature; and in his public capacity more beloved and less envied than ever any man was in his station. He has left his lady with child, and six children besides; her fortune is a very good one, but her loss too great to be made up by any advantage of fortune. You will say again that I never speak of any people of this country but with encomiums: why there may be worthless people here as well as in other countries, but they have not yet come within my knowledge.

On Thursday Phill and I dined at Dr. Delany's; there we met Miss Kelly, Lord Orrery, the Dean of St. Patrick's, Mr. Kit Donellan, Dr. Helsham—a very ingenious entertaining man. In such company you may believe time passed away very pleasantly. Swift is a very *odd companion* (if that expression is not too familiar for so extraordinary a genius); he talks a great deal and does not require many answers; he has infinite spirits, and says abundance of good things in his common way of discourse. Miss Kelly's beauty and good-humour have gained an entire conquest over him, and I come in only *a little by the by*.

Lord Orrery is very gentle in his manner, and mighty polite; he only dined with us, for he is in the hands of lawyers and was obliged to give us all up for those vultures: the rest of us staid the evening. We are initiated of that *witty club*, and Thursday is the day of

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Commons in Ireland. Sir Ralph married, 1st, Miss Colville, daughter of Sir Robert Colville: 2ndly, Elizabeth, only daughter of Dr. Aske, bishop of Clogher. Sir Ralph died 23rd February, 1732 (qy. 3). He succeeded in right of his mother, to the estate of Manor Hamilton, and after beautifying the island of Ballymacmanus, in Lough Earne, gave it the name of Belle Isle.—*Burke's Baronetage.*

meeting, but next Thursday we shall not be able to be there, it being the first of March. I gave you an account of the ball we are to have, of which there are three Kings and three Queens, viz., Lord Montjoy, Mr. Thomson, Mr. Usher, Miss Pennyfather, Miss Biddy Southwell,[1] and Mrs. Pendarves. Yesterday we spent at home, had a *petite* assembly, which we among ourselves call a "ridotto," because at ten o'clock we have a very pretty tray brought in, with chocolate, mulled wine, cakes, sweetmeats, and comfits; cold partridge, chicken, lamb, ham, tongue,—all set out prettily and ready to pick at.

This morning I had appointed to take the air with Miss Kelly, and came to her for that purpose, but by the time I came here, it rained and spoiled our sport. She kept me to dinner; Donellan came to us, and I am now writing at Kelly's desk. God bless you my dearest sister, and adieu, for I can write no more! All the while I have been writing, Don and Kelly have read with an audible voice Hans Carvell and some other pretty things of that kind, and how can one help listening? but I would stop my ears had I anything to say that would be entertaining. My humble duty to my mother, and service to all friends. I am

Yours my dearest sister for ever,
M. PENDARVES.

In relation to Delville, Walsh said that it was on the other side of the Tolka, and laid out by Dr. Delany, who in concert with his

[1] Sir Thomas Southwell, Bart., 1st Baron Southwell, married Lady Meliora, daughter of Thomas Earl Coningsby, and had six sons and five daughters. Thomas, 2nd baron, was the eldest son, and probably Miss Biddy might be one of the daughters, none of whose names are given in Debrett or Burke, who with Nicholls (1735) only record the names of two daughters, "*Frances and Luisa.*"

friend, Dr. Helsham, a physician and also fellow of Trinity College, erected the house and laid out the grounds. It was called Hel-Del-Ville, formed from the initial syllables of the names of the proprietors, to intimate their joint property in the place, but the *first* was soon dropped, as having a *strange association.* It was laid out in a style then new in Ireland. It is said by Cowper Walker to have been the first demesne in which "the obdurate and straight line of the Dutch was softened into a curve, the terrace melted into a swelling bank, and the walks opened to catch the vicinal country;" but notwithstanding this assertion the walks are in right lines terminating in little porticoes, and valleys crossed by level artificial mounds, that on the most eminent point stands a temple decorated with specimens of Mrs. Delany's[1] skill in painting. On the rear wall of which is a full-length portrait of St. Paul, in fresco, in excellent preservation, and above a medallion of the bust of Stella, said to be taken from the life. On the frieze in the front is the inscription, "Fastigia despicit urbis;" attributed to Dean Swift, and supposed to be a punning allusion to this rural retreat on an eminence, which literally looks down on the city. The house still displays the remains of specimens of Mrs. Delany's taste; and the ceiling of the room (which was the chapel) is ornamented with a cornice made by herself of real shells, in the manner of modelled stucco, of remarkable beauty.

Delville now (1859) belongs to Sir William Somerville, and it is let to Mr. Mallett on a long lease. It belonged previously to Percy, Bishop of Dromore.

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*Mrs. Pendarves to Mrs. Ann Granville.*

Dublin 20th Feby., 1732-3.

I have not been again in company with Dr. Swift, but I don't fear having my vanity raised by anything he can say. You have used me so much to praise, that I think

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1 Mrs. Delany (Mary Granville), 2nd wife of Dr. Delany, Dean of Down.

I am proof against all that can be said from any other tongue; and indeed if I did not suppose you partial to me, I should by this time have been monstrously conceited of my own perfections. Next Thursday we are to dine at Dr. Delany's; it has been twice put off on account of the violent colds that everybody in some degree has shared; I hope their fury is abated, though *we* have not had much reason to complain. They have not been mortal with us. I have checked my whims as much as possible, but the anxiety that naturally rises for friends that are surrounded by any evil, is not always to be mastered by reason, and though I endeavour to rely on Providence on all occasions, there is a tenderness of heart that will rise sometimes and give me an alarm. But still you tell me my mother is well, and that you are also in health; pray God keep you so!

The budding of the trees, and spring nosegays that are carried about the streets, give me more pleasure than ever I felt at their approach before; they tell me April is at hand, and that introduces a crowd of pleasant thoughts. In the midst of my joy, I confess I feel a damp at the thoughts of leaving Mrs. Clayton, with very little prospect of my seeing her soon again; for this is not a journey to be taken *often* in one's life. The next person I am concerned to part with is Mrs. Hamilton; an amiable worthy creature as ever I was acquainted with, and one that I should think myself happy to *have always* in my reach: she has every good quality of the heart, and all the agreement of embellishments that can be desired. I will say no more of her now, but leave her till you and I can talk her over; 'tis more than probable I shall never see her again. There are several agreeable ingenious people to

whom I am much obliged for having been very obliging and entertaining to me, such as Miss Bushe, Miss Forth, &c., but Mrs. Hamilton *is the person* that commands my esteem more than any of them, and the one I shall *most* regret. I have before given you an account of my men acquaintance, and how they stand in my favour.

I have put on my black gown for poor Betty Clifford. I think my aunt's[1] having lived so long is almost a miracle, but if she long survives her daughter I shall begin to think she *is immortal.* I am very sorry for Tommy Woods: had they no other son? The Dean of St. Patrick's answered my Lord Orrery's verses by a letter in prose, which Mrs. Barber saw, and says it is very pretty. He is in love with Miss Kelly *at present.* He sent her some Spanish liquorish for her cold, and with it a fable very prettily applied of Lycoris.[2] His works are going to be published, collected by themselves,—all his verse and prose, four volumes. They are only printed in Ireland; I have subscribed to them.

I heard nothing of Miss Edwin's matrimony. Pray who is the happy man that is possessed of so many charms? I am heartily sorry for Mrs. Foley: I hope the Bath will prove beneficial to her. It is particularly good for striking out the gout into the limbs, and she is so young that I have great hopes she will get the better of her disorder. How uncertain is happyness in this world! That which we generally look upon as the life of most misery, in the end proves our greatest advantage, it detaches us from the world, it raises our thoughts towards

[1] "*My aunt.*" Query Mrs. Clifford, aunt to Mr. Pendarves?

[2] The poem above alluded to, does not appear to have been published with Swift's poetical works.

attaining what we were created for, reconciles us to death, and refines our mind from the prejudices and follies that are inseparable from prosperity.

Sure Trotty is now come to a time of life that ought not to be wasted at quadrille. Nothing betrays so great an idleness of mind, as that *perpetual seeking out* of something to divert thought; and where people *have talents* for more rational entertainment than that of shuffling and dealing cards, it surprises and provokes me beyond all patience. I am not so great an enemy to cards as to be uneasy at them, but I would not make it my business to secure company *for that purpose*; when they come accidentally in the way they are very well. But enough of that. The town of Dublin begins to look a little pert again, people have shook off their colds, and are now making parties for plays, assemblies, &c. To-night we are all to go to Mrs. Southby's assembly, a *charity affair*, a poor woman under the same circumstances as Mrs. Hine. To-morrow we shall spend at Mrs. Hamilton's, Thursday at Dr. Delany's, Friday we are to have a great many people with us by way of a private assembly, and Saturday we are to have the black-coated gentry, and on Monday we go to the play; time, you see, does not lie heavy on our hands. We shall go to Dangan about the middle of March, and stay there a fortnight. In my last letter I writ to you to get me a *good maid* if you can. Mr. Usher is to call on us at one o' the clock to take the air; afterwards we are to go home and dine with him, the hour draws near and I am not yet dressed, so farewell.

*Mrs. Pendarves to Mrs. Ann Granville.*

I have given up the trial with Kelly, her beauty and assiduity has distanced me, and I will not attempt a second heat. At present she is disabled, poor thing, for she is confined to her bed with a pleuratic disorder, but the Dean attends her bedside: his heart must be old and cold indeed if that did not conquer. But Dr. Delany will make a *more desirable friend*, for he has all the qualities requisite for friendship—zeal, tenderness, and application; I know you would like him, because he is worthy.

Last Monday we were at a new play called the Fate of Ambition,[1] a bad performance every way, but charity carried us thither. I wish people would be contented with one's money, and not insist on one's presence—it is hard to sacrifice three hours to nonsense wilfully. Poor old Abbot! I believe he is no great loss to the world, nor the world to him.

You may again enclose your letters to the Bishop. I believe I told you before at what time privilege would come in. Don't send me any more openings of gloves—I will receive them from your fair hands. I have no use for them here, for after to-day we shall have no public doings. I am not surprised at your account of Sir J. G.: *want* of sense and good principles will lead men into very detestable ways. My valentine was Mr. Nugent, a gentleman of this country whom I know nothing of, but that he is a Roman Catholick, and a widower. We were to have dined to-day at Dr. Delany's, but being to go to the ball in the evening, we have put it off till next Thursday.

I saw Mrs. Barber last night. She is still confined, and

[1] "The fate of Ambition," a play, written by A. V. Forster.

the doctor gives but small hopes of her ever recovering the entire use of her limbs. Poor woman! I wish she was well settled in England; she and I talk you over not a little when we meet. Oh I forgot to tell you my Lord Orrery[1] was at Dr. Delany's the last time we dined there, and that he only looked at and talked with Miss Kelly, a most formidable young woman; but she has touched me in a tenderer part, for she has *so entirely* gained Mrs. Donellan, that without joking she has made me uneasy, but what does all this serve to show? why to show me my dear sister's love in all its value, that never has been turned from me by anybody.

To-morrow the Hamiltons are to be with us, and on Saturday we dine at Baron Waynwrights.[2] To-day we dine with Miss Bushe and Mrs. Forster. The Bishop and Mrs. C. are otherwise engaged. Take care of the enclosed to Sally, and solicit my hearing soon from her. I gave you an account of the loss we have sustained by the death of Sir Ralph Gore; my agreeable friends the Hamiltons suffer very severely by it. Oh how I pity those that lose a worthy friend! yet 'tis a trial most people must prove, unless they leave the world betimes.

[1] John, 5th Earl of Orrery. He married in 1728, Lady Henrietta Hamilton, youngest daughter of George, Earl of Orkney; she died 12th August, 1732. The Earl married 2ndly, 30th June, 1738, Margaret, daughter and sole heir of John Hamilton, Esq., of Caledon, county Tyrone. He was distinguished in the republic of letters, and was the friend of Swift. The *Orrery*, originally invented by Mr. George Graham, was copied by Mr. Rowley, who made the first for the Earl of Orrery. Sir Richard Steele, who knew nothing of Mr. Graham's machine, wishing to compliment the (supposed) inventor of so curious an instrument, gave Mr. Rowley the praise due to Mr. Graham, and called it an "*Orrery*" in honour of its first patron. The earl died 16th November 1762, and was succeeded by his son, Hamilton, 6th Earl.

[2] John Wainwright, appointed one of the Barons of the Exchequer, in Ireland, 1732.

The Dean of St. Patrick's is writing a poem on poetry. Dr. Delany has seen what is done of it, he says 'tis *like himself*, but he gives us no hopes of seeing it yet awhile. Mr. Pope I find has undertaken to lash the age; I believe he will be tired before they are reformed. He says he "*will spare neither friend nor foe*," so that declaring oneself for him, will not secure us from a stroke.

Miss Kelly, the beauty and the wit, who has been so frequently alluded to in these letters, was the daughter of Captain Dennis Kelly, who had a very good estate in Ireland, and was committed to the Tower in 1722, on suspicion of corresponding with the Pretender, but nothing could be proved against him. The Rev. George Kelly was probably her uncle. He was taken up on suspicion of treasonable correspondence, was tried by the House of Lords, found guilty, and sentenced to be confined in the Tower for life; but he made his escape in the year 1736. Dean Swift, in a letter to Robert Cope, Esq., Dublin, October 9th, 1722, writes as follows:—"It is said that Kelly the parson is admitted to Kelly the squire, and that they are cooking up a discovery between them, for the improvement of the hempen manufacture. It is reckoned that the best trade in London this winter will be that of evidence."

Alderman Barber, in a letter to Dean Swift, the 2nd of July, 1738, says:—"The report of the Duke of Ormond's return is without foundation. His Grace is very well in health, and lives in a very handsome manner. *He has Mr. Kelly with him as his chaplain, the gentleman who escaped out of the Tower.* A worthy friend of yours and mine passed through Avignon a month since, and dined with his Grace, from whom I have what I tell you." In May, 1733, Miss Kelly wrote to Swift, alluding to her illness, and asking for his advice for the books he thinks most proper for her to read to improve her mind. The illness under which she was then suffering ended fatally: she went to the Bristol Hot Wells for the recovery of her health, and on the 6th of November, 1733, Mr. Ford, in a letter to Dean Swift, thus alludes to her

death:—"We have lost Miss Kelly, who, they say, was destroyed by the ignorance of an Irish physician, one Gorman; Dr. Beaufort was sent for when she was dying, and found her speechless and senseless."

Miss Kelly died the last week in October, 1733.

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*Mrs. Pendarves to Mrs. Ann Granville.*

Dangan, 5th April, 1733.

I am sorry I am obliged to write to you on such small paper, but I have all indulgencies allowed me here *except* that of retiring from the company: they say as we are to be here but a few days together, it is unreasonable in me to give away any of my time from them. I cannot be of their opinion, but as they mean it kindly, I must not declare openly that I have more pleasure in dedicating an hour to my dearest sister, than all the entertainments of the place can possibly afford.

Your last letter, dated Easter Eve, made me happy yesterday—you neve wrote a better; I cannot say more in its praise. It grieves me that I am so crampt in time as not to be able to answer it paragraph by paragraph, but I will do it another day. All the company that I wrote you word were invited here are assembled; you are so well acquainted with their different characters, that you may easily form to yourself how agreeably we live; liberty (*the great happiness of society*) reigns absolutely here—every one does just as they please. We meet at breakfast about ten; chocolate, tea, coffee, toast and butter, and caudle, &c., are devoured without mercy. The hall is so large that very often breakfast, battledore and shuttlecock, and the harpsichord, go on at the *same*

*time* without molesting one another. Mr. Wesley (alias Paris,) has provided every one of us with a walking-staff, whereon is fixed our Parnassus name. Mr. Usher is *Vulcan*; young Nemmy Don$^{n}$, *Mars;* and Mr. Kit Don, (*the Rev$^{d}$*), is *Neptune*. Our staffs are white, and when we take our walks, we make a most surprising appearance, somewhat like the sheriff's men at the assizes!

Yesterday we walked four mile before dinner, and danced two hours in the evening, we have very good music for that purpose; at nine we have prayers, and afterwards till supper is on the table the organ or harpsichord is engaged; Miss Wesleys are every day improving, they are engaging little creatures. Mr. Wesley has three canals in his gardens; in one of them he has the model of the king's yacht, the Carolina. It was designed as a present for the Duke of Cumberland, but the person that had bespoke it died before it was quite finished, so Mr. Wesley was lucky in meeting with it; 'tis worth fifty pounds—the prettiest thing I ever saw of the kind, and will hold two people, it has guns, colours, &c., with as much exactness as the original. In another of his canals he has a barge, which he calls the Pretty Betty, that will hold a dozen people: we are immediately going to try it; and in his third canal he has a yawl, named after Miss Fanny. In his garden there is a fir-grove, dedicated to *Vesta*, in the midst of which is her statue; at some distance from it is a mound covered with evergreens, on the which is placed a temple with the statue of Apollo. Neptune, Proserpine, Diana, all have due honours paid them, and Fame has been too good a friend to the master of all these improvements to be neglected; *her* Temple is near the house, at the end of a terrace, near

which the four Seasons take their stand, very well represented by Flora, Ceres, Bacchus, and an old gentleman with a hood on his head, warming his hands over a fire. We shall stay here till this day se'night. You are remembered, my dearest sister, by all in this house in the kindest manner. Phill spoke for herself very lately; she told you at the same time, that one of my eyes was bleared; but she was more tender of me than was necessary, for the redness went off that day, and has been very well ever since. The day before we came out of town, we dined at Doctor Delany's, and met the usual company. The Dean of St. Patrick's was there, in *very good humour*, he calls himself "*my master*," and corrects me when I speak bad English, or do not pronounce my words distinctly. I wish he lived in England, I should not only have a great deal of entertainment from him, but improvement. I am in great hopes Mrs. Barber will be well enough to travel with us; she will be an excellent companion for us, for she has constant spirits and good-humour. I hope your journey to the Bath will not be put off, or at least that you will take a jaunt with Mrs. Foley to Herefordshire, which indeed, I believe will be the pleasantest of the two; though why should I think you grown as dull as I am—you have many years to come before you arrive at my station. I own I have now lost so much the relish of a public life, that I prefer the conversation of an indifferent friend or acquaintance, to the hurry that necessarily attends all crowded places; but I will give you to your five-and-thirtieth year before you may say that. I must finish, they say, so adieu. My humble duty to my mother, and kind service as due elsewhere.

Yours, for ever, M. Pen.

*Mrs. Pendarves to Mrs. Ann Granville.*

Dangan, 11th April, 1733.

This place has charms, but like all other of this world's pleasures, has its mixture of mortification. I fully intended writing to you last post, but the company and diversions, which are as various as the weather, drag me away from my duty, and oblige me to give up an entertainment more suitable to the inclination of my heart than any I can meet with. They say, "Why will you be so fond of retiring? shall you not leave us soon enough? your sister then will enjoy you without interruption." These are their arguments, and I am forced to give a little way to friends who seem to take pleasure in my being well entertained.

The more I am acquainted with Mr. Wesley, the higher my esteem rises for him. He has certainly more virtues and fewer faults than any man I know; he has a proper mixture of good and agreeable qualities, his wife, his children, his friends, his poor and rich neighbours, can testify the truth of what I say. He values his riches *only* as they are the means of making all about him happy; he has no ostentation, no taste merely for grandeur and magnificence. He improves his estate and all the country round him as much as if he had a son to enjoy it (which there is no great probability of his having), and his estate goes from his daughters to a man that has always been his declared enemy. Mrs. Wesley has some very engaging qualities, she is generous and of a very easy temper, but I cannot say her merits are equal to her husband's. Their children are lovely creatures, their prettiness is the least part of their merit; Miss Wesley does everything well

that she undertakes; no child had ever more indulgencies, and yet she never does anything that can offend. She desired me to give her humble service to you, and to assure you that she has "not forgot you, but loves you still"—these are her own words. All that I have writ here I believe I have said to you before, but when I name a man of so much worth as Mr. Wesley, it is impossible not to give him part of that praise which he so well deserves. We shall stay here a week longer than we at first designed, and I am glad of it, for we live very cheerfully. When the weather is fine we take the advantage of it, and walk, ride, or go on the water; Mr. Wesley has a very pretty boat on a fine canal, that would *reconcile you* to the water, we carry our music on board, hoist our flag, and row away most harmoniously. The county town is called Trim.

We went one morning and breakfasted with a reverend clergyman, who gave us very good coffee, and then we walked round the town, the chief part of which is a fine ruin of a castle that belonged to King John; his *butler*, *gentleman-usher*, and *standard-bearer* were the ancestors of the Duke of Ormond, Mr. Usher, and Mr. Wesley. The situation of the castle is very fine, on a sloping green hill, with the river Boyne gliding at the foot of it; I never saw so pretty a ruin, nor so large a one. We have had some very good weather, and now the rain begins again. Two of our cavaliers have left us; Mr. Usher, being high sheriff of Dublin this year, was obliged to go to town; and Mr. Kit Don was called away by college business; they both said they would return to-day if possible; the wind and the rain will stop their design; but we can live without them. We dance, play little plays, and sometimes

cards and backgammon; Nemmy Donn, alias *Mars*, is my constant partner, and a very good one; Miss Fanny Wesley dances every night, and *never is out*; she would surprise you.

As for the ridicule *Cyrus* has been exposed to, I do not at all wonder at it; religion in its plainest dress suffers daily from the insolence and ignorance of the world; then how should that person escape, who dares to appear openly in its cause? He will meet with all the mortification such rebels are able to give, which can be no other than that of finding them wilfully blinding themselves, and running headlong into the gulf of perdition; a melancholy prospect for the honest-hearted man who earnestly desires the salvation of his fellow-creatures.

I am sorry the *Act*[1] at Oxford happens this year; I fear it will incommode me in my journey to Gloucester—the town will be so cramm'd; and I have so much a higher pleasure in view than any entertainment they can give, that I have no thoughts of stopping there.

[1] The following explanation of the "*Act*" at Oxford may be interesting to those who do not belong to that University—"The word *Act* is of very ancient date, and refers to certain scholastic exercises, prizes, and gathering together of the members of the University, with accompanying festivities which were held at that time, being at the close of the academic year, and probably date from six hundred years ago. Traces are still preserved of the ceremonial, on those occasions, by the Doctors wearing their dress robes at St. Mary's on the *Act Sunday*, viz., the Sunday before the Act day. The day on which these ceremonies take place has been always the Tuesday after the first Sunday in July (the Tuesday before the end of the Trinity or Act term), and as a general rule it will be the Tuesday after either the third or fourth Sunday after Trinity Sunday."

## LETTER XVIII.

### AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

While I was in Ireland it was reported and put in the news that Tomasio was returned to England and going to marry Louisa. I wrote to him immediately to express my great joy at an alliance I had so much wished for, and at the same time to the Baroness to know the truth of the report, and she informed me there was nothing in it—this was just before I left Ireland. I found on my coming to England Tomasio was living like a fine gentleman of the times. I was much grieved about it, believing if it continued he must be ruined every way. He was very glad to see me, as obliging as usual, and pressed me extremely to make him a visit in the country, I told him I should be very ready to do it, when he had company there which was fit for me to keep. He looked confused, and asked me what I meant? upon which I *told him* what I had heard, and freely blamed his conduct; and told him he could not be a happy man, nor make a figure suitable to his birth and fortune, till he married somebody equal to him in rank and condition; that he had a great deal of choice before him and could not fail, if he would consult his reason and judgment. He looked grave and thoughtful for some time, and then said, "I know what you wish, I received your letter from Ireland," and left me abruptly. A few days after he came to see me again, and said, "*I can tell you a piece of news that will surprise you; Louisa is absolutely engaged—her father told me so this morning.*" I was indeed extremely surprized, having had the night before a great deal of conversation with the Baroness, who

engaged me as much as possible to promote this match with Tomasio, and thought it strange the Baron should not have acquainted her with this engagement. He laughed at my surprise, and told me she was engaged, it was true, but it was *to him*; I was much pleased with the step he had taken, and congratulated him on his prudent choice. The Baron and Baroness were in the highest joy on this occasion. Laura's[1] indiscretion made it absolutely necessary it should be kept a secret; in a short time Tomasio made articles it *should be so*, and he was at liberty to choose for himself; Laura liked Louisa very well, though she had an *inveterate dislike* to the rest of the family, but Alcander often wished it might be a match; so I was sworn to silence till writings and clothes were ready, and then Tomasio went to his mother and declared his intentions in form, and she seemingly approved of it, so all preparations magnificent on both sides went on.

At my house the young people often met, nothing could be more gentle, amiable and engaging than Louïsa's behaviour; she liked Tomasio very much, who was handsome, and when he softened his manner, agreeable, though she was not quite satisfied with his behaviour, which I can't say had much of a lover in it, and often made me very uneasy; and when I told him of it, he would turn it into some compliment to myself which vexed me, and prevented my saying so much as I otherwise should have done, and I was willing to think it an awkward bashfulness, which he always had when not quite at his ease. But I knew his disposition so well, and Louisa's great merit,

[1] "Laura"—Lady Lansdowne, mother of Lord Weymouth, and wife of George Lord Lansdowne.

that when once she was his wife, I was sure he would love and admire her, and when in confidence she used to tell me her fears about him, I endeavoured to set him ——

The autobiography here breaks off abruptly, but the period to which it extends is marked by the marriage of Lord Weymouth, which took place 3rd July, 1733.[1] The last letter in the editor's possession, written before Mrs. Pendarves's departure from Ireland, is dated 11th April in the same year; and as she then alluded to her return to England, and expressed her fears that her journey from London to Gloucester would be at the time of the "*Act*" at Oxford, which took place early in July, it is probable that she left Ireland a very few weeks after her visit to Dangan, at which period she occasionally corresponded with Swift. The letters which are here inserted from Mrs. Pendarves to him, were published many years ago, but those from the Dean of St. Patrick's to her have *never* before appeared. It is much to be regretted that *all* Swift's replies have not been found, and it is supposed that they were given (*or taken*) by friends, for autographs.

Mrs. Pendarves's first letter to Swift is written from London, the month after her last (*preserved*) letter to Ann Granville, from Ireland.

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[1] Married, 3rd July, 1733, the Lord Weymouth to the second daughter of Lord Carteret.

## CHAPTER V.

FROM MRS. PENDARVES'S RETURN FROM HER VISIT TO IRELAND TO THE MARRIAGE OF HER SISTER MRS. ANN GRANVILLE.

1733—1740.

*From Mrs. Pendarves to Dr. Swift.*

London, May 29, 1733.

SIR,

You will find to your cost that a woman's pen, when encouraged, is as bad as a woman's tongue; blame yourself, not me; had I never known the pleasure of receiving a letter from you, I should not have persecuted you now. I think (a little to justify this bold attack) that I am obliged by all the rules of civility, to give you an account of the letter you charged me with. I delivered it into my Lord Bathurst's hands, he read it before me; I looked silly upon his asking me what you meant by the Fosset affair?[1] and I was obliged to explain it to him in my own defence, which gave him the diversion you designed it should. We then talked of your vineyard; he seemed pleased with every subject that related to you, and I was very ready to indulge him that way. I did not forget to brag of your favours to me: if you intended

[1] "*Fosset affair.*" This must have alluded to one of the proposals received in Ireland—probably to the story hinted at while at Killala.

I should keep them secret, I have spoiled all, for I have not an acquaintance of any worth that I have not told how happy I have been in your company. Everybody loves to be envied, and this is the only way I have of raising people's envy; I hope, sir, you will forgive me, and let me know if I have *behaved myself right*. I think I can hardly do wrong as long as I am, sir, your most obliged and most obedient servant,

M. PENDARVES.

Mrs. Donellan is much your humble servant, and as vain of your favours as I am.

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*From Mrs. Pendarves to Dean Swift.*

Gloucester, July 21, 1733.

SIR,

May I say without offending you, that I was overjoyed at the honour you did me in answering my letter? and do not call me formal, when I assure you that I think myself made happy by such a distinction. It was stupidity in me not to let you know where to address to me, but I do not repent of it; I have by that means tried your zeal, but I am afraid your good-breeding more than inclination procured me that favour. I am resolved to be even with you for what you say about my writing, and will write henceforward to you as carelessly as I can; and if it is not legible thank yourself. I do not wonder at the envy of the ladies, when you are pleased to speak of me with some regard: I give them leave to exercise their malice on an occasion that does me so much honour. I protest I am not afraid of you, and would appear quite natural to you in hopes of your rewarding

my openness and sincerity, by correcting what you disapprove of; and since I have not now an opportunity of receiving your favours of pinching and beating, make me amends by *chiding me* for every word that is *false spelt*, and for my *bad English*. You see what you are like to suffer: if this promises you too much trouble, do not give me so much encouragement in your next letter, for upon something in your last I have almost persuaded myself, that by your assistance, and my own earnest desire, I may in time become worthy of your care. Vanity stands at my elbow all this while, and animates me by a thousand agreeable promises: without her encouragement I should never have presumed to correspond with the Dean of St. Patrick's. Some say she is a mischievous companion; I swear she is a pleasant one. You must not be angry with me for keeping her company, for I had very little acquaintance with her till I had received some marks of your favour.

I received your letter but a little while before I left London; I attended Lord and Lady Weymouth down to Long Leat, and left them with a prospect of as much happiness as matrimony can give: they are pleased with one another at present, and I hope that will continue. My Lord and Lady Carteret are both satisfied with the disposal of their daughter in so advantageous a station. Common report wrongs my Lord Weymouth; for which reason, (as I am his friend,) I must tell you his good qualities: he has honour and good-nature, and does not want for sense; he loves the country, but inclines a little too much to his stable and dog-kennel; he keeps a very hospitable good house, and is always ready to relieve those in distress; his lady Dr. Delany can give

you a character of, and is what I believe you will approve of.

I came from Long Leat last Saturday, and am now at Gloucester with my mother and sister. My Lord Bathurst was here about a fortnight ago. I was sorry to miss him; I have a double reason for liking his company. He has made me promise to pay him a visit at Oakley Wood, which I certainly will do; I shall with great resignation submit to any punishment you convey through his hands. I wish you could make your words good, and that I *was* a "*sorceress*;" I should then set all my charms to work to bring you to England, and should expect a general thanksgiving for employing my spells to so good a purpose. *The syren*[1] has lately been at Oxford: we parted very unwillingly, she is extremely obliged to you for remembering her so favourably. I am glad Mr. Donellan pleases you; I know he has a high value for you, and I agree with you in thinking him a most deserving young man. My Lord Lansdown is much at your service, laments the days that are past, and constantly drinks your health in champaign, as clear as your thoughts, and sparkling as your wit; Lord and Lady Carteret, and my Lady Worsley all talk kindly of you, and join their wishes to mine for your coming among us. I request it of you to make my humble service acceptable to those friends of yours that are so good as to remember me.

I am, sir,

Your most obliged and faithful humble servant,

M. PENDARVES.

Be pleased to direct for me at Mrs Granville's, Gloucester.

[1] Mrs. Donellan.

*George Lord Lansdowne to his niece Mrs. Pendarves.*

MY DEAR NIECE, London, Augt. 8th, 1733.

The last post brought me the enclosed from Sir W. Carew. I send it you for your farther instructions. You mentioned to me at parting a certain Mr. Cox who was to come to me, but I have never heard of him. Your good sense will make all places agreeable to you, but with *your pardon*, notwithstanding all your fine rural descriptions, the *pleasures of Courts*, and *the entertainments of the town* are more at the bottom of your heart; and it is fit they should be so for the sake of the public, qualified as you are to grace our assemblies. Nor can you ever *make me believe* you prefer the murmuring of a purling stream, to a quaver of Cuzzoni! Your friend the Reverend Dean[1] would tell you this is all "*widowe's cant*" and "*meer pruderie.*" I wish Lord Bathurst[2] success with all my heart, but I am told Mr. Stow gives his interest to Sir John Dutton. Is that possible? Our present subject for discourse is the marriage of the Duchess Dowager of Cleveland[3] with Mr. Southcot. *Widow!* have a care; a matrimonial star is reigning over young and old, *you may be caught* before you are aware, and there is no resisting one's destiny.

I hear all at Long Leat are well, except Lord Inchiquin,[4]

[1] "Your friend the Dean,"—Dean Swift.

[2] Allen, first Lord Bathurst, one of the twelve Tory peers created by Queen Anne, in 1711; created an earl in 1772. He lived to see his eldest son Lord Chancellor of England, and died at the age of 91, in 1775. He was the friend of Pope, Congreve, Swift, Prior, Hume, Sterne, and other men of letters.

[3] Anne, daughter of Sir Wm. Pulteney; married in 1694, to Charles Duke of Cleveland, by whom she was mother of William Duke of Cleveland. She was married, secondly, to William Southcote, Esq., of Weybridge, in Surrey; and died February, 1746.

[4] William, 4th Earl of Inchiquin, succeeded his father, 1719; married in

Joseph Brown Sc.

GEORGE GRANVILLE,

*Lord Lansdowne*

*From an original Miniature*
*in the poſſeſſion of Bernard Granville Esq.*

who has had the misfortune to break his collar bone by a fall from his horse, but he is in a fair way of doing well. Lady Dysart[1] is in affliction for the loss of her youngest daughter, who has not long outlived her christening.

When you are at Oakly-Wood pray make my compliments to Lord Bathurst and all that family, to which I am always the same humble servant, though my necessary retreat *from* the world, and his necessary appearance *in it*, have kept us more asunder of late years than I could wish. I am now preparing to taste a little country air in the season of figs and grapes: the sports of the field I leave to others; if the hares and the partridge were to live till I killed them, there would be no want of game; for I would not willingly be the murderer of a fly!

My compliments I beseech you to your mother and my goddaughter, whom you find so agreeable a companion by a river-side;—I wish some Orondates would surprise you in the midst of your philosophical discourses, snatch you in his arms, clap you upon his crupper, and ride away with you to those regions of bliss, where—I leave the rest to Lord Bathurst: he can best describe to you the ineffable joys of that country, where happiness only reigns; he is a native of it, but it has always been *terra incognita* to me.

I am, my dear niece, ever most affectionately,

Your faithful humble servant, LANSDOWNE.

Your aunt and cousins are your humble servants, &c.

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1720, Anne, Countess of Orkney, and secondly in 1761, Mary, daughter of Stephen Viscount Mountcashel. He died in 1777, and was succeeded by his nephew.

[1] August 1733. Died the Lady Harriot Talmash, second daughter to the Right Hon. the Earl of Dysart.—*Historical Register.*

The above letter appears to have been written to Mrs. Pendarves whilst with her mother and sister in the country, after having heard her expressions of delight in the enjoyment of nature, which from her earliest years ever proved a true solace to her, as well as a gratification; but it was a sort of pleasure in which Lord Lansdown could not sympathize.

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*From Mrs. Pendarves to Dr. Swift.*

SIR, Gloucester, Octr. 24, 1733.

I cannot imagine how my Lord Orrery came by my last letter to you: I believe my good genius conveyed it into his hands, to make it of more consequence to you; if it had that effect, I wish this may meet with the same fortune.

If I were writing to a common correspondent, I should now make a fine flourish to excuse myself for not sooner acknowledging the favour of your letter; but I must deal plainly with you, sir, and tell you (now do not be angry), that the fear of tiring you stopped my hand. I value your correspondence so highly, that I think of every way that may preserve it; and one is, not to be too troublesome. Now I cannot guess how you will take this last paragraph; but if it makes me appear affected or silly, I will endeavour not to offend in the same manner again. Some mortification of that kind is wanting to bring me to myself. Your ways of making compliments are dangerous snares, and I do not know how to guard against the pleasure they bring: to be remembered and regretted by you, are honours of a very delicate kind; I have been told, that unexpected good fortune is harder to bear well than adversity.

The cold weather, I suppose, has gathered together Dr. Delany's set: the next time you meet, may I beg

the favour to make my compliments acceptable? I recollect no entertainment with so much pleasure, as what I received from that company; it has made me very sincerely lament the many hours of my life that I have lost in insignificant conversation.

A few days before I had your last letter, my sister and I made a visit to my Lord and Lady Bathurst at Cirencester. Oakly-wood joins to his park, the grand avenue that goes from his house through his park and wood is five miles long: and the whole contains five thousand acres; we staid there a day an half. The wood is extremely improved since you saw it, and when the whole design is executed, it will be one of the finest places in England; my Lord Bathurst talks with great delight of the pleasure you once gave him by surprising him in his wood, and showed me the house where you lodged. It has been rebuilt; for the day you left it it fell to the ground, conscious of the honour it had received by entertaining so illustrious a guest, it burst with pride! My Lord Bathurst has greatly improved the wood house, which you may remember but a cottage, not a bit better than an Irish cabin. It is now a venerable castle, and has been taken by an antiquarian for one of King Arthur's, "with thicket overgrown grotesque and wild." I endeavoured to sketch it for you, but I have not skill to do it justice. My Lord Bathurst was in great spirits; and though surrounded by candidates and voters against next Parliament, made himself agreeable in spite of their clamour: we did not forget to talk of Naboth's vineyard[1] and Delville.[2] I have not seen him since, though he promised to return my visit.

[1] "*Naboth's vineyard*" belonged to Dr. Swift.

[2] Dr. Delany's beautiful villa, about a mile from Dublin.

All the *beau monde* flock to London to see her Royal Highness[1] disposed of; but I prefer my duty to my mother, and the conversation of a country girl, (my sister), to all the pomp and splendour of the Court. Is this virtue, or is it stupidity? If I can help it I will not go to town till after Christmas. I shall spend one month in my way to London at Long Leat.[2] I hear that the young people there are very happy.

It is a little unreasonable of me to begin a fourth page; but it is a hard task to retire from the company one likes best. I am, sir, your most obliged and faithful humble servant,

M. PENDARVES.

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*From the Countess of Granville[3] to Dean Swift.*

Hawnes, Nov. 27, 1733.

DEAR SIR,

I have received the honour of your commands, and shall obey them; for I am very proud of your remembrance. I do not know we ever quarrelled; but if we did, I am as good a Christian as you are,—in perfect charity with you; my son, my daughter, and all our olive-branches salute you most tenderly.

I never wished so much as I do now that I were bright, and had a genius which could entertain you, in return for the many excellent things that entertain me daily, which I read over and over with fresh delight.

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[1] The Princess Royal, whose marriage was afterwards deferred till March in the following year.

[2] The country seat of Lord Weymouth.

[3] Grace, widow of George Lord Carteret, daughter of John Granville, 1st Earl of Bath, and granddaughter of Sir Bevil Granville. She was created Viscountess Carteret, and Countess Granville, 1st January, 1714-15, with limitations of those honours to her son John Lord Carteret.

Will you never come into England, and make Hawnes[1] your road? You will find nothing here to offend you, for I am a hermit and live in my chimney-corner, and have no ambition but that you will believe I am the charming Dean's

Most obedient, humble servant,

GRANVILLE.

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*Mrs. Pendarves to Mrs. Ann Granville.*

Long Leat, 19 Dec. 1733.

I send all my letters by way of London, and yet I find they do not come regularly to you. Letters even from London miscarry, unless they direct them by the Frome bag: I had one two days ago from Bunny, that should have come to me a week ago. I had been uneasy at not hearing from him; but I find he is very well, and has picked up a *little sober* acquaintance at Dunce; he brags of plays and puppet-shows too. Sir John Stanley writ a short postcript in the letter; he has been very ill with a strain in his back, which he got by pruning his trees at Northend, and a cold upon it which he has not yet recovered. I had a letter yesterday from Mrs. Shuttleworth, with an account of my poor Donellan, who had, the day she wrote that letter, been for the first time in the park to take the air, but was so

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[1] The seat of Lord Carteret, afterwards Earl Granville, in Bedfordshire. This letter has been published, but is an interesting link in the present chain of correspondence, as shewing the variety of persons of the most different dispositions, who were alike in their partiality for the society of Swift. There could not be two individuals much more dissimilar, though of the same blood, than Mary Granville and the redoubtable Grace Countess Granville, but they both agreed on that point.

weak that Mr. Kelly was forced to carry her down stairs in his arms; but when she came back she was so much better, that with a little help she walked up stairs. By this time I believe you have received the explanation of the five words; and you will find that Friendship is *not wanting*, though *the word* is not there. I sent you a few unmeaning letters last time I wrote, I thought to have finished the alphabets by this time, but I have not time.

I have not yet settled the affair of Buckland, and I am afraid I shall not, for Lord W.[1] does not care to part with it. I thank you, my dear, for your desiring to work a *cheneil manteil* for me; but to tell you the truth I am *sick of manteils*, and I have two by me. I am glad your hood answers your labour so well; Lady Weymouth is very impatient for her box. I am mightily pleased at your having a summer's ramble in view; it will be agreeable and healthy, and very convenient so near Gloucester. I wish you may have good entertainment from your players.

Whilst Lord and Lady Carteret were here, Lord Weymouth sent for the players from Bath, and had scenes put up in the great parlour: they acted two plays very well. When they arrived with their baggage, Lady Weymouth says it was as entertaining a part as any, and put her in mind of Scarron's comical romance. We have a great mind to have a little dancing this Xtmas, but we shall hardly bring it to bear for Lord Weymouth hates it, and is afraid Lady W. should use too much exercise; but he is very glad of any pretence to put it off, though he is very obliging to her, and excessively fond of her,

[1] "Lord W."—Lord Weymouth.

and I don't wonder at him, for if any man's heart is to be won by merit, she has a very good title to his; I never saw more complaisance and sweetness of manner than she has in her whole behaviour. Lord O. has at last put on a shoe, but not a boot; he is expected here every day, for he promised to make his first visit to Long Leat as soon as he was able to go abroad. Some men are expected from the Bath to spend a day or two here, old companions of Mr. Villiers's; I don't expect much from them. Mr. Harbin[1] makes me an hour's visit every morning, which time I think very well spent, for he is *improving* and entertaining. Since my moving into a new apartment, and that my room does not smoke, I have not taken my morning walks in the gallery, for that broke in a little too much on my morning exercises. I have made up my green muff, and it looks very pretty; Lady W. liked it prodigiously, but I could not make her a compliment of it, because it is a counterpart of yours, and a sort of emblem of you and me, and so I must cherish it.

I think I wrote you word long ago that Mrs. Helen Seymour was dead; 'tis thought she might have been recovered, if the old miser her father[2] would have been at the expense of sending for a good physician. She was the best of the family; she had a fortune of ninety pounds a year in her own power, which she left to two of her sisters. Sir Edward allowed them forty pounds a year a-piece, and since that legacy he has stopped it, a notable instance of his fatherly love and generosity.

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[1] "Mr. Harbin," query Lord Weymouth's chaplain?

[2] Sir Edward Seymour, 5th baronet, and father of Sir Edward Seymour, who succeeded, in 1750, to the Dukedom of Somerset.

I told you before that I had begun Lord Clarendon's History; it entertains me very much, and Lady W. is mightily pleased with it; I am very glad to introduce anything to her that can please and inform her at the same time.

There are no other letters preserved from Long Leat, where Mrs. Pendarves spent the Christmas of 1733. Her next letter to her sister is in February of the new year.

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*Mrs. Pendarves to Mrs. Ann Granville.*

L. B. Street, 16 Feby, 1733-4.

My valentine was my Lord Orkney,[1] I have fixed it on the Earl, and have some thoughts of marrying him; then bury him decently in Westminster, and enjoy the dowagership most gallantly. What think you of this scheme? I won't pursue it till I have your consent. You shall be very welcome to Clevedon, 'tis a fine place. I can't brag much of my eye. I find it still weak, and it will be humoured; though it went pinking and blinking to Court last night, where I saw nothing bright enough to dazzle it much. I went with Lady Dysart and Lady Weymouth; we only went to the King's drawing-room. I had a bow from Periander, but I brushed by him for fear of his throwing some awkward sentence at me out

[1] George Hamilton, 5th son of William Duke of Hamilton, was created in 1696, Earl of Orkney, Viscount Kirkwall and Baron Dechmont. He was a distinguished military officer, and in 1712 served as a general of foot under the Duke of Ormond in Flanders. He married Elizabeth Villiers, sister of Edward, 1st Earl of Jersey, became a widower in 1733, and died at the age of 71, in 1737, leaving three daughters, the eldest of whom, Anne, became in her own right Countess of Orkney.

of that disagreable mouth of his, and then the ladies I was with would have led me a weary life.

Now you expect some account of our cousin Spencer.[1] They were married on Thursday between eight and nine o' the clock at night. Those at the wedding were the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, Duke and Duchess of Bedford, Sir Robert Worsley and my lady,[2] Lord Morpeth, Lord Winchelsea, Col. Husk[n], Col. Montague, and all Mrs. Spencer's brothers and sisters. After they were married they played a pool at commerce, supped at ten, went to bed between twelve and one, and went to Windsor Lodge the next day at noon, and are to return on Monday; they have taken the lodging Mr. Percival had in Conduit Street. Her clothes were white satin embroidered with silver, very fine lace; and the jewels the Duchess of Marlborough gave, which I believe, I have already given you an account of, so I will not repeat it. The rest of her clothes are a pink and silver,

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[1] Georgiana Carolina Carteret, fourth daughter of John Lord Carteret, afterwards Earl Granville, was born March 12, 1716, and baptized on the 5th of the following month. King George II. and Queen Caroline were her sponsors. She was married February 14, 1733-4, to the Honourable John Spencer, brother of Charles Duke of Marlborough. Her son by this marriage was created Earl Spencer in 1765. The *Daily Courant* for February 15, 1734, thus reports this marriage. "Yesterday, the Hon. John Spencer, Esq., brother to his Grace the Duke of Marlborough, and grandson to her Grace the Duchess-dowager of Marlborough, was married at St. George's, Hanover Square, to the third daughter of the Right Hon. the Lord Carteret, a beautiful young lady, with a fortune of 30,000*l*."

[2] Sir Robert Worsley, of Appuldercombe, born in 1669, who married in 1690, Frances, only daughter of Thomas, first Viscount Weymouth; and had issue, 1. Robert, born in 1695, died unmarried in 1714; 2. Thymee, born in 1711, married Henrietta Maria, daughter of Charles Wither, Esq., of Hall Place, Hants, but died *s. p.*, in 1741—his widow married secondly Edmund Bramston, Esq.; 3. Francis, married to John, Lord Carteret, afterwards Earl of Granville, and had issue. Sir Robert Worsley died in August, 1747, and was succeeded by his cousin.

a flowered silk, white ground, a blue damask night-gown, and a white damask the robing and facings embroidered with gold and colours; a pink plain poudesoy, a flowered silk, green ground, her laces and linen very fine. Everybody at the wedding was magnificent. Lady Dysart, white and purple and silver, Lady Weymouth, blue and silver. Their clothes are now laid by for the royal wedding, which will be about three weeks hence, 'tis thought. I have got my wedding garment ready, 'tis a brocaded lutestring, white ground with great ramping flowers in shades of purples, reds, and greens. I gave thirteen shillings a yard; it looks better than it describes, and will make a show: I shall wear with them dark purple and gold ribbon, and a *black hood* for decency's sake.

Who should I see at Court last night, noddling her head, but Molly Winnington,[1] who by the by, I fear I have affronted, for I could not get at her to speak to her, nor have I visited her; for how is it possible for one that lives on the walls of Hyde Park, to visit at St. G's?

Our cousins are now growing the most considerable people in the kingdom. If their heads don't turn with it, I may say of them as once was said of a man that bragged he could look down a steep precipice without being giddy—that he had the strongest or the weakest head in the world. Well, my dear sister, we are certainly the poorest of our family, but yet I would not change with any one of them *every* circumstance of my life; what say you? But don't fear that *mauvaise honte* of yours; a little use will wear it off, and *I hope*

[1] Mary, eldest daughter of Francis Winnington, Esq., of Broadway, in Worcestershire; M.P. for Droitwich.

it will be put to the trial.[1] I have not yet seen Lady Hertford, but shall some morning next week. The Prince of Hesse Cassel will have Princess Amelia.[2] Look in your map and see *how you like that country?* 'tis better than the Prince of Orange's,[3] and a very cheap place.

I have sent the *hartshorn, salts, solos,* and *two or three poems,* that perhaps you have seen—Lord Lansdowne sent them to you; he expresses great liking for you. I am delighted with the thoughts of your country seat this summer. The work I design sending you is some I have ready drawn, but it must not be traced—traced work is very ugly, and quite out of fashion. You that have a knowledge of shading cannot be at a loss, and if you should spoil a bit of canvass, what does it signify.

Sister Griselda received your packet. She waits for something to send you in return. The fortune of the Wesleys is not on so good a foot as you imagine, for if they have no son, the estate goes to one that has used them very ill.

The following verses were found among Mrs. Delany's correspondence, written on a sheet of paper surrounded by a garland of roses:—

To y^e^ Honble. Georgina Caroline Carteret, on May 1st, 1731:—

Hail beauteous emblem
Of the blooming year!
On thee y^e^ rose and lilly shew,
Fairer by far, much sweeter too,
Than bush or meadow bear.

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[1] This sentence was in allusion to the expectation of Mrs. Ann Granville's having an appointment at court.

[2] This marriage did not take place.

[3] William Prince of Orange, who married Ann, Princess Royal, March 14, 1734.

And durst I have a wish,
I wou'd appear a lilly too,
That almost vies,
With snow that on yr bosom lies,
And grow for ever there.

By ye Reverend Mr. Fletcher.

The following account is given in the *Daily Courant* of January 21, 1734, a month before the marriage of Mr. Spencer and Miss Carteret:—"On Tuesday last the estates of his Grace Charles Duke of Marlborough, in Northamptonshire and Bedfordshire, together with Sunderland House in Piccadilly, were in due form conveyed to the Hon. John Spencer, his Grace's only brother, pursuant to the last will and testament of the late Duke of Marlborough—that then, and in that case, he would recommend it to the Duke of Marlborough to settle such estates he was before in possession of on his younger brothers or brother, or give them or him an equivalent in money in lieu thereof, within three months after the acquisition of those honours."

"We hear that the Duchess Dowager of Marlborough hath settled 5000*l.* per annum on the Hon. John Spencer, her grandson, and his heirs for ever."

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*Mrs. Pendarves to Mrs. Ann Granville.*

L. B. Street, 2 March, 1733-4.

My Dearest Anna,

I am so much indebted to all my correspondents, that I cannot possibly afford you this post a folio sheet, having several letters to write; but I make yours the first for fear some impertinence otherwise might happen, and rob you of your due. I have received the ham and woodcocks, and am prodigiously obliged to my dear mama for them. But I am sorry she has put herself to that expense and trouble; surely I want no new mark of her goodness to me, that have already received more

than I can ever return. I am indebted to you for the carriage of the last things I had from Glocester. What could make you pay the carriage there? I have this day sent your box, some flower-seeds from Lady Sunderland, three caps for mama, and I have tried to get the *violet comfits*, but no such thing is to be met with; and your fan, which is mounted with an Indian paper—no others are now worn, and the sticks are too weak for any other kind of paper. If you have not seen *Tit for Tat*,[1] I believe it will amuse you—I have cramm'd it in the box. It was occasioned by an abusive poem of Lord H—— to a clergyman, where he mauls poor Pope unmercifully and unskilfully: both the poems are together. I have nothing else worth reading, or you should have it.

Yesterday being the anniversary of her Majesty's birthday, the same was observed with the usual ceremony and magnificence. I can't say I saw much of it; for I have kept my clothes for the wedding. I was at Lady Carteret's yesterday, and saw her three married daughters, most completely dressed, and three very fine figures they were, though very different beauties. Lady Dysart's face is *handsomer than ever*; but Lady Weymouth's person bears away the bell, *even* from the Marlborough race, and Mrs. Spencer is neither *so* handsome as Lady Dysart, nor *so* genteel as Lady Weymouth,—and yet, altogether, she is as agreeable as either of them; Lady Dysart's clothes were pink armazine trimmed with silver, Lady Weymouth, white brocaded lutestring with silver and colours, Mrs. Spencer, white satin embroidered

[1] In the *Daily Journal* for January 26, 1734, is an advertisement. "This day is published, price 6*d*., *Tit for Tat*, or an answer to the Epistle to a Nobleman."

with silver; Lord Weymouth gave her the day before the birthday, a brilliant necklace worth two thousand pounds.

Now I have entered upon this subject, I must tell you the present the Prince of Orange has prepared for his princess—a necklace of rose diamonds; the five middle diamonds are half the necklace, two of which are worth four thousand pound, her earrings of proportionable value; a green diamond to hang as a bob to her necklace of a vast size, and five loops for her stays, the finest that he could get in England. He presented her before his sickness with pearl much finer than any of the Queen's. The day for the royal nuptials is not yet named; the Prince is to be in town on Monday next.

I suppose there is a letter for me at Lord Weymouth's, but they are not stirring yet, for I am a very early person, and rise every morning at seven, though Dean Berkley[1] that was, (now Bishop of Cloyne), and his lady rise every morning *at four* o' the clock: they are the most primitive couple that ever I heard of. I forgot to tell you in my last, that Mr. Huddleston should have his case well drawn up, and presented to the Archbishop of Canterbury: if he has no better means of doing it, I will endeavour to find out somebody to do it for him, if you will get all those circumstances of his life stated, that may be of service to him. Poor Barber is very much dejected, and I am sorry for it; I doubt her circumstances are not in the best way, and this last affair has been very troublesome and mortifyin to her, though there *can be nothing against her* of consequence.[2]

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[1] George Berkeley, Dean of Derry, was appointed to the bishopric of Cloyne in 1734.

[2] The allusion to Mrs. Barber proves that her patrons did not give credence to her having written the letters to Queen Caroline before alluded to.

Now for a little of my own affairs! Mrs. Basset's agent is glad to pay the half-year as due; but as to the charge of security, they offer me fifty guineas to do them a courtesy which is worth twenty thousand! but they have teazed me and tired me so much, that I have offered to compound the matter; Bunny will not be pleased with this composition, but I am sick of having any more dealings with them.

I am to dine to day at Lord Lansdown's, to meet Sir William Carew and Sir John S$^{t}$ Aubyn;[1] Lady Lansdown and Miss Granville were both very fine yesterday. You find how unnecessarily you tormented yourself at not hearing from me; pray don't be so easily alarmed, 'tis the way to be miserable. Our *real evils* are as much as our weak natures can possibly support; we must *always strive against imaginary ones*, or *to what purpose are we endued with reason?* Let me know what letters you want to complete your alphabet; in what character is Miss Beal to go with the Orange family? A sub-maid, I guess. I must finish. Adieu, my love,

I am yours with all truth and tenderness,

M. P.

My humble duty to dear mama. If you can get a tolerably neat frame and glass at Glocester, put Swift's picture in one before you give it Mr. Newton, and let me know what it comes to.

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[1] Sir John St. Aubyn married, 1725, Mary, daughter and co-heir of Peter de la Hay, Esq. No date of his death is given in Burke's Extinct Baronetage.

*From the Countess Granville to Mrs. Pendarves.*

Hawnes, March 14th, 1733-4.

DEAR COUSIN,

I accept of your challenge, and am ready to try who shall be tired first. Your visits are most agreeable, and can never be too long; I wish I could entertain you as much, or serve you in the pursuit you are in,—an after-game is more difficult than a first. However, I think you are in the right way, as to your *man* acquaintance. He has too much honour to promise, and not keep his word, but as to your *ladies*, I have no opinion of anything they say! I don't doubt but you make your court by being on that side in music, everything runs into party, and with many without any judgment; but I don't say that of *you*, for you have a right taste in everything. I am very glad my young ladies think so much of music, as to be of either side. I hope Lady Weymouth will find time to recover her hand, it is only practice can do it; she tells me she was about buying a harpsichord. I have so entirely given up all my authority to her Lord, that I have no directions to give in any particular. I am much pleased with your saying I have the honour of *his* good opinion, for he has a *great share* in my heart; his right judging of everything, and his good nature charms me; I hear he is one of the handsomest beaus in town, and shines as much as his wife does. Your commending Fanny[1] pleases me very much; she is now at her worst, but I hope will mend every day. Pray be so good as to hear her play and sing, and let me have

[1] Lady Frances, youngest daughter of Lord Carteret, and granddaughter to Countess Granville.

*your opinion*; she promises me to take a great deal of pains, which Lady Weymouth never would do, else she had sung as well as her mother, for she has as sweet a voice, and strength would have come with often practice, and a good deal of pains, which made Lady Carteret's what it is. Till she learned of Mr. Hollcome a few years ago she would never put out her voice. There is, I think, no accomplishment so great for a lady as music, for it tunes the mind. My daughter tells me Mrs. Spencer will improve her music with learning, for Mr. Spencer loves it extremely, and plays himself very well on the German flute.

The Royal Wedding will give you matter to fill a letter; I guess you will venture into the booth, and pretty women never want people to take care of them. I wish Sir John Stanley would make me a visit and see my improvements, when I am alone, that I might have him all to myself two or three days longer. I know he can't spare time, but whether he will or no give me that pleasure, pray tell him I love and honour him, for I have been long acquainted with his generosity, good sense, and good nature: *he* is the *reverse* of his friend, *my neighbour* at Great Park, who makes a sad figure; I never see him, which I am not sorry for. I tell you all my thoughts, for I have the utmost esteem for you; and on all occasions I shall be glad to show you how much

I am, dear cousin,

Your most affectionate humble servant,

GRANVILLE.

The above letter was written by Grace, Countess Granville, familiarly called "the old Countess," and also "the Dragon." She was the youngest surviving daughter of John, 1st Earl of

Bath; was born Sept. 3, 1654. She married, March 9, 1674, George, 1st Baron Carteret, who died 22nd Sept., 1695, in the 26th year of his age. By the death of her nephew, William Henry Granville, Earl of Bath, in 1711, she became a coheir of his estate, and in 1715 she was created Viscountess Carteret and Countess Granville in her own right. She died in 1744, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

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*Mrs. Pendarves to Mrs. Ann Granville.*

16 March, 1733-4.

My dearest sister, with a muddled head (the effects of raking), I shall attempt to give you some account of our Royal Wedding.[1] You must not expect a very intelligible description, for it is hard to make that plain which appeared to me all confusion. As to the ceremony that was performed on Thursday, I refer you to newspapers where you will meet with better information than any I can give you; for I was not there, which I have *since repented*, for it was in the greatest order that it could be, and much less fatigue than Court was yesterday.

The Princess of Orange's dress was the prettiest thing that ever was seen—a *corps de robe*, that is, in *plain English*, a stiff-bodied gown. The eight peers' daughters that held up her train were in the same sort of dress—all white and silver, with great quantities of jewels in their hair, and long locks: some of them were very pretty and well shaped—it is a most becoming dress. They all wore it yesterday, except the Princess, and she was in a manteau and petticoat, white damask, with the finest

[1] Anne, Princess Royal, born October 22, 1709, married March 14, 1734, to William Prince of Orange, and died in 1759.

embroidery of rich embossed gold and festoons of flowers intermixed in their natural colours. On one side of her head she had a green diamond of a vast size, the shape of a pear, and two pearls prodigiously large that were fastened to wires and hung loose upon her hair: on the other side small diamonds prettily disposed; her earrings, necklace, and bars to her stays all extravagantly fine, presents of the Prince of Orange to her. The Prince of Orange was in a gold stuff embroidered with silver; it looked rich but not showy. The King was in a gold stuff which made much more show, with diamond buttons to his coat; his star and George shone most gloriously. The Queen's clothes were a green ground flowered with gold and several shades; but grave and very handsome; her head was loaded with pearls and diamonds. The Prince of Wales was fine, as you may suppose, but I hardly ever remember men's clothes. Princess Amelia had white embroidered with gold and scarlet; Princess Caroline, white embroidered with silver, green and purple. The Prince of Wales dances better than anybody, and the Prince of Orange most surprisingly well considering his shape.

The Princess of Orange's servants were all presented to her yesterday morning; Peg most outrageously affronted by being presented the *third* when she expected to be *the first*. She was bedizened sumptuously, pink satin with a silver trimming that cost fifty guineas; *Leonora* did *not* consult her complexion, her clothes were a black green flowered with silver, and some very dull colours. Oh, what a figure she cut! Lady Sunderland, with whom I went, was very fine; a white and gold stuff and coloured flowers; Bess in a pink and gold silver damask. Now

you'll want to know where I saw all this, why I went in the morning with Lady Sunderland and the Duchess of Marlborough. We went at one—such crowding, such finery I never saw; with great difficulty I made my curtsey, and the Queen *commended my clothes.* We got home to dinner about five, and went to the ball at eight, were so squeezed for half an hour that 'twas insupportable, but Lord Baltimore[1] permitted us to go up into the gallery: he made way for us, and we were happily placed where we could *see everything.* Lord Crawford[2] was in a white damask laced with gold. No women danced but the princesses and the trainbearers.

We got out very easily at twelve.

There is some ambiguity in the wording of a sentence at the commencement of the above letter relative to the royal marriage, as it would appear on first reading that Mrs. Pendarves was *not* present, and yet that she gave the account as that of an eye-witness, at the same time referring her sister to the newspaper. But the facts are as follows: The Princess Royal was married to the Prince of Orange on Thursday the 14th of March. Mrs. Pendarves says that she repented that she did not witness the marriage, for the account of which she refers her sister to the paper. The details of dress, &c., which she afterwards gives from her own observation, was at the drawing-room the *following day* (Friday, 15th), of which she said it appeared "all confusion," but that the marriage, she understood, had been conducted with "the greatest order possible;" the following account extracted from the papers of 1734, may be interesting to those who witnessed the recent marriage (1858) of the Princess Royal of England to observe the differences in the ceremonial.

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1 This is the first mention of Lord Baltimore since 1730.

2 John Lindsay, Earl of Crawford, is mentioned by Horace Walpole as having died January 1750. His life, which has nothing remarkable in it, was afterwards published in a large quarto.

"On Thursday, the 14th of March, came on the marriage of the Princess Royal with his Serene Highness the Prince of Orange, on which occasion great rejoicings were made. The ceremony was performed in the evening, and the procession from the palace *through the gallery built in the park*,[1] to the chapel contiguous to the palace, was in the following manner:—Drums and trumpets and kettle-drums, and the Serjeant Trumpeter, in his collar of S.S., and bearing the mace; the Master of the Ceremonies, with one of the chiefest officers of the Bridegroom; Gentleman Usher of the Bridegroom, between the two senior heralds; the Bridegroom, in his nuptial apparel, with the collar of the Garter, conducted by the Duke of Grafton, Lord Chamberlain, and Lord Hervey, Vice-Chamberlain, and supported by the Earls of Scarborough and Wilmington, Knights of the Garter, *being both batchelors*, wearing their collars. The officers attendant on the Bridegroom followed in pairs, according to their rank. Upon the entry into the chapel the attendants went to the seats assigned to them, and the Bridegroom was brought by his conductors to the stool placed for his Highness, next below his Majesty's chair of state on the haut-pas. The Lord Chamberlain and Vice-Chamberlain returning back to conduct the Bride, the drums and trumpets likewise returning without playing, and then playing in like manner before the procession of the Bride, and afterwards before the procession of their Majesties. The Bride, in her nuptial habit, and *wearing her coronet*, was conducted by the Lord Chamberlain, supported by the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Cumberland. Her train was carried by Lady Caroline Manners, Lady Louisa Bertie, Lady Caroline Pierpoint, Lady Betty Seymour, Lady Die Gray, Lady Caroline Darcy, Lady Fanny Montague, and Lady Fanny Pierpoint. (*The names spelt as here given.*)

"The Prince of Wales's servants preceded him one by one *in a*

[1] In allusion to this gallery, Walpole mentions an anecdote of the Duchess of Marlborough, who with her characteristic insolence expressed her wonder as to when her "*neighbour would take away his orange chest*," which darkened the windows of Marlbro' House. The gallery was erected for the procession from the *windows* of the *great drawing-room at St. James's across the gardens* to the Lutheran Chapel in the Friary.

*line;* the royal Bride's, and the Duke of Cumberland's servants preceded them in the *same manner.* Unmarried daughters of peers preceded in pairs, as also peeresses.

"His Majesty, in the great collar of the Garter, was *preceded by all the Bishops* in their episcopal habits, who followed the Knight Marshal, the Heralds, Knights of the Bath, (*not peers,*) Privy Councillors, (*not peers,*) Sir Robert Walpole, Knight of the Garter, with his collar, alone, Sir Conyers Darcy, Knight of the Bath, with his collar, alone, in his place as appointed for the Comptroller of the Household, and the Barons. The Bishops were followed by the Viscounts, Earls, Marquesses, and Dukes, two and two, according to their respective precedencies: two provincial Kings of Arms, Lord Privy Seal, Lord Chancellor, Garter King of Arms, between two Gentlemen Ushers, the Earl Marshal, with gold staff, Sword of State, borne by the Duke of Montagu, K.G., supported by the Lord Chamberlain and Vice-Chamberlain.

"After his Majesty followed the Captain of the Guards, having on his right the Captain of the Band of Pensioners, and on his left the Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard; the Earl of Pembroke, Lord of the Bedchamber in waiting, Sir Robert Rich, and Col. Campbell, grooms of the bedchamber in waiting. Her Majesty was preceded by Mr. Coke, her Vice-Chamberlain, supported by the Earl of Grantham, her Lord Chamberlain, and the Earl of Pomfret, her Master of the Horse.

"The Princesses Amelia, Caroline, Mary, and Louisa, were supported severally by two Gentlemen Ushers. The ladies of her Majesty's bedchamber, maids of honour and women of the bedchamber followed the Princesses in pairs, according to their precedencies, the gentlemen pensioners walking in two rows on each side.

"All persons in the procession, on their entering the chapel, retired to the several places appointed for each degree or class. None remained on the haut-pas besides their Majesties, seated on their chairs of state, and the Royal Family, on stools, excepting the Lord of the Bedchamber in waiting, behind the King, the lord who bore the sword and continued holding it erect on his Majesty's

right hand, and the Lord Chamberlain, with the Vice-Chamberlain near him on the left hand of his Majesty. Her Majesty's Lord Chamberlain, Master of the Horse, and Vice-Chamberlain, stood upon the haut-pas behind her. The ladies of the bedchamber, maids of honour, and women of the bedchamber went to the places assigned them. After *the Bishop of London*, (as Dean of the chapel,) had given the blessing, their Majesties removed to the traverse erected on one side of the altar; the Prince of Orange, then leading the Princess, went up to the rails of the altar, and knelt there. When the Dean had finished the service in the liturgy, the married couple rose and retired back to their stools on the haut-pas, while the anthem was sung. On the return of the procession the Prince of Orange was supported by *two married dukes*, Knights of the Garter (viz. Richmond and Rutland). The Princess was supported as before by her two royal brothers, her train carried as before, but all the *married* ladies in pairs went next to the Princess, and all the *unmarried* ladies who in the entry *preceded* the married ones, *now followed them* according to their degrees.

"The only change in his Majesty's procession on the return was that the Heralds supplied the rooms of the provincial Kings, who attended the Princess and her Majesty in like manner, the Princesses following in the former method. As soon as the procession came back to the door of the lesser drawing-room, the company stopped, but their Majesties, Prince of Wales, Duke of Cumberland, Bride and Bridegroom, and the Princesses, went in, when the Prince of Orange and Princess Royal kneeled and asked their Majesties' blessing. At 11 o'clock the Royal Family supped in public, in the great state ball-room; their Majesties were placed at the upper end of the table, under a canopy; *on their right* the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Cumberland, and the *Prince of Orange; on their left the Princess Royal* and the Princesses Amelia, Caroline, and Mary. *The Countess of Hertford carved.* About one the Bride and Bridegroom retired, and were afterwards seen by the nobility, &c. sitting up in their bedchamber in rich undresses.

"All people of quality and persons of distinction that did not walk in the procession, had a gallery prepared for them in the chapel to see the ceremony."

On the Prince of Orange's arrival in Nov. 1733, the prisoners on the Master's side of the King's Bench, made great rejoicings by illuminations, &c., and particularly by a large paper machine, in which was enclosed several candles. The machine was transparent, and upon the sides were written the four followng lines:—

"Great is our joy, let echoing cannons roar,
Nassau is landed on the British shore.
William brought peace, and liberty restor'd,
We hope like blessings Nassau will afford."

Jonathan Pinchbeck, the fan-maker, also advertised "The original, loyal, Nassau Fan; or Love and Beauty triumphant."

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*Mrs. Ann Granville to her sister Mrs. Pendarves.*

Gloster, 20 March, 1734.

So much magnificence and order must be a noble sight; well, positively when we marry *another daughter* I *will* contrive to be in town. Thanks to my dearest sister for her fine description; your words render everything, however fine and agreeable in itself, doubly so to me. I have not read your letter yet to *above* a dozen people, but it will be made known to the whole town; the author of the Journal would give me a *good price for it!* The dress of the Princess and her train-bearers must be extremely becoming, it put me very much in mind of De Scudery's descriptions. Methinks I am sorry Princess Royal is going away; I *have always* heard her commended, yet her perfections have been more talked of since the match was on foot than before. I am glad the Prince of Orange has so much under-

standing, I wish to have ingenious people come together be it in high or low life: there cannot be *greater unhappiness* to a person of sense, than to be forced to live with those of a *small capacity!* There are many places more polite than our city, but I assure you *none more loyal.* There was such *general rejoicing* that it really *gave one spirits*, and great illuminations at night. My mother made all her windows very bright, as was the whole square, only one house, and they *suffered for it.* I hope next winter there will be a proper match offered for Princess Amelia, it makes so much gaiety. I am very glad you were not the worse for raking; you are so accustomed to hear of great people and things that I don't know what subject to talk to you of, and to relate our *petite* occurrences at this time would be drawing you out of your bright sunshine into dark shade. Was Phill well enough to see the splendid nuptials? I hope Bunny is by this time safely arrived; I am six lines in his debt, but shall desire you to make my compliments to him, because I suppose he will have business enough upon his hands upon his first coming to town; pray ask him about a heroine in his regiment, who served as a common soldier for some years, but at last was brought to bed of a son, who must needs be a *great warrior!*

I have got Doctor Swift placed in as curious a frame as this unhandy place will produce, and designed to have carried it this morning, but it rains prodigiously. In the afternoon we go to Mrs. M., and have much business upon our hands while we stay here. I shall have one advantage when we go to our *maison champêtre,* of being freed from many disagreeable people; is it not a little like Macbeth's being glad to be hanged to leave

both his wives, for I am told we are to have no neighbour nearer than two miles, except Mrs. Bridgeman, and she is so so, though I really shall not be sorry, for I had rather have *too little* than *too much* company at any time.

The Hibernian artist, Mr. Murphy, was very unlucky, for the rejoicings for the wedding prevented his concert, but 'tis no matter, for he is the most impertinent fellow that ever was; is there any music in his harp or no? Oh the Serenata! could I have heard it, or the Anthem Mr. Handel composed for the Princess! 'tis a horrid thing to be removed from all harmony. Sure my Lord Crawford's dress was foppish and unbecoming? I hope you received my last letter with the garden-seeds for Lady Sun. I have not yet been able to get sweet sultane but I shall soon; has she any of the fennel-flowers? I can send some from Hatherly. Miss Sutton's basket has been done this fortnight and is a great beauty, but too small to be sent by the coach.

'Tis fit some folks should meet with a little mortification, if *Dragons*[1] were not *sometimes subdued* they would overcome and distress the whole world! Who are the Princess of Orange's maids of honour besides Mrs. Sutton? I know who I wish was one, and yet her heart would go pit-a-pat at this time to step out into the wide world by herself; and all things considered, I believe she is perfectly satisfied things are as they are. Periander desired he might drink tea with us on Sunday in the afternoon.

Yesterday we dined at the Vineys; children roaring, he scolding,—sweet entertainment for company! Mrs. Butler is really better, but she will not believe it. Oh! preserve us heaven from melancholy and its train of

[1] "Dragon." Countess Granville was known by the name of "*the Dragon*."

miseries! which would deprive us of all joy and comfort, and would be a great alloy to the infinite delights my dearest Penny gives her ever faithfull and affectionate,

A. G.

My mother's blessing and many services attends you. My compliments to all friends and acquaintance; my duty in particular to Sir John. Mama sent by the carrier a ham last Monday.

In the Daily Journal of 11th March, 1734, is the following paragraph:—

"We hear amongst other public diversions that are prepared for the solemnity of the approaching nuptials, there is to be performed at the Opera House, in the Haymarket, on Wednesday next, a SERENATA, called *Parnasso in Festa*. The fable is Apollo and the Muses, celebrating the marriage of Thetis and Peleus. There is one standing scene, which is Mount Parnassus, on which sit Apollo and the Muses, assisted with other proper characters emblematically dressed, the whole appearance being extremely magnificent. The music is no less entertaining, being contrived with so great a variety, that all sorts of music are properly introduced in single songs, duettoes, &c., intermixed with choruses, somewhat in the style of oratorios. People have been waiting with impatience for this piece, the celebrated Mr. Handel having exerted his utmost skill in it."

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*Mrs. Pendarves to Mrs. Ann Granville.*

L. B. St.,[1] 28th March, 1734.

I told you, in my last letter, that I would not write to you last post. I had "*much ado*" (a genteel expression

[1] "*L. B. St.*" was Lower Brook Street, where Mrs. Pendarves had a house after her return from Ireland.

that) to keep my promise, having received two very rich letters of my dearest Anna's that deserved an immediate answer; but what do you think prevented me? nothing less than Bunny's arrival. He was at my tea-table on Tuesday morning by ten o' the clock; no other man upon the face of the earth would have kept me from you, but as this is a spark of *equal* consequence *to us,* I know you will not blame me! Our good and worthy brother, thank God, is in good health and good looks, he is grown a little fatter, and it becomes him very well. We talked of you and mama you may conclude.

I dined with him at Sir John Stanley's, whose spirits were so *raised* by the return of his companion that he would treat him with the opera that he might hear Caristini sing: I went with Lady Chesterfield in her box. She asked me if you were in town with me, and I, alas! answered no. 'Twas Arbaces, an opera of Vinci's, pretty enough, but not to compare to Handel's compositions. The next piece of good news I have to tell you is that my affairs with Mrs. Basset will at last be happily concluded; happily, I may say, for it is well to get rid of trouble at any rate. I am to receive an hundred pounds for *changing* my security, and an hundred and ten pounds costs, and then I may say I am rich, but still it will cost me pains and management to keep myself clear, and that's an employment no way to my goût; L.L.[1] has used me ill in this affair, and if Mr. Stanley had not been very much in my interest, and a clever man in his business, I might have been undone.

Last Monday Lady Carteret, with her daughters

[1] L. L.—Lady Lansdowne.

Dysart and Weymouth, were going into the city to see their uncle Carteret,[1] who lives at the Post Office, at Paul's Churchyard. The coach overturned most violently; never were three women more frightened or with more reason. No harm has come of it, but considering the condition of the ladies, it was a most hazardous accident. I was at Lady Wemouth's when she came home, she went to bed immediately, and I supped by her bedside. I really was extremely alarm'd for her, and she has such pretty good-humoured ways 'tis impossible not to love her: she says a thousand obliging things of you. Just at that time I received your letters, and she begged so hard that I was forced to show her one of them, which I did not repent doing, for she understood the value of it, and it diverted her, and kept her from thinking of the accident which had just befallen her.

I have wrote to Mr. Stanley to take out a lottery ticket; he chose the other. You must understand that the Penny Post is my running foot-man; George's[2] foot mends a little, but very slowly; Mr. Talbot says it will be six months before she can have the use of it. I knew Miss Tracy was with somebody, but where *that somebody* lives is what I want to know, and she must live unvisited by me till I know where to find her.

[1] "*Their uncle Carteret.*" Edward Carteret, Esq., third son of Sir George Carteret, Bart., and brother to George Lord Carteret, the husband of Lady Grace Granville, ("*the old Countess,*") was baptized at Hawnes, November 26, 1671. He represented Huntingdon in parliament, in King William's reign, and Bedford in the reign of Queen Anne. In George I.'s reign he was member for Bere-alston, and on the 4th of April, 1721, he was appointed joint post-master-general with Galfridus Walpole, Esq. He held that office until his death, April 15, 1739. He married Bridget, daughter of Sir Thomas Eaton, and had three sons and three daughters; one of the latter was a Maid of Honour to Queen Anne.

[2] "*George,*" her waiting-woman.

You think London no bigger than Gloster, and that everybody is as well known here as your mayor and alderman! You are enough to put folks into a passion! You say our separation is worse this time than ever; I find it so, but can account for it no way but one, which is, the increase of our affection.

I hope Mr. Newton liked Swift's picture. If a better could have been had he should have had it; never omit my compliments to him. Why won't you tell me what worsteds you want? you are very provoking. I was to tell you something about the garden-seeds from Lady S., and I have almost forgot what, but I think it was that the capscicum and double striped balsamine must be raised in a hot bed.

The Princess of Orange's maids of honour, besides Sut,[1] are Miss Schutz,[2] (daughter of Miss Maddens *that was*); Miss Herbert ugly, *commonly called pretty*, that *might* have been married and *would not*; Miss Howe, of Somerset House, sister to the maid of honour that ran mad for Mr. Lowther,[3] a black frightful witch.

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[1] "*Sut.*" Miss Sutton.

[2] Several of the Schutz family belonged to the household of King George II. Augustus Schutz, Esq., probably the father of this Maid of Honour, was "Master of the Robes" to his Majesty.

In the *Historical Register* the list stands thus:—

"The Lady of Lord Herbert of Cherbury, and the Lady of Lord Southwell, of Ireland, appointed Ladies of the Bedchamber.

*Miss Schutz*, Miss How, Miss Herbert, and Miss Sutton. } Maids of Honour, with a salary of 200*l.* per annum each.

Miss Dives, Miss Charles, and Miss Scot, } Dressers, with a salary of 100*l.* each."

[3] Mr. Croker in his Biographical Notice of Lord Hervey, prefixed to his *Memoirs of the Reign of George II.*, states that Lord Hervey's Epistle of

Her dressers are likewise four in number—Mrs. Charles, Mrs. Dives, Miss Scot, I can't remember who the fourth is. Her ladies, Lady Southwell, Vice Chamberlain Cook's daughter, as disagreeable and affected as ever you saw any creature, and a Lady Herbert, who they say is a good sort of a woman: indeed, my dear, without any compliment, *you would have been the flower of the flock* had you made one among them. I am sorry *he*, (V.) has found the knack of scolding again, I was in hopes he had left it off, for he had a longer fit of good humour whilst I was at Gloster, than I thought him capable of.

Sir John Stanley desires his most humble service to mama and you, and a thousand thanks for your kind present of a ham. I have devoured your woodcocks; they were incomparable. To-morrow I shall stay at home all day in the afternoon: I am to have a belle assemblée; Lady Wey, Lady Dysart, Miss Lewson, and Miss Jacksons; you shall be let in if you'll come.

I dine to-day with Sir John and Bunny, in the afternoon sit with Lady W. Yesterday I dined at Mrs. Percival's, and in the afternoon Phil and I went to the oratorio at Lincoln's Inn, composed by Porpora,[1] an

Monimia to Philocles, was designed to represent the case of "the giddy and unfortunate Sophia Howe, Maid of Honour to the Princess," and Mr. Anthony Lowther. For which opinion he quotes Horace Walpole.

[1] Niccolo Porpora, born at Naples, 1689. He began his career at Vienna, where he brought out his first opera, Ariana and Teseo, in 1717, a work which laid the foundation of a European reputation. In 1733 he came to England at the invitation of a party of nobility and gentry, who had established an opera in opposition to Handel, but, notwithstanding his reputation and acknowledged ability, and the aid he received from Farinelli's exquisite singing, he was unable to compete with his gigantic adversary, and after several years of unequal contest he returned to the continent. He died in poverty at Naples, in 1767.—*Hogarth's Musical History.*

Italian, famous for church music, who is now in England: it is a fine solemn piece of music, but I confess I think the subject too solemn for a theatre. To have words of piety made use of *only* to introduce good music, is *reversing* what it ought to be, and most of the people that hear the oratorio make no reflection on the meaning of the words, though God is addressed in the most solemn manner; some of the choruses and recitative are extremely fine and touching, but they say it is not equal to Mr. Handel's oratorio of Esther or Deborah.

I had a letter, last post, from Bushe; she is far gone, poor girl, in the spleen. I work hard now at my tent-stitch, I have done two roses that are not despicable things, a bunch of blue bells and many green leaves. I will send you the Memoirs of a French gentleman[1] that will amuse you, if you will tell me how to send them. They are melancholy; you never met with so many tragical passages in any romance. The French is easy and the story new.

They wear their stays *extravagantly low*, their sleeves very short and wide, petticoats short, English *dormeuses*, and the girdle not in the least peaked down; you have not had so much of fashions from me since my being in town, and may not have so much again till next year, so make much of this.

I have lately read some of South's sermons, I can't say they delight me: they deserve an epithet very

[1] The *Daily Courant* for January 5, 1733, advertises, "Female Falshood, or The Life and Adventures of a late French Nobleman." Written by himself after his retirement, and digested by M. de St. Evremond. The third edition, in two pocket volumes. N.B. This is the book recommended by Sir Richard Steele in the *Guardian*, No. 150, and from which the adventure inserted in that paper is transcribed."

unsuitable to that sort of writing, which is that they *are diverting*. It is below the dignity of religion to have it treated in that witty way; the plain easy way of Dr. Young gives me infinitely more satisfaction. But I will read more of Dr. South, and perhaps I may be reconciled to him. Adieu. My best respects to dear mama. I am yours most tenderly; with the utmost constancy,

M. P.

Dr. Robert South was born at Hackney, in 1633. He studied at Westminster school, and afterwards in Christchurch College, Oxford. In 1654 he wrote a copy of Latin verses, to congratulate Cromwell upon the peace concluded with the Dutch; and the next year a Latin poem, intitled *Musica Incantans*. In 1660 he was elected public orator of the university, and in 1661 became domestic chaplain to Edward Earl of Clarendon, Lord High Chancellor of England; after whose retirement into France, in 1667, he became chaplain to the Duke of York; and in 1676, attended as chaplain to Laurence Hyde, Esq., Ambassador Extraordinary to the King of Poland. After the Revolution he took the oath of allegiance to King William and Queen Mary, though he excused himself from accepting a great dignity in the Church, vacated by the personal refusal of that oath. Dr. South died in 1716, and was interred in Westminster Abbey. He was remarkable for his wit, which abounds in all his writings, and particularly in his sermons; but at the same time they equally abound in ill-humour, spleen, and satire. He was remarkable for being a time-server. During the life of Cromwell he was a staunch Presbyterian, and then railed against the Independents; at the Restoration he exerted his pulpit eloquence against the Presbyterians; and in the reign of Queen Anne, was a warm advocate for Sacheverel.

*Mrs. Pendarves to Mrs. Ann Granville.*

L. B. Str., 2nd April, 1734.
4th April.

These two lines were wrote last post with a design of continuing to the end of the folio sheet, when in came Phil so low and dispirited, that she was hardly alive; she begged I would take the air with her. My brother was here, and promised he would write to you, and so I gave you up to do a charitable action; it was so late when I came home that I had not time, and in the afternoon went with Lady Rich to the oratorio, Deborah by name, which I love (besides its own merit which is a great deal) for "*sister Deborah's*" sake. First I must tell you of a piece of unluckiness of yours which has disappointed and mortified me more than it will you I am sure. Lady Weymouth very prettily gave me a ticket in the lottery for you, and charged me *not* to let you know anything of it till it was drawn, which alas! it is—a blank; it was well designed, and I am sorry it met with such indifferent success. The number I sent you was your ticket; the number of that which is taken out for the new quadruple alliance is 42 in 869, and I heartily wish good luck may attend it!

I am now to thank you for your letter from Cranham[1] which describes very prettily your villa; I hope the fields, trees, and birds all conspire to do the best they can to make your solitude agreeable; your cough not gone yet? *that I don't like;* I beg you will drink asses

[1] Cranham is described in *Lewis's Typographical Dictionary*, as "a parish in the hundred of Rapsgate, county of Gloucester, two and a half miles N.E. by E. from Painswick, containing 321 inhabitants;" and probably Ann Granville had removed with her mother to a house at Cranham, for change of air in the spring.

milk and ground ivy tea. Your situation is charming. *I love to be near the clouds*, and a large extent of view gives one the most exalted subjects for contemplation; the more we see of the beauties of the creation, the more we must adore the great Creator.

I can give you but a bad account of Phil; I don't find that the doctor knows what to make of her; she never is free from pains and stitches all over her, but particularly her legs, a perpetual stitch on one side, and her lungs are extremely tender, yet they do not apprehend her in a consumption; God knows what it is, but she is in an unhappy way, for her spirits are so extremely affected by these disorders, that she has *no joy in anything*. I design to go out of town with her for a week or two and see what country air will do. We propose going to Beaconsfield where Mrs. Bellenden is, and in the meantime if Sir John Stanley will let her be a-day or two at Northend, I hope that may be of some service to her, for indeed she is in a melancholy way.

I have not been yet able to get at poor Lumley, who they say is very ill, but to-day or to-morrow I will try and compass it.—Oh to-morrow I can't, for the cousin Isaacsons are to dine with me at last. Thanks for the sweet pasteels. I had your *hasty dab*, (as you call it), from Gloster, your "*dabs*" are of more worth to me than folios of letters any one else.

I repent my having undertaken Buckland,[1] for I fear it will cost me a good deal of trouble, and hurt my friends that I have engaged in it. Lord Weymouth is so easily worked upon by those that have his ear, that if I do not

[1] "*Buckland.*" It appears that Mrs. Pendarves wished to obtain a lease of Buckland for the Chapons.

bring him to let a lease of it, I shall be in continual apprehensions that somebody will persuade him to take it into his own hands again, and that will distress the Chapons extremely, and vex me heartily. Don't mention my fears to them, for I will do all that lies in my power to serve them, let it cost me ever so much pains. You say nothing of a letter I enclosed to you for Mrs. Arnold?

Yesterday Lady Dysart, Lady Weymouth, Lady Cath. Hanmer,[1] and your humble servant, met at Mrs. Donellan's, where we sang and played, and squabbled about music most extravagantly; I wish you had been there to have made up the chorus. Next week I shall have a very pretty party. Oh that you were to be here! The Percivals, Sir John Stanley, Bunny, Lady Rich and her daughter, Mr. Hanmer, Lady Catherine, Mr. Handel, and Strada, and if my Lady S. will lend me her harpsichord, she shall be of the party. George mends very slowly, her surgeon gives no hopes of her being able to make use of her foot for some months: it has made me very uncomfortable, but next winter I hope will make amends for the dulness of this. Tell me how I may send two or three books to you; they are not worth paying for the carriage. Bunny is just come in from riding, and desires his compliments as due. Young Jackson, our favourite, has just made me a visit *en cavalier* at my window, saw me with pen in hand, and desired his particular compliments to my agreeable sister.

M. P.

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[1] The Lady Catherine Hanmer was the eldest daughter of John Perceval Earl of Egmont, and wife of Thomas Hanmer, Esq., of the Fenns, in the county of Flint, M. P. for Castle Rising.

*Mrs. Pendarves to Mrs. Ann Granville.*

L. B. Str^t., 12 April, 1734.

About ten o' the clock Phil and I are to go to Northend, and there we shall stay till Tuesday morning. I arose this morning with the lark that I might have time to write to you.

I kept to my own cell all day yesterday. In the evening about seven o' the clock, Piggy came and made me a visit, enquired kindly after "*her niece Nan,*" and accused herself of not writing to you. Her spirits are as good as ever, and she is very happy in her situation at Bird's Place, which she describes to be very agreeable, but her way of living there is *not* suitable to a rural life; for she *never* is without company, and that is tiresome in the country and destroys the design of living there; and by her own account her expences must amount to more than her income will prudently allow of.

Dr. Ellis asked Piggy "whether you and I were of a disposition?" she said oh no, for you loved retirement and solitude, took no pleasure in the common diversions of the world, and preferred your closet at Gloster to all other entertainments; but that I loved gaiety and pleasure, and living in a circle of diversions. Piggy is *not good* at giving characters, for I don't think either of those *hit you or I.* What she said of you, though it makes you appear a *little dull,* is however *no scandal;* but to give me the name of being a flaunting frisking widow, is *scandalum magnatum,* and I have charged her to eat her words when she sees the Druid next, for I would not have him think you *a prude,* or me *a flirt.*

I have now a long story to tell you about myself,

which begins in the following manner. Last summer when I came from Ireland, I was persecuted at church by one Mr. Prideaux, I told you how. On Monday last Mrs. Harris (Mrs. Rolle that was) left her name at my door, and a message to desire I would drink tea with her next day or Wednesday, for she was to go out of town soon. I sent her word I would wait on her on Tuesday; accordingly I went at seven o' the clock; who should be there ready to receive me but that *same Mr. Prideaux!* My mind misgave me plaguely; I staid there about two hours, the man talked sensibly enough, described some part of his house, particularly his library, which is a very large one, (I suppose what belonged to his father, Dr. Prideaux, who wrote the Connection of the Old and New Testament), talked of his pictures, his love of music, and is a sort of performer (*upon the fiddle*) I believe. When my visit was over I made some reflection on this meeting, but slept and forgot it again, till another message from Mrs. Harris that she "desired to speak with me that morning and would wait on me if I would give her leave." Then I grew frighted, but resolved to see her; when she came, after making several apologies for the errand she came on, she told me she was desired by Mr. Prideaux to make known his circumstances to me, and to beg leave he might wait on me? he is a widower aged between forty and fifty (as I guess, for she did *not* tell me his age); he has four sons that are at school and are always to be kept abroad, and one daughter about nine year old; his estate is between two and three thousand a year, twenty thousand pounds of which is unsettled and to be at my disposal (*if I please*); he lives for a constancy in the country; his character

is that of an honest gentleman and a man of sense. Thus have I given you a true state of the case, with what advantages it may appear to you I *know* not, but it *did not tempt me!* The five children, *without* considering any other circumstance, determined me to say "*no*;" I am afraid mama will think I was too rash, but to tell you the truth matrimony is *so little* my disposition, that I was glad to lay hold of a reasonable excuse for not accepting the proposal, and I was *as glad* to find he had *five children* as some people would have been at hearing he had *five thousand a-year!* I hope my mama will not condemn me; I confess I applaud myself, and my brother is *very well satisfied* with what I have done, but I have not had courage to tell Sir John yet of it.

After Piggy left me last night, came Lady Carteret and Lord and Lady Weymouth. I am quite delighted at the thoughts of spending a few days at Northend. Oh! the nightingales! have you any at Chatham?[1] Lady Sun. is much obliged to you for the sweet sultan seed; the Indian pinks are come up very well. Miss Sutton is much delighted with her basket, which I am indebted to you for. I must tell you of a little entertainment of music I had last week; I never wished more heartily for you and my mother than on that occasion. I had Lady Rich and her daughter, Lady Cath. Hanmer and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Percival, Sir John Stanley and my brother, Mrs. Donellan, Strada and Mr. Coot. Lord Shaftesbury begged of Mr. Percival to bring him, and being a *profess'd friend* of Mr. Handel (who was here also) *was admitted;* I never was *so well* entertained at *an opera!* Mr. Handel was

[1] *Chatham* is here evidently written in mistake for *Cranham*.

in the best humour in the world, and played lessons and accompanied Strada and all the ladies that sung from seven o' the clock till eleven. I gave them tea and coffee, and about half an hour after nine had a salver brought in of chocolate, mulled white wine and biscuits. Everybody was easy and seemed pleased, Bunny staid with me after the company was gone, eat a cold chick with me, and we chatted till one o' the clock.

My humble duty to my dear mama. I hope she likes her country seat.

The family of Prideaux, of Place, near Padstow, in Cornwall, is now represented by Mr. Prideaux Brune. Dr. Prideaux, the father of the admirer of Mrs. Pendarves, was Dean of Norwich; he was born at Padstow, in 1648, and educated at Westminster, and Christ's College, Oxford. Besides "The Connection of the Old and New Testaments," mentioned in the above letter, he wrote the "Life of Mahomet," and other works, and died in 1724.

The apprehension expressed by Mrs. Pendarves, lest her mother should disapprove of her refusal of Mr. Prideaux, and her disinclination to tell Sir John Stanley for the same reason, proves the extraordinary deference to the opinion of her family, which continued after her widowhood, and to an age when she might have been supposed to be at liberty to refuse whoever she pleased, even in those days of family matrimonial arrangements. It also proves the fixed idea in those times, that the rejection of *any man* of suitable birth, with a good fortune, *was an act of insanity*. Three thousand a year in 1734 was equal to six thousand a year in these days, and a settlement of 20,000*l.* was equal to 40,000*l.* now. Her brother, Mr. Granville, never appeared to desire her to accept any of the suitors alluded to; not all the pecuniary advantages held out by Lady Stanley, in aid of the intended alliance with Mr. Stanley Monck, ever induced Mr. Granville to second their wishes; but his sister had probably less reason to be grateful to his sympathy with her feelings, than to his very great family pride. He was

fond of his sister, but he probably thought more of her being a Granville, than of being her brother, and as far as is known, he never favoured any suit, and never considered any body of sufficient importance to desire their connection, and his own early disappointment in love probably increased this feeling.

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*Mrs. Pendarves to Mrs. Ann Granville.*

L. B. Strt., 27 April, 1734.

I am glad your rebuke to the postmaster has been of use to you; nothing can be more provoking than to have letters kept from one; I have reason to believe mine are so to you, because it is not possible for me to doubt of your sincerity. I never desire you, my dearest sister, to be methodical in your letters, your *wild notes* are more delightful and more harmonious to me than the most studied numbers; the liveliness of your fancy and the warmth of your heart have afforded me treasures. Your account of the young married folks gives one a *comfortable* idea of matrimony; but a forward obstinate wife must certainly be a severe curse, and there are too many I doubt of that number. I am glad you have such variety of studies; I know you can't be unhappy if you have books, and time to read them. Your head and ruffles being made up, I think I had as good take the opportunity of sending them at the same time I do the books to Mr. Webb. *Brussels* always looks *very yellow,* but as you are in the country it will be better to wear them new, than have them first washed. I have not bought the lutestring, for if you go no where but to Sally's it will be best to spend the money towards a suit in the winter, when I hope you will be in a place of more company, but do that which you like best, you will find me ready to execute your orders.

I am of your opinion that nothing requires more penetration than to be able to find out people's characters: too candid, or too severe a way of judging, is apt to mislead one, though the first occasions less mischief than the latter. *That talent* seems to me as much a genius as music or poetry, &c., it may possibly *be acquired* by much experience and observation, but not often. I think one ought to be very cautious in declaring one's opinion either to the prejudice or advantage of any one; for if you commend upon a slight acquaintance, and they afterwards prove unworthy of it, one's judgment will certainly be called in question. I need not give you any caution against censure; no one is less apt to run into it, but I find upon the whole, that a proper silence gives one more *the character* of wisdom, than speaking one's sentiments too openly, though ever so well expressed. I am sorry you are the only person in the world that has reason to complain of *your head:* it is using you very ill indeed, to delight everybody else and pain you. I can't say you suffer alone, for I have my share; I am glad you ride out sometimes—do it as often as you can. What does Mr. Kirkham advise you to do? Our tickets are still in the wheel, and I hope I shall be able soon to wish you joy of good luck. I shall go with Donellan next Wednesday to Beaconsfield, there we shall stay a fortnight.

Your letters are just a week coming to me; what makes them so tedious? I shall quarrel with Cranham —I used to have your letters from Gloster the third day. I am sure you will find great pleasure *in simpling;*[1] I loved it formerly when I was the mistress of fields and meadows. The Essays on Man are owned by

[1] "*Simpling.*" Gathering herbs.

Mr. Pope,[1] and nobody now but Mr. Castleman disputes their being his: does he think they are *too good* or *too bad* for Pope's? I like the account of your farmer extremely: you may find more pleasure from the conversation of a man so well endowed by nature than the politest company will often give you. Young Mr. Seward, (Sally's friend,) came and made me a visit, I like him very well, as he is civil and sensible, but a little *affected in his expressions*, which is the University air, and will probably wear off with seeing more of the world and of good company. Just now George is come down, to make me a visit for the first time she has been able above two months; she desires her humble duty to you and mama, and many thanks for your goodness in expressing so much concern for her. She has had a miserable time of it, and I very much fear her constitution will suffer by it; Lady Weymouth will not let me pay the surgeon,[2] which is very handsome of her; pray give me some account of your Gloucester election.

The piece of news talked of is Lady Fanny Pierpoint's walking off with Mr. Meadows at last.[3] I was at the opera

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[1] On the first publication of the *Essay on Man*, Pope *did not* own it, and it was given by the public to Lord Paget, Dr. Young, Dr. Desaguliers, and others. Noble relates that Dr. John Theophilus Desaguliers was the son of a French Protestant clergyman, educated at Christ's College, Cambridge, and settled in London, though he held the donative of Whitchurch, in Middlesex, given to him by the Duke of Chandos. He was the first person who read lectures on experimental philosophy in the capital, and the public received him with respect. He died at his lodgings at the Bedford Coffee-house, Covent Garden, February 29th, 1744, and was buried, March 26th, at the Savoy.

[2] It appears that Mrs. Pendarves's waiting-woman must have had a severe accident, occasioned in some way by persons belonging to the establishment of Lord and Lady Weymouth.

[3] Lady Frances, daughter of William Pierrepoint, Earl of Kingston, and grand-daughter of Evelyn, 1st Duke of Kingston, married in 1734, Philip

at Lincoln's-Inn last Tuesday, she was there (she was of age the day before), and Mr. Meadows sat at some distance from her in the box before me: at the end of the first act she went out under pretence of being sick. A young lady, (Miss Wortley,[1]) daughter to Lady Mary, went out with her, and *returned* in a quarter of an hour. Mr. Meadows staid some time, and then marched off. Most people guessed what they were about but dull I, who minded the music, made no reflection on what past; but next day it was published. I own I think she was in the right to marry him, if she could not live without a husband, for nobody else would have cared for her notwithstanding her twenty thousand pounds. I have been often interrupted since I began this letter by the pretty tricks of two delightful kittens which inherit their mother's wit but not her beauty; pray have you no cats nor birds? I hope your little ones at Gloster were all well when you heard from them? Last Tuesday I went to hear Cuzzoni sing: she sings as well as ever, but nothing now pleases me so well as Caristini.[2] Wednesday I was at the play

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Medows, Esq., deputy ranger of Richmond Park, third son of Sir Philip Medows, Knight Marshal of the King's palace. Charles Medows their eldest son, succeeded to the estates of his uncle, the 2nd Duke of Kingston, assumed the name and arms of Pierrepoint, and was created Baron Pierrepoint and Viscount Newark, and on the 1st of April, 1806, was advanced to the dignity of Earl Manvers.

[1] Afterwards the Countess of Bute, wife of John, 3rd Earl of Bute, minister to George II. and George III.; she was mother to John, 1st Marquess of Bute; and James, who assumed the surname of Wortley, and was father to James, 1st Baron Wharncliffe, Frederick, who died May, 1802, Sir Charles, who was father to Lord Stuart de Rothesay, William Archbishop of Armagh, Mary Countess of Lonsdale, Jane Countess Macartny, Anne Duchess of Northumberland, Lady Augusta Corbet, Caroline Countess of Portarlington, and Lady Louisa Stuart, who only died in 1851, aged 94.

[2] Carestini, (Giovanni,) a celebrated Italian singer. His first appearance on the stage seems to have been at Rome, in 1721, in the female character of

with Lady Weymouth, not much entertained—"The Mistakes," a silly play of Sir John Vanburgh's. Thursday at Lincoln's-Inn opera again. Yesterday morning at the rehearsal of a most delightful opera at Mr. Handel's called Sosarme,[1] which is acted to-night, and I doubt as I am to go out of town next week, I shall not be able to resist the temptation of it. All the diversions I have had this week have cost me nothing but thanks. Adieu my dearest love.

I am yours for ever,
M. P.

My humble duty to dear mama. I beg she w illnot work too hard, but walk sometimes when the weather is tempting.

The following account of the Mr. Seward mentioned in this letter may be interesting to the reader. The Rev. Thomas Seward, Canon Residentiary of Lichfield, editor of "Beaumont and Fletcher," was father of Miss Seward, the poetess. Of this person Horace Walpole gives the following anecdotes in 1758 and 1783:—

"You cannot imagine how astonished a Mr. Seward, a learned clergyman, was, who came to Ragley while I was there. Strolling about the house, he saw me first sitting on the pavement of the lumber-room with Louis, all over cobwebs, dirt and mortar; then found me in his *own* room on a ladder, writing on a picture:

*Costanza*, in Buononcini's opera of *Griselda*. Subsequent to 1730, he was engaged by Handel to supply the place of Senesino, who, together with his whole troop, except Strada, had deserted from his service, and enlisted under the banners of Porpora and the nobility at Lincoln's-Inn-fields. Handel, however is said not to have treated him well. He continued in the highest reputation for twenty years after quitting England, and sang at Berlin in 1750, 1754, and 1755, and at Petersburgh till the year 1758, when he returned to Italy, and soon after died.

[1] The opera of Sosarme, by Handel, was produced on the 15th of February, 1732, and revived on the 27th April, 1734. The air in Sosarme, "Rendi sereno al ciglio," is known only as "Lord, remember David."

and half an hour afterwards lying on the grass in the court, with the dogs and the children, in my slippers and without my hat. He had some doubt whether I was the painter or the factotum of the family! but you would have died at his surprise when he saw me walk into dinner dressed, and sit by Lady Hertford. Lord Lyttelton was there, and the conversation turned on literature: finding me not quite ignorant added to the parson's wonder; but he could not contain himself any longer, when after dinner he saw me go to romps and jumping with the two boys; he broke out to my Lady Hertford, and begged to know who and *what sort of man* I really was, for he had never met with anything of the kind." At another period he says, "I remember Mr. Seward (father of the present muse of Lichfield), who was travelling governor to Lord Charles Fitzroy, who, falling dangerously ill at Genoa, and being saved, (as Mentor thought), by Dr. Shadwell, the governor whipped up to his chamber, and began a complimentary ode to the physician, but was called down before it was finished on his pupil's relapse, who DID die. However, the bard was too much pleased with the *début* of his poem to throw it away, and so finished it, though his gratitude had been still-born."

The "affectation" of Mr. Seward, mentioned by Mrs. Pendarves, and the conceit illustrated by Horace Walpole, seem to have been inherited in some degree by his daughter with his amiable qualities, and his love of literature.

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*Mrs. Pendarves to Mrs. Ann Granville.*

L. B. Str., 30 April, (1734.)

'Tis strange, but not more strange than true, that I have left your letter for the last of four, by which means I have lost so much time that I wish I may be able to scratch a dozen lines to you. I have wrote to Mrs. Bellenden to put off our Beaconsfield journey, for Dr. Hollins has ordered Donellan to go immediately to Islington waters; I have wrote to Sister

Deborah, and I have wrote to Madame Foley. Your head, contrary to your orders, I have sent by Mr. Webb, and the French books. I fancy the first story will move you—it did me, extremely; 'tis easy French, and the stories are not tedious, especially the two first volumes; but nothing ever was so pretty as your "Vision:" I may thumb over my musty papers long enough before I can give you as good a one.

Your letter, dated 9th of Aprill, came to me yesterday, I suppose you meant the new stile. I am glad my mama approves of my proceedings. Should *fortune* smile again I *will* pursue her; 'tis seldom she gives encouragement, and when she does, she ought not to be neglected. Much joy your letters always give me, but your last revived me extremely, there is a sprightliness in it that tells me confidently that you and mama are well. Bunny has just been with me, and he says that my mother brags much of her spirits; pray God continue her that blessing! All your pretty birds and pretty things describe delightfully, and your sensible farmer is no bad part of your entertainment.

Can't you persuade Mr. Donne to build a room for us next year? I have not spent a *summer* in the country with you since we were at Ealing, and don't you remember how sweet that was? I am sure you do! The churchyard and the fields, even the dusty lanes, all were charming. You and the summer and the country together are a complication of the greatest blessing this world affords me. Ben Bathurst[1] was neither *frank nor free*, but I

[1] Benjamin Bathurst, of Lidney, in Gloucestershire, M.P. for Gloucestershire in 1734, youngest son of Sir Benj. Bathurst, by Frances, daughter of Sir

beseech you not to spare my pocket: if you do, I will be even with you, and not write above once a fortnight. I have taken care of your letter to Mrs. Spencer. Lady Carteret, Lady Weymouth, and Miss Carteret were with me all the afternoon yesterday, and Donellan and Barber supped with me. Lord Weymouth *will not* let me pay the surgeon, and Lady Weymouth has given me her picture, and *very like her*, it is to cost twenty guineas without the frame. Sir John Stanley and my brother go to Tunbridge; my going is uncertain, for if Phil does not go I shall not. I shall like it very well, and as my staying in town this summer is principally on Sir John Stanley's account, I shall be glad to be with him there.

I go to-night to the opera with Lady Rich and Mrs. Donellan, to Sosarmes, an opera of Mr. Handel's, a charming one, and yet I dare say it will be almost empty! 'Tis vexatious to have *such music* neglected.

If there should be a war I don't hear what troops will be ordered abroad. I will not consent to your having T. C., so don't set your heart upon him, I beg. Lady Sun's house is restored to its usual tranquillity; the *dragons* are sent to foam and roar in foreign climes, and we have met after the manner of primitive days, and no disturbers among us. Molly Bramston desires me to make her compliments to you. Sir William Wyndham[1]

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Allen Apsley. By his first wife Finetta, daughter and co-heir of Henry Poole, Esq., of Kemble. Benjamin Bathurst had *twenty-two children*, of whom one daughter alone had issue, viz., Anne, wife of Charles Bragg, Esq., whose son took the name of Bathurst; and by his second wife, Catherine, daughter of Lawrence Brodrick, D.D., he had fourteen children, of whom the third was the Right Revd. Henry Bathurst, Bishop of Norwich, who died April 5, 1837.

[1] Sir William Wyndham was son of Sir Edward Wyndham, and Catherine, sister to John Lord Gower, and was consequently nearly connected with Mary Granville. Sir William filled in the reign of Queen Anne, the offices of

is in great affliction for the loss of his eldest daughter, a fine young woman about eighteen. He has another daughter, that I pity from my heart, about fifteen; she used to say that when her sister married she should be miserable to lose so much of her company, and now, poor thing! she has lost her for ever in this world. I dare not enlarge my letter; I am not drest, and 'tis two o' the clock. I have promised to dine with Sir John. Yesterday I dined at home, all alone, upon mutton-chops and *toasted cheese!* Oh, how I wished for you! but when do I not? but if I don't upon *better occasions* you have no reason to thank me. I hate to leave you, but must, so farewell for a few days.

I am yours for ever,

M. P.

My humble duty to dear mama; Badge will have me crowd in hers, though I have no room.

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Master of the Buckhounds, Secretary-at-War, and Chancellor of the Exchequer, and was sworn of Her Majesty's Privy Council. Sir William was twice married; first (July 21, 1708,) to Catherine, second daughter of Charles Duke of Somerset, by whom he had two sons and two daughters. 1. Charles, his successor, who upon the death of his uncle, Algernon Duke of Somerset, February 7, 1750, succeeded to the earldom of Egremont. 2. Percy, who inherited the estates of his uncle, Henry Earl of Thomond, and was created Earl of Thomond, in Ireland. 3. Catherine, who died unmarried in April, 1734. 4. Elizabeth, married, in 1749, the Honourable George Grenville. Sir William married, secondly, Maria Catherina, widow of the Marquis of Blandford, but had no issue by her. Sir William died June 17, 1740.

*From the Countess Granville.*

Hawnes, May 2nd, 1734.

DEAR COUSIN,

Though Mr. and Mrs. Spencer[1] are now with me, and I have a great deal of tattle to amuse me, yet I can't forget acknowledging the favour of your letter. You have been the only comfort I have had in my solitude. I have constantly read your letters over every day, and found new pleasure in them; your stile is so agreeable and your hand so fine that they seem increased. Whatever you do is always done in perfection, and I am very glad Lady Dysart and Lady Weymouth shew such good taste in the midst of their joys as to distinguish you. The account I have of my daughter[2] *gives me not any*, I am so afraid for her, either going on, or losing her child; Lord Weymouth told me with joy about Lady Carteret.

It really is an extraordinary thing for a mother and three daughters to be in the same condition, but I own I am much grieved about it, and can't wish to see her as soon as I was in hopes I should. I hope you'll not go out of town while she stays, for your ocmpany is a great entertainment to her; and I really hope Lord Weymouth will be so good as to let his wife stay on purpose to wait on her, since his house is so airy and good, that though the weather should grow hot, yet Grosvenor Square will remain pleasant. Mrs. Spencer says Lady Weymouth unfortunately broke a tooth, which often gives her great disturbance. Whatever uneasiness she has makes me very unhappy, but this satis-

[1] Mrs. Spencer Georgiana Carteret, daughter of Lord Carteret, afterwards Earl Granville, and granddaughter to Countess Granville; who afterwards married Earl Cowper.

[2] "*My daughter.*" Lady Carteret, Lady Granville's daughter-in-law.

faction I have, that her dear lord will *never* give her any! I was vastly pleased with his kind visit, and to see him more improved than anybody ever was in the time, for nothing shews so much good sense in a young man as improving himself.[1]

GRANVILLE.

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*Mrs. Pendarves to Mrs. Ann Granville.*

L. B. Street, May 28th, 1734.

I am fully disposed to fill this sheet, every inch of it; I will not so much as leave a margin, for I have not had this many a day the comfort of talking to you without interruption. It is now just eight of the clock; I have drank my two dishes of tea, and *my charge* is gone to Islington Wells, my man to market, my maids at breakfast; and nothing moves about me but my two cats and a little hopping canary bird, that hangs up in my dressing-room, where I hope to indulge an hour in thinking of my best of sisters.

Phil I think has found great benefit from Islington waters, though she has every now and then a pull back that a little disheartens her, which must be expected whilst the weather is so uncertain; she thinks herself much obliged to my dear Anna for her good-nature. You were one of the first persons she said that she was sure would feel a great deal for their distressful circumstances. She has received the kindest letter from her

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[1] The account of Lord Weymouth corroborates Mrs. Pendarves's opinion, that he and Lady Weymouth were admirably well suited to each other, and that while she lived his conduct was unexceptionable.

Brother Kit on this occasion, with a bill of £30, which considering he has not a very affluent fortune, was generous and kind, and to Mrs. Shuttleworth he has sent five pound. I know your disposition will make you delight in an instance of generosity, and I could not forbear telling this of one I value so much as I do Mr. Donellan, who has certainly as good principles and as genteel a spirit as ever any man had: Bunny is very like him, in having a plain, honest, generous heart, without disguise or ostentation.

As to what you say of its being a duty incumbent on us to fix in the country we were *born in*, I can't see any reason for that; there is hardly a family throughout the Scripture, or a remarkable person, that lived continually in the place they were born in: if another country is more convenient to my circumstances or constitution, my reason directs me to that place, be it where it will. What think you then of the Bermuda scheme? The persons that were disposed to promote that, were of great consequence in the place where they were born, and did a great deal of good both by their charity to the poor, and by their example to the rich; yet they thought they might do acts of a higher nature, and more evidently glorify God, by raising and instructing a set of poor ignorant creatures that were buried in darkness. Surely it was a glorious design, and well worth the sacrifice they would have made of friends and country; but I give into your notion so far as to think that, if there is *not* some *very apparent reason to justify* quitting one's country, that the people among whom we are born have *more right* to the little we can bestow than strangers. According to your opinion, if the Prince of Orange had courted you, instead of Princess

Royal a *country qualm* would have hindered you from accepting of his Highness.

I don't take up this side of the argument by way of preparing you for my fixing on any other ground than that of England, for I certainly never shall; but I like travelling about so well, that I wish my circumstances would let me see every part of Europe, and then I would try how well it would agree with you too! I am of your mind, that fortune does not design that we should be *rich*: but we have no reason to reproach her for that. I am convinced we are in a happier way, if we don't neglect the advantages of having fewer attachments to the world. Is it not a comfortable reflection, my dearest Anna, that what we esteem our greatest happiness here (the friendship we have for one another, and some more who are worthy of our love) will constitute part of our happiness hereafter? Whereas gold and jewels, palaces and equipages, and the whole train of wealthy pleasures that are here so much desired and laboured for, must be left behind us; and if we form *no higher joys* what wretched moments must our last prove? But I would rather be capable of the reflections you make in your solitude, than mistress of all Lady Betty Jermyn's[1]

[1] Lady Elizabeth Berkeley, daughter of Charles, 2nd Earl of Berkeley; married the notorious adventurer and gambler, Sir John Germain, who had previously married the divorced Duchess of Norfolk (Lady Mary Mordaunt) by whose will he became possessed of the estate of Drayton, in Northamptonshire, which he left on his own death to Lady Betty, his second wife.; Lady Betty left it to Lord George Sackville, third son of Lionel, 1st Duke of Dorset. Lady Betty was a friend and correspondent of Swift; she survived her husband fifty-one years. An allusion to the large fortune of Lady Betty Germaine, is to be found in a letter of the Duchess of Marlborough, in Walpole's Reminiscences; and the following account of some of her bequests appears in the *Annual Register*, for 1769.—"Dec. 16th, 1769. Lady Betty Germain by her will has left to Lady Vere 20,000*l*., to Lord

jewels, though she *has as many* as would dress out a Sultana of the Indies! Pharamond is very easy French, but I think Cleopatra prettier; and I believe I can borrow that of Lady Sunderland for you. There are two or three new French novels come out, that when I have read I will lend you. I will let Mr. Wise know mama's commands; I hope she has got a maid now that is good for something; I am sure she was sadly tormented whilst I was with her. I have got a man that I really believe is a phœnix of a servant: he markets excellently well, is quiet, diligent, sober, and honest.

You are a shrewd guesser of my parties. My dressing-room is pretty, and worth your coming to see. I have set my heart upon you for next winter.

I am afraid I shall lose for some time our good friends the Percivals, for they are determined to go to Ireland in August, but I have some reason to hope they will not stay there; if they do, my loss here will be irrepairable. Donellan and I are to dine to-day with Sir John Stanley, and afterwards go with him to Pastor Fido.[1] Yesterday Mrs. Bellenden[2] dined with us; and on Sunday

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George Sackville 20,000*l.*, with Drayton-house and the manor thereunto belonging; to Lady Catharine Beauclerk, 1000*l.* and her best diamond ring; to Earl Berkeley a gold cup; to Mr. Berkeley, 5000*l.*, to the Countess of Granard, 3000*l.*; to Lady Craven, 3000*l.*; to Lady Temple, 500*l.* for a ring; her jewels, plate, &c., &c., to be sold, and with the residue of her estate to be equally divided between Lord and Lady Vere and Lord George Sackville.

[1] Pastor Fido was produced on the 21st of November, 1712. The *Daily Journal*, of the 1st of June, 1734, announces:—On Thursday, the 4th of June, at the King's Theatre, in the Haymarket, will be performed an opera, called *Pastor Fido*, composed by Mr. Handel, intermixed with choruses. The scenery after a particular manner." It was repeated eight times, between the 4th and the 29th of June, which was the last performance of the season.—*Schœlcher's Life of Handel.*

[2] "*Mrs. Bellenden.*" Mary Bellenden, daughter of John, 2nd Lord Bellenden, Maid of Honour to Queen Caroline when Princess of Wales, married the Hon.

I had Mrs. Percival and my Lord Percival,[1] who often enquires after you, and says you are a "*dear girl*:" he is now in full employment upon a very good work, which is the pursuit of Mr. Cantillion's murderers, for all people agree that he *was certainly murdered*, and the house set on fire on purpose; which is so dreadful an action, that it is to be hoped the wretches concerned in this villainous affair will be detected; new suspicions rise every day, but nothing yet strong enough to condemn them positively.

I have heard once from Bunny since his being among the lads of Dunce; he gives hopes of being back by Tunbridge season. Mrs. Barber has not yet finished the troublesome affair that the Pilkingtons' ingratitude has involved her in.[2] Her poems will come out about a month hence. I had a letter last post from Letty Bushe, who laments in mournful lays your having given her up; write to her, and tell her of the pretty country that surrounds you; she loves descriptions, and she will receive them with advantage from you. I think I have

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John Campbell, afterwards Duke of Argyle, in 1720, therefore the Mrs. Bellenden here mentioned was probably a sister.

[1] John Lord Perceval, 2nd Earl of Egmont, was born 24th Feb., 1710-11; married first on 15th Feb., 1737, Catherine, second daughter of James, 5th Earl of Salisbury. She died 16th August, 1752, and the Earl married secondly, 26th January, 1756, Catherine Compton, created Baroness Arden, 19th May, 1770. His lordship was created Lord Lovel and Holland, in the English peerage, 7th May, 1762, and died 20th Dec., 1772. His father, Sir John Perceval, was elevated to the peerage of Ireland, 21st April, 1715, as Baron Perceval, and on the 25th February, 1722, created Viscount Perceval, and on the 6th Nov. 1733, Earl of Egmont. He married in 1710, Catherine, eldest daughter of Sir Philip Parker A'Morley, Bart. His lordship died 1st May, 1748.

[2] "*The troublesome affair that the Pilkingtons' ingratitude has involved her in.*" This might possibly refer to the letters sent to Queen Caroline, of which Mrs. Barber was suspected for some time.

almost been as good as my word; and pray observe that I have wrote my smallest hand. Badge is pretty well; but poor Mrs. Walis is sadly plagued with her ungracious son. My humble duty to dear mama. I hope the whey had its usual good effect. I am, my dearest sister,

Most tenderly and constantly yours,

M. P.

The following account appeared in the *London Magazine* of 1734:—

"May 14, 1734.—This morning, about half an hour after three, the house of Mr. Cantillon in Albemarle Street was perceived to be on fire, and the smoke and smother being traced to his bed-chamber, the servants rushed in and found their master dead, with his head almost burnt off. The corpse was, however, carried off, and some jewels and a few other things of value saved; but the flames were so violent that the house was soon burnt to the ground, as was likewise that of the Hon. Mr. Percival, brother to the Earl of Egmont, the Lord Viscount St. John's, and two other houses adjacent were greatly damaged. This accident was at first said to have been occasioned by Mr. Cantillon's reading in bed, and falling asleep with the candle burning, which was supposed to have set fire to some papers that lay near it on the table; but two of his servants were soon taken up on suspicion of murdering him, and afterwards setting fire to the house; and after examination were committed to the Gatehouse. This Mr. Cantillon was formerly a banker in the city, but about fifteen years ago removed to Paris, where having acquired a plentiful fortune, he lately returned hither, in order to purchase an estate. His lady is still abroad, but shortly expected here. She was daughter of Mons. Omani, one of the richest merchants in Paris, and half sister to the Lord Clare, an Irish nobleman, who followed the late King James to St. Germain's."

*Mrs. Pendarves to Mrs. Ann Granville.*

L. B. Strt., 7th June, 1734.

I was very much provoked last writing day, that I was not able to find one moment to write to my dearest sister, but from seven in the morning till eleven at night, I met with impertinences! When I first got up I had the headache, and walked into High Park with *my nightingale* by my side, in hopes the air and exercise would amend me; and so it did, but not for the purpose I wanted; for company came, and fiddle-faddles innumerable. I dined at Sir John Stanley's, where I met a whole heap of Moncks, Irelands, etc.; I staid there till eight of the clock, and was then obliged to go to Lord Lansdown's, and then to Lady Weymouth, to take leave of her before her going out of town, or she would never have forgiven me.

What is Captain Foley gone to the Highlands for? I wish Bunny and he were to meet; I fancy they would like one another; poor Bernard has very bad company with him,[1] which is a terrible thing for a man of his turn, whose amusements are all of the sober lady kind. I think you had best make your visit to Mrs. Foley in the long evenings; it may be convenient to her to bring you to town with her, and though I don't wonder you should regret leaving my dear mama, it will be only for a few months; and what would you do if you had a husband who would carry you away for as long as he

[1] "*Poor Bernard*" being pitied for the bad company he has with him, probably alludes to his being quartered at Dunce, in Scotland. The "lads of Dunce" were before mentioned.

pleased? You may say there would be something to recompense, but *I don't know what!* I will do my best endeavour to make your time at least easy, if not delightful; but you must understand that next winter I propose living much at home, and if you young thing like flirting about, you may do it, and bring me home the fruits of your labours. You must direct to Mrs. Letitia Bushe,[1] *enclosed* to Thomas Tickel, Esq., Secretary at the Castle, Dublin.

I am delighted with your bee-flower, and have told my Lady Sunderland of it, who will search her garden library to find it out, and if it thrives with you, shall be very thankful for some of the seed. You think, madam, that I have no garden, perhaps? but that's a mistake; I *have one* as big as your parlour at Gloucester, and in it groweth *damask-roses, stocks* variegated and plain, some purple, some red, *pinks, Philaria,* some dead some alive; and *honeysuckles* that never blow. But when you come to town to weed and water it, it shall be improved after the new taste, but till then it shall remain dishevelled and undrest. I have not got the books I told you of, for since Phill's being with me I have had no time for reading, but when I have, you shall have your share of them. I am of your mind, that a *romance* is of *too great a bulk* to sit down to read it through by way of entertainment, but I proposed it to you by way of helping you in your French study, but novels will do that as well, and are easily carried about. Wherever you go take some French

[1] It does not appear that Letitia Bushe had at that time been in England, but Ann Granville probably had executed commissions for her through her sister Mrs. Pendarves.

book with you, and the dictionary, and read every day half an hour, for that constant using yourself to it will prepare you so well for the language, that one month's learning, or two when you come to town, will complete your knowledge of French. I have great pleasure in your understanding French; not only because it is polite, but for the additional entertainment you have in your reading; although it is certain there is variety enough in our own language, but there is something in the French, though so very different from ours, still much more suitable to some subjects, so that I think it is pleasant to be able to understand it.

I pity Mr. Hyet; nothing can be more deplorable than a man under the circumstance that he is; that unwillingness to part with the world after having enjoyed it so many years, and felt the variety of troubles incident to it, what can it mean? It is either from just sense of their demerits, or from supposing that all things end with this life; but sure no man of reflection *can* be so *grossly* imposed upon by a false notion?

Mrs. Percival will certainly go to Ireland; and if she does she will stay all the winter, but I believe they will not settle there, for Mr. Percival likes better living in England. I should be truly afflicted if I thought they would not return to us, but as for their going now, it is necessary to their affairs, and those that love them as I do must give them up when their interests is concerned; and I hope my poor dear Donellan will reap some advantage from it to her health; the change of air, and the agreeable cheerfulness of the place, must I think do her good. I assure you I wish *you and I* could be conveniently transported there for one year, no place could

suit your taste so well; the good-humour and conversableness of the people would please you extremely. To-day I am to have to dine with me Sir John Stanley, Lord Percival, Mr. and Mrs. Percival: they are to have for dinner, imprimis, *boiled leg of lamb* and *loin fried, collyflowers* and *carrots, beef-steaks*; secondly, *roast chicken, artichokes* and *lampreys, cherry pie*; thirdly, *jelly, strawberries, cream,* and *cherries.* In the afternoon Lady Mary Colley and Miss Carteret.

Lady Blandford[1] was married last week to Sir William Wyndham; my Lord Godolphin and some of that family pretend to find fault with her, which they have *no right to do,* for they have never used her well. Old Marlborough says she "has done very well," and that "if Sir William had courted her some time ago, she would have had him herself!" Reasonable people think the match very well; since they liked matrimony, they could not either of them have done better. Sir William Wyndham's good sense, good family, and good estate, *give him a title to anybody,* and Lady Blandford's character is a *very good one*; her jointure three thousand pounds a year. Next Monday Donellan and I go to Ham, to spend a week with Lady Dysart, which will be excessively pleasant, for she is very good-humoured and easy, and the place is the finest of its kind in England. I promise you shall not be forgot in my walks; the situation is so charming, so that 'twill be impossible not to think pleasantly. Did I tell you I had taken again to my pencil? you shall see the fruits of it as soon as I have recovered my hand enough to do

[1] Maria Catherine, daughter of Peter de Jong of the province of Utrecht, and widow of the Marquis of Blandford, was the second wife of Sir William Wyndham.

anything worth your acceptance. Lady Dysart performs miracles for the time she has learned; I have but one objection to that sort of employment, which is the sedentary life it may lead one into, and that is not healthful to be sure.

Six pots more lampreys for Lady Sun, if not too late. I have sent you some books of music, a *dormeuse*[1] patron, a little snuff for mama, and lavender-water.

Manning gives the following account of Ham, where Mrs. Pendarves says she was going to visit her cousin, Lady Dysart.

"Ham House, in the parish of Petersham, Surrey, was first erected as a mansion by Sir Thomas Vavasour, Knight Marshal; and surrendered by him to John Ramsay, Earl of Holderness, who died in 1624 or 1625, it was then sold to William Murray, thro' whose widow it came to Sir Lionel Talmache. The house underwent great alterations, and many additions were made to it by the Countess of Dysart, Elizabeth, (widow of Sir Lionel), and afterwards Duchess of Lauderdale; but it is said to have been furnished at a very great expense, in the taste of those times by King Charles II." Lysons states, that "it was once intended for Henry Prince of Wales, brother of King Charles I., and is a curious specimen of a mansion of that age. The ceilings are painted by Verrio, and the rooms are ornamented with that massy magnificence of decoration then in fashion. The furniture very rich, and even the bellows and brushes in some of the apartments are of solid silver, or of silver filagree. In the centre of the house is a large hall, surrounded with an open gallery. The balustrades of the grand staircase, which is remarkably spacious and substantial, are of walnut-tree, and ornamented with military trophies. In the north drawing-room is a very large and beautiful cabinet of ivory, lined with cedar. On the west side of the house is a gallery ninety-two in length, hung with

[1] Possibly a sort of hood.

portraits. In the closet adjoining the bed-chamber which was the Duchess of Lauderdale's, still remains the great chair in which she used to sit and read; it has a small desk fixed to it, and her cane hangs by the side. There are many fine pictures by the old masters. This house was the birthplace of that great statesman and general, John Duke of Argyle, who was grandson to the Countess of Dysart, Duchess of Lauderdale. Hume says that James II. was desired to retire to this house, on the arrival of the Prince of Orange in London, but thinking himself unsafe so near the metropolis, he fled privately to France."

Ham still exists, a venerable specimen of past ages.

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For the following letter from Lady Margaret Cavendish Harley, (afterwards Duchess of Portland) to Miss Collingwood, the Editor is indebted to Sir Robert Throckmorton, who also has kindly contributed other letters to his step-ancestress, Lady Throckmorton, from the Duchess of Portland from Mary Granville (Mrs. Pendarves), and Anne Granville (Mrs. Dewes), with one letter from Miss Vernon preserved with the same correspondence, and which serves as a link in the history of that time. The letters of the Duchess of Portland are written in cypher with regard to the proper names. The key to this cypher the Editor does not possess, and, it must therefore be left to the reader's ingenuity to discover who the persons were, designated as "*Long Nose*," "*Mrs. Sullen*," "*Cherry*," &c. The former was probably the governess of Lady Margaret Cavendish Harley, "*Collyflower*," and the "*Doctor*," were the names of Miss Collingwood; the well known Mrs. Montague (Miss Robinson) was also one of her correspondents both before and after her marriage to the Duke of Portland.

*Lady Margaret Cavendish Harley to Miss Collingwood.*[1]

March, 1733.

I think it ten thousand ages since I have seen my dearest Collyflower, but I hope it will not be very long before I shall enjoy your sweet conversation, which is better to me than Balm of Gilead or Balsam of Peru. *Long Nose* is out of the way, so I can write what I will. Last Friday, being the first of March, *Mrs. Sullen* and *Cherry* honoured me with their presence, though but for a moment, so I had not half so much wit as I cou'd have wished, but I hope soon to see them longer. We are to correspond, so I think if you will be so good as to convey our letters, for it can't be so well done else, and I will give you a reason for it when I see you. I was last Saturday at Mrs. Charles Cæsar's, where was her husband, Mr. Jen and his wife, the two sisters, Mrs. Bellasise, pretty Miss Collaton, Julius, and young Sabin. We were vastly merry, and he played to us; I wished you with us, but really I even wished you also at your friend's Miss Carew's; for he did blow delightfully. I want to know what experiments the *Doctor* has wrought upon the *Frog*; I hope he has brought it to some sort of proposition, which is an experiment I shall like to see.

[1] Catherine, daughter of George Collingwood, Esq., of Esslington, county of Northumberland; married in January, 1737-8, Sir Robert Throckmorton, Bart.; whose first wife, Lady Theresa Herbert, daughter of William Marquess of Powis, died June 17, 1733. George Collingwood, of Esslington, was an adherent of the Stuarts, and was taken prisoner in 1715, and hung at Tyburn. His estate was forfeited, and purchased from the Crown by Lord Ravensworth. The only child of Catherine Collingwood, Lady Throckmorton, married Mr. Giffard, of Chillington, in Staffordshire, and was great grandmother to the present Mr. Giffard of Chillington; she would have been the heir of Esslington, but for the circumstances above-mentioned. For the above particulars the Editor is indebted to Sir Robert Throckmorton.

Write me a long letter, and let me know when I shall send for it.

Dear Colly, yours everlastingly.

If you could spare Miss Stonor's letter, the first I saw, I wish you would send it me by the bearer, and you'll oblige your slave.

This letter having been written in March, and Lady Margaret Cavendish Harley having been married in May 1734, it might have belonged to the same year, though according to the old style the date would have been 1733.

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*Anne Vernon, to Mrs. Katherine Collingwood, at the Honble. Mrs. Collingwood's Lodgings in New Bond Street, next door to the Cock, London.*

Cokthrop, June y^e^ 27, 1734.

If dear Miss Collingwood complains for want of materials to fill a letter, being at the fountain-head of news, what must I do that am so far off? no distant spring reaches in many miles of this place, and I should inevitably grow quite stupid were it not for the company of my agreeable friend, with whom no hour is unenjoyed, but as you know her, I need say no more in her praise.

I am very happy Lady Margaret[1] is to be released *out of her prison*, and shall always be desirous of her friendship. I have no merit, but she has enough for us both; and I am sure I can brag of sincerity to my friends, so if that alone will do, I hope to be happy often in her company next winter; and as soon as I've leave, will trouble her with a letter. Do send word of

[1] Married May, 1734, the Duke of Portland to Lady Margaret Harley, sole daughter and heiress to the Earl of Oxford.

her clothes and wedding, if it is not impertinent. Suppose by this time Lady Harriett's match is over; fancy she is quite happy about it.

Lady Petres[1] had best go to the Bath now, if she is so ill. We have had here Mrs. Vernon[2] for ten days, she that was Miss Howard, she has been at the Bath for the abovementioned reason. We have matches on foot in this country—Mr. Delme to a Miss Lenthall, and her brother to Miss Delme; it is great luck for the Lenthalls. Hope to hear from you soon. Perhaps you'll say, I've *more time,* but remember how much *less brains*, and you'll pity and forgive

Your sincere humble ser^t^,

ANNE VERNON.

P.S. *A Rebus.*

The mariner's wish, and the miser's desire,
Is the name of a lady, some people admire.

Sweet Solitude! when life's gay hours are passed,
Howe'er we range, on thee we fix at last,
Tost through tempestuous seas, the voyage o'er,
Pale we look back, and bless the friendly shore.
Our own strict judges, our past life we scan,
And ask if virtue has enlarged the span,
If bright the prospect, we the grave defy,
Trust future ages, and contented die.

I had these lines sent me: think them pretty, so have writ them you for want of something better. Pray let me know how you like them.

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[1] Lady Anne Radcliffe, daughter of James, 3rd Earl of Derwentwater, married in May, 1732, Robert James, 8th Baron Petre.

Mary, daughter and coheiress of Thomas, 6th Lord Howard of Effingham, married in 1734, George Vernon, Esq., of Sudbury, who was raised to the peerage, May 1, 1762, as Lord Vernon. Mrs. Vernon died in 1740, leaving a son, George, 2nd Baron, and a daughter.

*Mrs. Pendarves to Mrs. Ann Granville.*

L. B. Street, 30 June, 1734.

I have now nothing marvellous or new to tell: I write this purely by way of a little conversation with you. This morning all the beau military's are assembled in my neighbourhood to be reviewed by his Majesty and the rest of the royal family, for all assist in this great work, even little Princess Mary.[1] I am contented with the honour of their dust as it comes in at the window, for they all pass by my door.

I dined last Thursday, after I had made my visit to you, with my dear good Sir John Stanley, by way of taking leave. I don't believe there is in the world a man of such true honour and generosity. He is not only "just, but bright;" "there's a lustre attends all his words and actions," and I pray God continue him a long and happy life, for his example is necessary in a world so abounding with evil. He has given me the command of Northend in his absence, and I shall make use of it. I design to go on Thursday or Friday, and take my little Donellan with me, and spend a week there at least. Ah! could I but *transport* my mama and you there, how *should I be transported!*

To-night is the last night of the opera, and I go, and to-morrow to Court. I have got a new madness, I am running wild after shells.[2] This morning I have set my little collection of shells in nice order in my cabinet, and

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[1] Princess Mary, fourth daughter of George II., born Feb. 22, 1723; married May 8, 1740, to Frederick, Landgrave of Hesse Cassel, and died in 1771.

[2] Mrs. Pendarves's taste for shells seemed to have existed when at Killala, although more as an amusement than as the study which it was afterwards.

they look so beautiful, that I must by some means enlarge my stock; the beauties of *shells* are as *infinite as of flowers*, and to consider how they are inhabited enlarges a field of wonder that leads one insensibly to the great Director and Author of these wonders. How surprising is it to observe the indifference, nay (more properly) *stupidity* of mankind, that seem to make no reflection as they live, are pleased with what they meet with because it has beautiful colours or an agreeable sound, there they stop, and receive but little more pleasure from them than a horse or a dog.

I was stopped in my career of moralization by Mr. Jackson's calling at my window; we have chatted of the business of the day, and he desired me to make his compliments. Lady Dysart goes on extremely well with her drawing; she has got to crayons, and I design to fall into that way. I hope Mr. Pond[1] will help me too, for his colouring in crayons I think *the best* I have seen of any English painter—it tries my eyes less than work, and entertains me better; *I aim at everything*, and will send you a sample of what I am about, but I don't design to colour till I am more perfect in my drawing. I tried one landscape, and find it so easy, that I am almost tempted to stick to that sort of drawing. My Lord

[1] Of this English artist we possess scarcely any particulars. He painted portraits, as well in oil as in crayons, and together with George Knapton, published a collection of the heads of illustrious persons, engraved by Houbraken and Virtue, the memoirs written by Dr. Birch. These two artists also engraved ninety-five plates from the drawings of the first Italian masters, in imitation of the originals. Pond published on his own account twenty-five caricatures, after Ghezzii and other painters, and he also etched some portraits in the manner of Rembrandt. This artist died in Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, September 9, 1758. He was a member of the Royal and Antiquarian Societies.—*Pilkington's Dictionary of Painters.*

Orrery[1] is returned from his travels; he went out of town yesterday, but had not the good manners either to send or to come; Mrs. Butler has fixed her day for Scarborough. She goes next Wednesday; she says you must forgive her not writing to her, but she is perpetually in a hurry, as you may suppose. I have done the rudest thing by Mrs. Elis in the world, but 'tis Piggy's fault; she told me she was out of town, and that she would let me know when she returned, but I have heard nothing of her. She lives as far from me as you are from Glocester; I have but one man, and if I worry him to death I don't know where I shall get such another. I have not had my chair this month, because it is an extravagance at *this time of the year.*

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*Mrs. Pendarves to Mrs. Ann Granville.*

Northend, 22 July, 1734.

Whatever happiness my dearest sister enjoys I am sure of having my share of it. I own I had a secret pleasure to myself, besides that which you would enjoy, in your meeting with our good dear Deborah.[2] I knew I should often be called upon when two such friends met, and next to being with you, the assurance of being sometimes the subject of your conversation gives me the highest satisfaction. Phil and I were beforehand with you, and have made our party several times *in imagination,* but alas! that's a poor sickly pleasure. I

[1] John, 5th Earl of Orrery, married in 1728, Lady Henrietta Hamilton, youngest daughter of George Earl of Orkney, who died August 12, 1732. He was author of a translation of Pliny's Epistles, a Life of Dr. Swift, &c.

[2] "*Deborah.*" A name given to Mrs. Chapone as well as Sappho.

have hardly known the delight you boast of, that of having Sally's company *uninterrupted*, but next summer I promise myself something like it, if possible. The ingenious MS.[1] was sent in my mama's box; it is an excellent piece of wit and good sense, and when *she* (the author) has rectified the *law part* of it, it will be fit for the press and the perusal of the *smartest wits of the age*. Tell her I am a little diverted at the thoughts of her being abused by some of the coxcombs; bid her prepare for the attack, and *sharpen* her weapons of defence in readiness: they are composed of such well tempered mettle that her adversary will *soon repent*, let him be ever so stout, of his provocation.

Oh sweet gloomy park in Burhill! I see thy reverend oaks, that afford a friendly shade in the hottest hours of the day, and I hear the rooks join in their melancholy notes! Don't imagine I am so unreasonable as to desire to hear from you twice a-week; no, I expect it but once a-week, and will not have you think of writing oftener. It would be ungrateful to rob Sally of a pleasure she is so worthy of as that of your conversation; and though you are a very good thing to look at, yet you must be heard to make the pleasure complete, and nothing but your tongue can give more.

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*Mrs. Pendarves to Mrs. Ann Granville.*

L. B. Strt., 15th August, 1734.

I conclude that this letter will find my dearest Nancy at Cranham. A letter I received last night from our

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[1] "The ingenious MS." It is evident that this alludes to something written by (Sarah Kirkham) Mrs. Chapone, whose powers of composition are elsewhere noticed in the correspondence.

good mama makes me hope so, for I find she has had a return of her sore throat, and I know how carefully you will nurse her. I must beg before I go away further, that you will make my best acknowledgments to my mother for her great kindness in writing so constantly to me during your absence; I think myself infinitely obliged to her for it, and shall never forget the many instances I have of her great indulgence and favour for me. I had your last from Buckland, wherein you told me your impatience to get home. I know your tenderness for my mama, will not let you enjoy any pleasure if she is in a way of wanting your care and attendance.

I went last Sunday to Northend to meet Sir John, who, thank God, is returned from Tunbridge in a perfectly good state of health, and not a little pleased to be in quiet possession of *Beauty spot*, alias Northend; not so quiet, neither, perhaps you'll say, when I am of the party. He has brought you a very pretty fashionable necklace and earrings by way of Tunbridge fairing. He told me he had something else coming by the carrier; I suppose I shall know what it is to-day, for I dine with him. We came last night to town: he to make his appearance among his brethren at the Board, and I to sign and seal the agreement between Mrs. Basset and me, and then a fig for the law and the lawyers! I shall cast them all off, and hope never more to have anything to say to them and their quirk and quibbles. I told you in one of my letters when you was at Buckland, that I had wrote a letter to my Lord Weymouth, full of resentment; I am afraid I have *done them no good*, and myself harm. I *was warm*, and it is highly resented by every one of the family, which I am sorry for, for I would not

quarrel with them; but I find my Lord Weymouth is determined they shall not stay at Buckland, and they may thank Mr. Tooker[1] and Mr. Beazant for that turn. I have not yet seen my Lord; he came one morning here, but I was abroad: he is out of town now, and does not come till Friday, but I will see him on Saturday, and send a particular account to Sally of what he says. Somebody has told him that Mr. Chapon has employed some interest against him, which has provoked him extremely. He designs at Michaelmas to give them warning to go out at Lady Day, but he does not design to take any rent for the time they have been in it. I own I have been vexed about this thing, but I think it will be best for them to settle *somewhere else*, for with two such underminers they will always be in danger of a very troublesome uneasy life; I have drawn them into this trouble, but if that will be any alleviation I have had a *double share* of it; nothing touches one more sharply than to be the occasion of a friend's distress. The clock has struck ten, and tells me to prepare to meet my lawyers. If I have time in the evening I will say a word or two more, but for fear I should not, will not take my leave till I have desired you to present my humble duty and kindest wishes to my dear mama.

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[1] "Mr. Tooker." This no doubt was the Rev. Tretheway Tooker, Rector of Buckland. In the autobiography his name was spelt "*Tucker*," but he is elsewhere called *Tooker*, and the change of letters in spelling names was at that period so common, that it is scarcely necessary to comment upon it. Mrs. Pendarves's intervention for the continuance of the Chapons as tenants at Buckland, seems to have involved her in a feud with Lord Weymouth and her own family. The Editor has not ascertained who the Mr. Bezant was who conspired to render Lord Weymouth so ill-disposed towards them, but it is not unlikely that the witty "*Sally Kirkham*," did not spare the eccentricities of "*Tranio*," and that he wished for a neighbour with less talent and understanding.

I am yours, my dearest Anna, with the utmost constancy.

Letty Bushe copied my picture for Donnellan, and sent it (like a ninny) by the post, and *'tis lost; yours* is safe, but I suppose she will keep it to copy again.

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*From Grace Countess Granville, sister to Lady Jane Granville, wife of Sir William Leveson Gower, to Mrs. Pendarves.*

Hawnes, August 25th, 1734.

DEAR COUSIN,

While Lady Weymouth was with me I could think of nothing else, and now I can't but say she still employs my thoughts. The best excuse is always to speak truth, and you have so much sincerety in your nature, that I know you'd be better pleased with being treated so, than with flourishes that pass away as soon as told. I should have sooner thanked you for your last obliging letter but for the above said reason, for I really love you heartily, and often wish it were in my power to serve you. I think you have no fault but *not* considering *yourself* enough; men if they are good for anything may shift, but ladies cannot! You have, my dear, too little for yourself and too much for generosities; if your heart swells beyond your purse you will suffer greatly, which will affect me, because I have nothing in my power to help you; believe me when I say this, for I have all the esteem and tenderness for you that you can desire. If you can punish yourself with a winter's solitude, you'd be most welcome to me, as in the summer I never have a spare bed, but this is a sad request to a lady so bright and gay; so that I can't be surprised if it should appear

unreasonable to you; but *bad* as *my proposal* is, I think it is *better* than my Cousin Edgcombs! I *can't bear the thought* of your being hurried into Cornwall to be a mother-in-law[1] *without a good settlement! Liberty*, believe me, *is far better* than doing so, and the opportunity of waiting on my beloved Sir John Stanley, who is really one of the worthiest men in the world: I hope to have a kind salute from him in a little time, for my Lord Weymouth has my promise to go to London to Xten either his son or daughter.[2] My stay is to be but a week, just to see my friends. Your friend and humble servant, Fanny[3], mends in my hands; she rides every day with her brother, has good courage, and great delight in being able to guide her horse. I wish I could guide my pen as well, and then I would oftener write, and assure my dear cousin how much

I am her most affectionate faithful humble servant,

GRANVILLE.

This characteristic letter of Countess Granville's contains another instance of the absolutely received idea of the last century—that the only consideration in any marriage was the *amount of settlement*, and that inclination or disposition were never thought of. It also throws some light upon an allusion in one of Mrs. Pendarves letters to Ann Granville, wherein she speaks of being again on the same terms as ever with Lady Sunderland, "*let Dragons roar as they will.*" The marriage which Countess Granville disapproved for Mrs. Pendarves, was to Mr. Edgecombe, who had before been a

[1] Richard Edgcumbe, Esq., of Mount Edgcumbe, M.P. for Cornwall. He married Matilda, daughter of Sir Henry Furnese, Bart., of Waldershare, Kent, and in 1742, was created Baron Edgcumbe. Frequent family alliances made almost all the west county chieftains cousins.

[2] This was written prior to the birth of Lord Weymouth's eldest son, Thomas, born 1734.

[3] The Hon. Frances Carteret, afterwards Marchioness of Tweedale.

supposed suitor to Lady Sunderland's sister; and it is not impossible, that although the old Countess disapproved of *her cousin*, Mary Granville's, marrying *their* cousin, Mr. Edgecombe—yet that she might have equally disapproved of Mrs. Pendarves's renewed intimacy with a family into which she did not wish Mr. Edgecombe to marry, but where he had been much encouraged. The opinions of Mrs. Pendarves and Countess Granville exactly coincided with respect to their regard for Sir John Stanley, whom they both appeared equally to esteem and respect.

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*Mrs. Pendarves to Dr. Swift.*

Little Brook Street, Sept. 9, 1734.

SIR,

I find your correspondence is like the singing of the nightingale—no bird sings so sweetly, but the pleasure is quickly past; a month or two of harmony, and then we lose it till next spring. I wish your favours may as certainly return. I am at this time not only deprived of your letters, but of all other means of inquiring after your health, your friends and my correspondents being dispersed to their summer quarters, and know as little of you as I do. I have not forgot one mortifying article on this occasion, and if your design in neglecting me was to humble me, it has taken effect. Could I find out the means of being revenged I would most certainly put it in execution, but I have only the malice of an incensed, neglected woman, without the power of returning it. The last letter I writ to you was from Gloucester, about a twelvemonth ago, after that I went to Long Leat to my Lady Weymouth; came to town in January, where I have remained ever since, except a few weeks I spent at Sir John Stanley's at Northend, (the *Delville* of this

part of the world). I hope Naboth's Vineyard flourishes; it always has my good wishes, though I am not near enough to partake of its fruits. The town is now empty, and by most people called dull; to me it is just agreeable, for I have most of my particular friends in town. My superfluous acquaintance I can very well spare. My Lord Carteret is at Hawnes; my Lady Carteret is in town nursing my Lady Dysart, who is brought to bed of a very fine son, and in hopes of my Lady Weymouth's being soon under the same circumstances.

I have not seen my Lord Bathurst since I was at his house in Gloucestershire. That is a mischief I believe you have produced, for as long as I could entertain him with an account of his friend the Dean he was glad to see me, but lately we have been great strangers. Mrs. Donellan sometimes talks of making a winter's visit to Dublin, and has vanity enough to think you are one of those that will treat her kindly. Her loss to me will be irreparable, besides the mortification it will be to me to have her go to a place where I should so gladly accompany her; but I know she will be just, and tell the reason why I could not this year take such a progress. After having forced myself into your company, it will be impertinent to make you a longer visit and destroy the intention of it, which was only to assure you of my being, sir, your most faithful and obliged humble servant,

M. Pendarves.

*Duchess of Portland to Miss Collingwood.*

Bullstrode, Sep^ber. 16th, 1734.

DEAR DOCTOR,

Your letter gave me infinite pleasure. I hope you will never stand upon letters, but write whenever any news, or the spirit, moves you, and I will do the same. I know, my dearest Colly's wishes are very sincere, and am much obliged to you for them; I assure you that you shall always have a share of my friendship, and hope you will grant me the same. You say you want to know what is become of the *Elder of the Tribe of Jacob*; why, much against *True Blue's*[1] will and mine, she came down with the *Speaker of the House of Commons*, who desired she might. They stayed a week, and the *Elder* took upon her to order most extremely, and was sometimes rebuked by the *Speaker*, but not very often. She would have fain have stayed, and when she went away trembled most excessively, as if she had had an ague, and as I hear afterwards, was extremely melancholy. She told me she designed to ride down here, and go back at night; "Do ye, (says I,) sure you can't do that!" and never said I should be glad to see her, which baulked her much I believe. She is at present with the Speaker, and is to go into the county of Somerset with her, but the Speaker says that she is to go to your town after that, for she won't have her stay there with her. She makes great complaints how dull a life she leads,

[1] "*True Blue*," is evidently the Duke of Portland; but the Editor has not sufficient grounds to hazard a conjecture as to the real names of the persons indicated by "*The Elder of the Tribe of Jacob*," "*The Speaker of the House of Commons*," "*Mrs. Tehee*," "*The Prophetess*," "*The Quilted Petticoat*," "*The Giant*," "*The Library*," or "*Lady Artifice*."

but I fancy it will end in her always living there. I don't know where she can mend herself truly. When she was here there was a gentleman that pretended to be deep in love with her, and since she has been gone has wrote a couple of love-letters to her, which madam believes to be in earnest, and by what I find he has put *the West Wind* into a quite different corner from what he was. I fancy you may have good diversion with her about it, for she shows her letters to everybody; and to be sure she will to you, for you were formerly a great favourite with her. You must not take any notice that you know anything from me about it, or that we correspond; I don't doubt but *Mrs. Tehee* was very merry at the fair, especially if she drunk of the Lake of Oblivion before she went; I want to know what *the Prophetess* talked about me; I wonder whether I am in her books or not.

I am sorry to hear you are so fond of a country life, but I hope it will never be your fate to be chained to a country squire. I am quite rejoiced at the exit of *the Elephant*, and hear that part of the *Quilted Petticoat* is quite happy, for I had a letter Sunday last from her,—she tells me she "thinks herself in a dream, her life is so much changed for the better." I hear she has left *the Giant* upwards of three score thousand pound in money, besides jewels, plate, land, &c. I am to be at the ball that *the Library* makes, but whether you *will be* admitted under the shadow of my wing (as you call it) I can't tell; for I suppose it will be stufft up with all the *tribe of Jacob*, which you know will be disagreeable enough. I do assure you I want as much to see you as you can me, for I have myriads of things to tell you; and when mama goes to the Bath I shall come to town

for two or three days to take leave of her before she goes her journey, and shall be at Whitehall, so I am determined nothing shall prevent my seeing and discoursing my dear Doctor.

The ode I sent you I thought extremely silly, but when I see you I will show you the verses I told you of, which are very pretty, and you may copy them if you please; they are not by the Club, but by the "Poetical Footman." I found out your riddle, and have puzzled a good many people with it. I have sent you one in return, that you may send to the Wit. I don't know whether I wrote you word of *Mrs. Sullen's* writing to me or not, but I believe I did not; the letter came here, and I was in town, so the D[s] opened it, thinking it was to her, upon which I *was obliged* to show it to the *Higher Powers*,[1] who came here t'other day, and the *Speaker of the House of Commons* asked me if I had answered her letter; I said "*yes*," to which she replied, "Oh, you need not keep up a corespondence with her, it is better not." So when I write to her again I shall tell her I would not have her say to any body that we write to one another, for it would be ridiculous to disoblige the Speaker in such a trifle as that, and we may do it and she know nothing of it, but I told you to tell her she should not write till she heard from me first. Now you are come to town I expect news in abundance, for you

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[1] "I was obliged to show it to the *Higher Powers*." The incident here related of the arbitrary manner in which the Duchess of Portland was commanded with regard to her female correspondent, after having been obliged to show her friend's letter, in consequence of its being known that she had received one, affords an explanation of the reason which induced her to take the trouble of having a cypher for all the names of the persons mentioned, so as to render it more difficult of interpretation if they should fall into any hands but the person to whom they were written.

know nothing gives me so much satisfaction to have as some of your sheets well filled. Pray is Lady *Artifice Flirtigig* and her *chère moitié* going to France? for I see they are, in the papers. Pray send me the Irish letter you have so long promised me; I had last week a charming long letter from dear Kitty, who is very well. I shall not fail to carry you to see her in the winter. I suppose you have had many delightful letters from Miss Stonor; what would I give to be acquainted with her and to have some of her letters! I am, my dear friend, perfectly well, and have no returns of my fever. I hope whenever you make *a purchase* you will have the same good fortune attend you that I have had, for I do assure you that *True Blue* has *every good quality* you wished him to have. He wants much to be acquainted with you, so I propose a great deal of mirth next winter.

Yours most faithfully.

Write to me very soon.

"*The exit of the Elephant*" may possibly allude to the death of Elizabeth, Duchess-Dowager of Albemarle and Duchess of Montague, whose death is thus recorded in the *London Magazine* for August 1734.

"On the 28th, at night, died at Newcastle House in Clerkenwell-Close, in the 96th year of her age, her Grace Elizabeth Dutchess-Dowager of Albemarle, and Dutchess-Dowager of Montagu. Her Grace was eldest aughter, and one of the coheirs of Henry Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle, and married first, Christopher Monk, Duke of Albemarle, son to the famous General Monk, and next, Ralph Lord Montagu, father to the present Duke. She was his Grace's second wife, and had no issue by him. She was allied to most of the noble families in England. Besides being mother-in-law to the Duke of Montagu, and consequently grandmother to the Duchess of Manchester and Countess of Cardigan, she was aunt to the *Countess of Oxford*, to the Lady Viscountess Morpeth, to the

Countesses of Salisbury and Harold, and to the Lady Lovel, Baroness of Clifford. She was likewise *great aunt to the Duchess of Portland*, to the present Duke of Newcastle, and to the Earl of Rockingham, and widow of Christopher, second Duke of Albemarle. As she was a coheiress of the last Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle, she enjoyed an immense fortune, and being mad, was confined at Montagu House, but served with royal state. Her relations pretended she was dead, and the Duke was forced to produce her in Westminster Hall. After his death, she lived at Clerkenwell, and 3000*l.* a year was allowed for her imaginary court. The rest was laid up, and went to her own relations."

Walpole observes, "This puts me in mind of the Duchess of Albemarle, who was mad with pride. The first Duke of Montagu married her *as Emperor of China;* and to her death she was served on the knee, taking her maids for ladies of the bed-chamber."

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*Mrs. Pendarves to Mrs. Ann Granville.*

Little Brook Strt., 26 Sept., 1734.

I should have wrote to my dearest Anna last post, but thus the case stood, and I could not. Mr. Goupy[1], staid so late with me that day, that by the time I was dressed 'twas three o' the clock. I was to dine at Sir John Stanley's, who you know does not keep very regular hours, and to be at home by six, to meet Lady Mary Colley. She was here before I could get home, and staid till ten; Phill supped with me, and it was impossible for

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[1] "This painter was born at Nevers, in France, but came to England when very young, and practised as a drawing-master and engraver. He was patronised by Dr. Brooke Taylor, with whom he made several excursions for the purpose of sketching landscapes after nature. By this means he became known to Frederick Prince of Wales, who employed him very much at Kew and Cliefden House. On the accession of his late Majesty, (George II.,) Goupy had a small pension allowed him, which, however, he did not long enjoy, dying at an advanced age, in 1763. His landscapes are much in the style of Salvator Rosa."—*Pilkington's Dictionary of Painters.*

me to secure a moment of writing time. They had better have let me done my duty, I should have been pleasanter company to them than I was; for I own I never am easy when I give you the least shadow to think I neglect you. Your *dabs*, my dear, are little bits of delight that always rejoice my heart. I know by experience that one's designs are so frequently interrupted, that there is no dependence on them. I hope your horse-races will afford you plentiful diversion, and that all the squires will make love to you; but I am afraid their hearts are so full of tenderness for their horses, that there is no room left for a more delicate affection, especially for one who takes up so much room as you do; for you are unreasonable enough to require the *whole heart* to yourself, and will hardly condescend to take up with the *corner of a stable*; and I can't but commend you! I hope you were jigging at a ball, or flirting at an assembly, but I rather fear the headache as a thing that is more likely to come in your way.

Poor Jenny Webb! she has soon followed her father; I have great compassion for her mother and sisters, but as Mrs. Duncombe observes (in one of her letters to Mrs. Donellan), the "changes of this life are so quick, that we have hardly time to mourn or rejoice for anything, before the circumstance alters." She is (Mrs. Dun), a very sensible woman, and I lament the loss of her conversation, but I believe she is fixed for ever in the country. By this to be sure you have seen Betty Carter: I hear she is highly delighted with the kind entertainment she has met with in Gloucester. We have had some terrible stormy weather; I hope Cranham is so snugly situated as to defend my mother from the melancholy sound of it: when Michael-

mass is over we may expect a serener sky. Lady Granville[1] comes to town on Saturday, and stays a fortnight, I suppose I shall go back with her. Lady Weymouth and her son, Lady Dy and her son, are all well and happy, and so are you and I also, though without a scrap of their magnificence; as we can partake of other's joys, and I think our greatest distress is that we can't add to them *as much* as we desire,

People that enjoy *all the magnificence* of life are so wrapped up in themselves, they are not capable of feeling so much the joys that spring from their own good fortune, and by that means are deprived of many pleasures that you and I have a relish for; so far as this we have the advantage, but in another instance they have it over us; for they have *no leisure* to consider the miseries of their fellow-creatures. Those *few* that can compassionate woes they never felt, have the glorious opportunity of relieving them; and there they are the object of my envy.

Lady Sunderland is very well, and her youngest son recovering; Mrs. Tichborne has taken Ward's drop again, and is very well after it; how is that poor lame woman that we used sometimes to visit in the cloysters? If *the drop* would be of any service to her I will bring some of it down with me. It has certainly done wonderful cures in scorbutic cases; but particularly for cancers and palsies it has had surprising success. I have not heard from Bunny for several posts, so I hope he is on the road.

They talk of the King of Prussia's dying; if that comes to pass 'tis likely we shall *have weddings*, but if my mama *is determined not to part with you*, I must

[1] The old Countess Granville.

not make interest for you either with Princess Royal or Princess Amelia: I own I had *rather* fix you with Princess Caroline, but in an affair of this kind one must be contented with what one can get. As for the Prince of Wales, all the places about his princess, when he marries (which is not yet talked of), will be disposed of to those that can bring good interest with them, and they will be given to married women, 'tis thought, as the Queen's were; I hope we shall have leisure to talk this over. I have finished my Apollo, and given it to Sir John Stanley, who was much pleased with it; I wish I could have shown it to you, but you will see it in the spring.

Mrs. Barber dined with me yesterday; she left me as soon as she had dined, but I was not alone; Xenophon's Cyrus kept me company, and entertained me very well.

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*Dean Swift to Mrs. Pendarves, in Little Brook Street, near Grosvenor Square, London.*

Oct. 7, 1734.

MADAM,

When I received the honor and happiness of your last letter (dated Sept. 9), I was afflicted with a pair of disorders that usually seize me once a year, and with which I have been acquainted from my youth, but it is only of late years that they have begun to come together, although I should have been better contented with one at a time—these are *giddiness* and *deafness*, which usually last a month; the first tormenting my body, and the other making me incapable of conversing. In this juncture your letter found me: but I *was* able to read, though *not to hear*; neither did I value my deaf-

ness for three days, because your letter was my constant entertainment during that time; after which I grew sensibly better, and, although I was not abroad till yesterday, I find myself well enough to acknowledge the great favor you have done me, but cannot guess your motive for so much goodness. I guess that *your* good Genius, accidentally meeting *mine*, was prevailed on to solicit your pity! Or, did you happen to be at leisure by the summer absence of your friends? Or, would you appear a constant nymph, when all my goddesses of much longer acquaintance have forsaken me, as it is reasonable they should? But the men are almost as bad as the ladies, and I cannot but think them in the right; for I cannot make shifts and lie rough, and be undone by starving in scanty lodgings, without horses, servants, or conveniences, as I used to do in London, with port-wine, or perhaps Porter's ale, to save charges!

You dare not pretend to say that your town equals ours in hospitable evenings, with your *deep play* and no entertainment but a cup of chocolate, unless you have mended your manners. I will not declare your reasons for not taking a second trip over hither, because you have offered none but your royal will and pleasure; but if I were in the case of your friends here, with more life before me and better health, I would solicit an act of Parliament to prevent your coming among us; or, at least to make it high treason in you ever to leave us. In the meantime, I wish you were forced over by debts or want, because we would gladly agree to a contribution for life, dinners and suppers excluded, that are to go for nothing. I speak for the public good of this country; because a pernicious heresy prevails here among the men, that it is the

duty of your sex to be fools in every article except what is merely domestic, and to do the ladies justice, there are very few of them without a good share of that heresy, except upon one article, that they have *as little* regard for *family business* as for the *improvement of their minds!*

I have had for some time a design to write against this heresy, but have now laid those thoughts aside, for fear of making both sexes my enemies; however, if you will come over to my assistance, I will carry you about among our adversaries, and dare them to produce *one instance* where your *want of ignorance* makes you affected, pretending, conceited, disdainful, endeavouring to speak like a scholar, with twenty more faults objected by themselves, their lovers, or their husbands. But, I fear your case is desperate, for I know you never laugh at a jest before you understand it; and I much question whether you *understand a fan*, or have so good a fancy *at silks* as others; and your way of *spelling* would *not be intelligible*. Therefore upon your arrival hither (which I expect in three packets at furthest), I will give you a licence to be as silly as you can possibly afford, one half-hour every week, to the heretics of each sex, to atone for which you are to keep one fasting-day at Doctor Delany's or Dr. Helshams, and one at the Deanery.

I think my Lord Carteret is the most happy, in all circumstances of life, that I ever have known, and as he well deserves it, so I hope he is sensible of it; all my fear is that he will be too rich. I am no cause of my Lord Bathurst's forsaking you; he hath long done the same with me, and to say the truth, madam, it is a very cold scent to continue a correspondence with one whom we never expect to see. I never

knew it long practised, except among the learned of different nations; Mr. Pope and my Lord Bolingbroke themselves begin to fail me, in seven years. Nothing vexes me so much with relation to you, as that with all my disposition to find faults, I was never once able to fix upon anything that I could find amiss, although I watched you narrowly; for when I found we were to lose you soon, I kept my eyes and ears always upon you, in hopes that you would make some *boutade*. It is, you know, a French word, and signifies a sudden jerk from a horse's hinder feet which you did not expect, because you thought him for some months a sober animal, and this hath been my case with several ladies whom I chose for friends; in a week, a month, or a year, hardly one of them failed to give me a *boutade*; therefore I command you will obey my orders, in coming over hither for one whole year; after which, upon the first *boutade you make*, I will give you my pass to be gone.

Are you acquainted with the Duke of Chandois?[1] I know your cozen[2] Lansdown and he were intimate friends. I have known the Duke long and well, and thought I had a share in his common favor, but he hath lately given me great cause of complaint. I was pressed by many persons of learning here to write to his Grace, that having some old records relating to this kingdom, which were taken from hence by the Earl of Clarendon, who was Lieu-

[1] James Brydges, created Marquis of Carnarvon and Duke of Chandos on the 30th of April, 1719. He married—1st, in 1696-7 Mary, daughter to Sir Thomas Lake, of Cannons; 2ndly, Cassandra, sister of Thomas Lord Middleton; 3rdly, in April, 1736, Lydia Catherine Van Haaten, widow of Sir Thomas Davall. The Duke died August 9, 1744.

[2] "*Your cozen Lansdown*" is a mistake for your *uncle* Lansdown.

tenant here, and purchased them from private owners, and are now in the Duke's possession, that his Grace would please to bestow them to the University here, because Irish antiquities are of little value or curiosity to any other nation. I writ with all the civility in my power, and with compliments on the fame of his generosity, and in a style very different from what I use to my friends with titles, but he hath pleased to be silent for above six weeks, which is the first treatment I ever met with of that kind from any English person of quality, and what would better become a *little* Irish Baron than a *great* English Duke. But whether grandeur or party be the cause I shall not enquire, but leave it to you, and expect you will employ "*my Brother Lansdown*" (his Lordship will tell you *why* I give him *that title*), if he still converses with the Duke, to know the reason of this treatment, and you shall be my instrument to find it out, although it should cost you two shillings for a chair!

If I have tired you, it is the effect of the great esteem I have for you, do but lessen your own merits, and I will shorten my letters in proportion. If you will come among us, I engage your dreadful old beggarly western Parson to residence, otherwise we all resolve to send him over, which is in our opinion the surest way to drive you hither, for you will be in more haste to fly from, than to follow *even* Mrs. Donellan, when you keep out of sight; if she be among you, I desire she may know I am her true admirer and most humble servant.

I am, with true respect and high esteem,

Madam,

Your most obed$^{t}$ and obliged humble serv$^{t}$,

J. Swift.

You may please to know that after dining alone as a king, not yet daring to face the cold, you see the mark in the red spot of wine and water that accidentally fell.

Oct. 7th 1734.

Your friends here are all well, and remember you with pleasure and regret. You must call this a Postcript.

You must excuse my many interlinings, on account of my ill head, which disposes me to blunders.

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*Mrs. Pendarves to Mrs. Ann Granville.*

L. B. Strt., 15 Octr., 1734

If ever I bestow a pleasure on you, my dearest sister, you have a way of paying me very good interest for it. I think I have lately used you but scurvily by way of a correspondent, and yet you do not lessen your favours to me. It is not in the power of pleasure or pain to drive you from my mind—you are absolutely necessary to the heightening one, and alleviating the other. I wish I could bring it about, to have Bunny my conductor to Glocester, but 'tis not practicable, or indeed if it were is it prudent, for Sir John Stanley expresses so great a love for him that one would not draw him away when he has been so long absent from Sir John. I hope in the summer he will be able to make you a visit; the pain in his shoulder is better. The weather has been and is cruelly bad, and the Hertfordshire roads I should imagine must be impassable; I doubt I shall find many bad bits between this and Glocester; I have not had since my brother came to town a quarter of an hour's discourse with him; he promised to come to me this morning, but behold so thick a fog interposes, that I fear I shall not see him. Last post I did not write, but I sent you a

letter from Donellan; you must make Foley amends another year for your neglect of this, but for people that do not keep an equipage 'tis a difficulty to bring about seeing those friends that lie at such a distance from them. Your shoes shall come with me, and I will get a chafing-dish for my mother; but tell me if it must be for coals, or spirits, or both. I was in hopes to have named my day in this letter, but I cannot till Mr. Stanley comes to town, having a few affairs to transact with him before I leave this place, and he does not come till next week. I shall hire a coach that I may take my rubbish with me. Since I began this letter Bunny has been with me, and I have communicated to him my design of paying you a winter's visit, which he in his silent way approves of, though he "wishes it was summer for my sake;" he has so lately known the distress of bad roads that he compassionates those that are to wade through them. But I'll have him to know I shall be in a state of envy and not of pity, when I am travelling towards my dear mama and sister; I hope I may be able to leave this place this day fortnight; I must make *three days* of it, the days being now so short; and don't expect me till *late at night*—for I never yet got into Glocester before ten at night from London; and don't attempt meeting me on the road for there is so much mud and filth in the way that it would grieve me to have you trotting through it. *Your harp*[1] was the most musical one that ever was played on, 'twas sweet and tender, and had every good property you wished it might have, and was well bestowed on the kind friend you sent it to, who

[1] "*Your harp*" was probably figurative, and an allusion to a copy of verses sent to Sir J. Stanley by Ann Granville.

drank your health. Moncks and Donellan were of y^e^ party; they quadrilled[1] after dinner till ten, and I dozed by them; I wanted a pretty tête-à-tête friend, and a closet a top of the house, for I confess losing at cards infallibly lulls me to sleep. Well, is it not pure that we shall meet in a fortnight, please God to permit it? my heart dances about it, and 'tis so honest a joy that I hope I shall not be disappointed. Tell me if you can how I must direct to Mr. James Tooker? My duty to our good mother. I cannot express the joy I feel at the thoughts of seeing her soon; I don't know what time you propose returning to Gloster: perhaps the time I have named for coming to you may be sooner than is convenient. Adieu, my dearest Anna; pray God Almighty bless you, and send us a happy meeting

I am,

Most tenderly and faithfully yours,

M.P.

On Friday next I shall have a little musical party—Strada to sing and one to accompany her, and young Gleg for the fiddle, who plays very well; the audience are to be the Percivals, S^r^ John, Bunny, Lady Mary Coley,[2] and Mr. Hamilton—a fine batchelor man her brother, who is just such a *sober musical thing* as *my brother*.

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[1] "*They quadrill'd*,"—played at quadrille.

[2] Lady Mary Colley was the second daughter of James, 6th Earl of Abercorn, and *sister* to James, 7th Earl. She had eight other brothers, whose names are not specified by Burke.

*The Duchess of Portland to Miss Collingwood.*

Bullstrode, October 20th, 1734.

I should before now have returned my dear Doctor a million of thanks for her most obliging, entertaining, and delightful letter, which came to my hands just as my winkers were open. I read it with great satisfaction and pleasure, which occasioned my not being ready for breakfast,[1] but as we do not deal much in ceremonials, it was *not high treason.* The muff please to accept my most kind acknowledgements for, and imagine you see me blush for the trouble I gave you; pray don't forget the price when I come to town that I may be out of your debt in that respect; for as for all the many kind pieces of friendship which you have been so good to favour me with, I am very sensible you have a long score with me, but I do assure you I shall take all opportunitys of convincing my dear friend, I am not ungratefull, and shall think myself extremely happy whenever anything offers where I may any ways be serviceable to you.

The reason of my not writing before was occasioned by a return of my fever, which I am afraid I must take the bark for: I am at present much better, and believe it is owing to the pleasure I give myself in writing to you. I will be sure to mind the advice you give me in being careful in not catching cold in my feet; I assure you I was extremely troubled to leave you so soon at Whitehall. I thought I was quite secure in having you alone

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1 "*Occasioned my not being ready for breakfast.*" The fact thus mentioned as an exception proves that the Duchess's habits were then very different from those of her later life, as she used to remain awake the whole night and be read to by her readers or waiting-women, of whom there were two who sat up every alternate night. This habit did not appear to have been contracted

for the *Manuscripts*[1] told me they could not possibly come, for their great devotions would hinder 'em; but you see I am in such great favour, that coming to see me and the bustle of an election are upon the same foot, for they *will* neglect their duty for *either*; you know what I mean, for *a word to the wise is enough*.

You say you are impatient for the sequel of the *Story upon the Staircase*: it is this, *Roses and Nettles* were to know nothing of my *making a purchase* till it was quite over, for what reason I know not, but it was decreed so by the *Higher Powers*, so when the flowers were come together and tyed up in a nosegay, advice was sent to the *Roses and Nettles*, and as you know the quality of that weed, it would not be acceptable with *Sweet William*, but however there was a fine pacific congratulary oration from *the Nettle*, which without doubt came from the *heart* of that root, which was taken very well but their flourishing so much at Florence, and as I believe the seed beginning to spread, inflamed the wrath of Mr. Ford so much, that he would *not believe* it was the pleasure of hearing Farinelli sing which was their pretence, but the *other* which they could not part from. The matter I believe is now made up, and that *no Roses* will be exported till February or March next. Now I think I have

from ill health, as it was continued when her pursuits and occupations were actively carried on after she got up, and she used to say that when she was in some hotel she used to sink into a comfortable sleep on hearing the chambermaid cleaning the stairs near her room in the morning, which did not the least disturb her, as she knew that the hour had then arrived for her to begin her night's rest, and that from that time she slept most soundly for the number of hours that she required repose, viz., till twelve or one o'clock.

[1] "The *Manuscripts*," "the *Story on the Staircase*," "the *Roses and Nettles*," 'the *Nosegay*" and "the *Angel*" must be referred to the ingenious surmises of the reader, together with the cyphers in the preceding letter of the Duchess of Portland to Miss Collingwood.

given you a full account of the gardening affairs. The *Sweet William's*[1] as agreeable as ever, and more so if possible; I wish you knew more of that flower, for I am sure you would be quite charmed with it; I assure you the *Collyflower*[2] is a great favourite, and I don't doubt of its growing more so the better it is known.

When I desired you to write a long letter I very well knew how empty the town was, and how fruitful your pate is, so might reasonably expect well filled sheets which I assure you I do next Sunday, for it will be a week after you have received mine. Thanks are due to you for the pebbles, let me have an account of them in your next. All the world has been at the Bath, but came away before the *Elder of the Tribe* went; how cruel is that little urchin! I really believe her fate will be to teach the apes to dance in Pluto's dominions at last, as you say.

My Lord is your most humble servant, and drank your health to-day by the *Angel*, and esteems it a feather in his hat, that you will own kindred with mortals. Dear Colly, you will certainly spoil my devotion, for I stared at your picture all church time; I have had a letter from the *Wit*, who is very angry you don't write to her; she sent me a rebus, which I desire you will send me the explanation of very soon.

A measure of lace, that's less than a nail,
And where travellers hope to meet with good ale,
The shepherd's retreat when the sun is at height,
Is the name of a lady we love at first sight.

Thank you for the Irish letter, it was long a coming, but very welcome when it did.

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[1] Another name for the Duke of Portland.

[2] Miss Collingwood.

The Riddle.—Answer 28: which number, multiplied by 3, produces 84; 2 sevenths of 84, which number, trebled, produces 72; 2 ninths of 72 is 16; and the square root of 16 is 4.

I am yours most affectionately,
M. C. PORTLAND, which I take to be the answer to y^r^ rebus.

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*The Duchess of Portland to Miss Collingwood.*

Bullstrode, Nov^ber^. 3rd, 1734.

I beg my dearest Colly will not be surprised if this epistle exceeds in stupidity above all those I have ever wrote to you, for I have just now been writing a letter to *Holland*, which has caused me to squeeze my brain so much, and have found it so costive or otherways barren, that I don't know when it will come to its primeval brightness again; but I was resolved I would not defer writing to you one post, so you must e'en take it for better for worse, for the pleasure your letters always give me is inexpressible, but I believe I have said that fifty thousand times to you and hope you are well assured of it. I have been quite well ever since I wrote to you last, and believe your letter has had more effect upon me than the bark.

I am very sorry to hear Miss Stonor has been so ill, and if she should ever come to town I hope she will not deny me the pleasure of being acquainted with her. I had a letter from Aspasia[1] tother day, who told me she had seen you; I assure you, you are in great favour with her—she really has a vast deal of wit; I have had

[1] Aspasia was one of the names of Mary Granville (Mrs. Pendarves).

some charming letters from her; pray let me have an account of your witty conversation with her.

I hear such commendations of the *button-maker tragedian*, that I hope he won't quit the stage till I have had the honour of seeing his majestical appearance. Your account of *Venus* was delightful; I believe, you don't know who I mean, but I will explain it to you. Lady Berkshire[1] (who you know has an infinite deal of wit) went to make a visit some years ago to Lady George Howard,[2] where she found the good lady, old Lady *Patch Nose* Skipworth, and another old woman as great a beauty as the two former, and the Duke of Gordon,[3] who was then reckoned a mighty handsome man. The Countess as she went out of the room whispered the Duke, and told him she desired the next time she saw him he would tell her which of those *three beauties* he had given the golden apple too, which set him in to such a fit of laughter, that he was obliged to quit the room without further ceremony, now without doubt Lady George *was Venus!*

I believe you have guessed the rebus right, but I took it to be your name, but however ask *Mrs. Sullen* about it for she sent it me. Pray make inquiries about the pebble marchant, for I would not lose those precious stones upon any account; and as they are to be cut according to your fancy and approbation, I shall wear them for your

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[1] Catharine, daughter of James Grahame, Esq., married March 5, 1708–9, Henry, 4th Earl of Berkshire.

[2] Lord George Howard, son of Henry, 6th Duke of Norfolk, by his second wife, married Arabella, daughter and heir of Sir Edmund Allen, Bart., and widow of Francis Thompson, Esq.

[3] Alexander, 2nd Duke of Gordon, died in 1728, and was succeeded by his eldest son, Cosmo George, 3rd Duke, who married in 1741 Catharine, daughter of William, Earl of Aberdeen.

sake. If you pick up any rarities or curiosities, pray keep them against I come to town,[1] and don't lose them as you did the half moon; I think that is a bad omen, to be so negligent of Diana's badge. Since my last came a fresh mail from Italy, with an account that *Roses and Nettles* were arrived at Vicenza, in order to be transplanted at Rome, where I imagine they will spread as much as at Florence. I think you should address Flora to be an Anemone, which always closes as the dew falls upon it and opens with the rays of Phœbus, and is a most beautiful flower! I suppose the reverend divine made you a visit and gave you a long account about your humble servant, and that I expected to hear from you next Sunday without fail. He told me of a prodigiously comical letter you had with hard words; I should be vastly obliged to you if you could send it me to read; I would return it again by the next post.

Pray if you have any verses, riddles, rebus's, conundrums, punns, and *carrywhichits*, I desire you will send them me.

I hope you have not burnt the collection of rarities that you were to have sent to all the world. I wish you would copy over the titles of them and send it me. My Lord is your obedient.

I am my dearest Doctor's most constant,
Patient, and affectionate Cousin.

I believe whenever Mr. West loses his heart he will never accuse the *Elder of the Tribe of Jacob* of that theft.

[1] "*If you pick up any rarities or curiosities pray keep them against I come to town.*" This sentence proves that the Duchess of Portland's love of natural history was of very early date, and that the similarity of pursuits, which strengthened the bonds of friendship with Mary Granville, who was her senior by fifteen years, were cultivated as soon as she became her own mistress, and finally rendered her collection of precious stones, shells, flowers and rare animals, together with objects of vertù, including the Portland Vase, celebrated all over Europe.

*From the Duchess of Portland. For Miss Collingwood, at her lodgings in New Bond Street, London.*

Bullstrode, Novber. 10, 1734.

My dearest Doctor will wish me at York for pestering her so soon again with my epistles; but I could not miss a post from thanking you for one of the most delightful letters I ever received. You certainly laugh at me when you say, you should be satisfied if yours were half as entertaining, no, Colly, that won't pass upon me but for a joke. I would give a bit of my ears to write as well as you do, and then for you to say such things! Fye, fye! child, *you tell fibs*, and you don't consider that you *must confess* all this to an old fellow (*not a young one*); mind that, and you'll have the punishment of telling your beads so many times more then you have occasion for.[1]

You desire the confirmation of my good health, and if you have a mind, you shall have it under my hand and seal that I am perfectly well. *The reverend divine* mistakes; I don't write a vast deal, for I have not wrote near a hundred letters since I came down, and I only write long ones to you, and Kitty and the *Quilted Petticoat*, and I am sure, that can do me no manner of harm, but rather good. If you give me an account in your next letter about the pebbles it is time enough, which I hope will be next Sunday; I don't believe you will be long in Diana's train, or men must be stupid creatures indeed then, and I don't take you to have any nun's disposition about you. What's become of the *Wild Beast?* is he in the land of the living still? I want to know whether Miss Andrews is married yet, send me an account of that affair.

[1] This was a joking allusion to Miss Collingwood's being a Roman Catholic.

I fancied the letter of hard words was very witty, and that it was Miss Stonor's—if you should find it do send it me; you say you don't understand musick, but if you remember you *did Dutch performances.* I believe I shall come up to hear Farinelli, but don't say anything of it; I must certainly see you then. I am of your opinion about Aspasia, but I did not think *she* set people together by the ears, though I think she had better let *her Carrots*[1] alone. Cherry cou'd hardly be spoilt with the small pox, for I suppose that pretty forehead remains, cat's eyes, and fine chin: the Duchess of Bedford, you know, she says, is very like her; I think Lady Mary Finch[2] very pretty sure. Lord Castlemain's equipage was very much out of the way, I hope his clothes were his father's or his *own work,* they would be of much more value. You are much mistaken about my correspondents, for I had not heard a word of all you told me.

*What possessed* Lady Fitzwilliam[3] to go into a convent, let me know that? Send me the copy of the curiosities in your next letter. I approve of the verses of Pope's very well, I think you have no loss of *the Prophetess's* company. I want some account of *Roses and Nettles,* I hear

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[1] "*She had better let her Carrots alone.*" Query Carterets. This remark might apply to the feud, alluded to by Mrs. Pendarves, between herself and Lord Weymouth, in consequence of her advocacy of the Chapones, and which she mentioned had been taken up against her by all the family. The Duchess of Portland might have thought her interference in their behalf ill-advised. It *is not,* however, certain that *the* Aspasia here mentioned was Mrs. Pendarves, although she was known by that name by some of her intimate friends.

[2] Lady Mary Finch, fourth daughter of Daniel, Earl of Nottingham by the daughter of Christopher Viscount Hatton. Lady Mary married Thomas, 1st Marquess of Rockingham.

[3] Anne, wife of John Earl Fitz William, and daughter and sole heir of John Stringer, Esq.

*Roses's* birthday was observed with great pomp and splendour; there was above *forty gentlemen* that had an entertainment, and Farinelli made a magnificent suit of clothes and charmed the company with his voice as Orpheus did, (and so kept them from drinking,) though *this* is only my supposition. I expect an answer to all my querys by the aforesaid time. My Lord sends his *light* love and his *nimble* service to his cousin.

Dear Doctor,

Your most devoted.

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*From Mrs. Pendarves to Dean Swift.*

St. Mary's Square, Gloucester,
November 20, 1734.

SIR,

I am truly concerned at your having been so much out of order; I most heartily wish you constant health and happiness, though that is of little use to you, and only serves to do honour to myself by showing I know how to prize what is valuable. I should have returned you thanks much sooner for the favour of your last letter, but when I received it I was preparing for my journey hither, and have ever since had so great a disorder in one of my eyes that, till this moment, I have not been able to make my acknowledgments to you. I wonder you should be at a loss for a reason for my writing to you; we all love honour and pleasure, were your letters dull, do you imagine my *vanity* would not be fond of corresponding with the Dean of St. Patrick's? But the last reason you give I like best, and will stick by, which is that I am a more constant nymph than all

your goddesses of much longer acquaintance; and furthermore I venture to promise you are in no danger of receiving a *boutade*, if that depends on my will. As for those "fasting days"[1] you talk of, they are, I confess, alluring baits, and I should certainly have been with you in three packets, according to your commands, could I either *fly* or *swim*, but I am a heavy lump, destined for a few years to this earthly element; I cannot move about without the concurrent assistance of several animals that are very expensive.

Now for business: as soon as I received your letter, I went to your "*brother Lansdown*"[2] and spoke to him about the Duke of Chandos. He desired me to make his compliments to you, and to tell you he was very sorry he could be of no service to you in that affair, but he has had no manner of correspondence, or even acquaintance with the Duke these *fifteen years*. I have put it, however, into hands that will pursue it diligently, and I hope, obtain for you what you desire; if they do not succeed you must not call me negligent, for whatever lies in my power to serve you is of too much conseqnence for me to neglect.

I have left my good friend and your humble servant, Mrs. Donellan, behind me in London, where she meets with little entertainment suitable to her understanding; and she is a much fitter companion for the Dublin Thursday Society than for the trifling company she is now engaged in; I wish you had her with you

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[1] "*Fasting days*" meant dining upon two or three dishes at the deanery, which, in comparison with magnificent tables, the Dean used to call "fasting."

[2] There was an old joke of Dean Swift being called "Brother," by Lord Lansdowne.

(since I cannot have her), because I know she would be happier than where she is, and my wish I think no bad one for you. Neither my eyes nor paper will hold out any longer.

I am, sir, your most
Faithful humble servant,
M. PENDARVES.

I beg my compliments to all your friends.

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*The Duchess of Portland to Miss Collingwood.*

Bullstrode, Decber. 1st, 1734.

My dearest Doctor is so good to tell me that Monday is a particular favorite day of yours, because my letters arrive of that day. I am sure Sunday is my happy day, for as soon as my winkers are opened I am always blessed with one of your epistles, which ever gives me the greatest of satisfactions. I have deferred so long coming to hear Farinelli that I can't tell but that I shall not do it at all, for I can't possibly come this month, and then it will be so short a time that it will not be worth while. You may depend upon seeing me as often as *the Speaker* and *the Elder* will let me, and shall often rue my hard fate to be deprived of that charming conversation of yours.

I have not heard an age from the *Quilted Petticoat*, and can't imagine what is become of her; but I heard some time ago that she was much taken up with a lover of about a hundred years old. I wrote her word of it, and told her I took it very ill that she would not

acquaint me of such an arduous affair that concerned her so much. She answered me she had *a rival, a Cat*, and that her father said "it was time enough to be married, for they *were young*;" so she said she supposed "they stayed for an Act of Parliament to *make him of age*." But what's become of her since I know not, though I am in expectation every post of a letter from her; I love her extremely.

Dear Kitty was very well when I heard from her. I have had a great many charming letters from her; she is now in London. When I write to her next I shall certainly let her know what you say of her; I know she proposes great pleasure in your acquaintance when I come to town. I am very sensible of your love, friendship and partiality to me, and hope you will be always so good to tell me of my faults; as you say you are a plain dealer, I don't question but you are so. I have got a great cargo of pebbles, which I am in great hopes will succeed, but they are so many that I must wait patiently till I come to town before I trouble you with them! You rejoice me very much by telling me Miss Stonor is much better; I heartily wish her good health, for there can be no complete happiness without that blessing; you indeed surprised me very much by telling me Lady Fitzwilliam was a Roman Catholick, for I had *never heard it before.*

I am quite of your opinion about *Roses*, and believe the female affection *exceeded* that of the musick to a very great degree, which occasioned the songster so many fine presents. I don't imagine the *Nettle* will remember any of his old acquaintance, and that he will have the same fancy for *the cloth* as he had before he went; for I

believe a toupée and a fine suit of clothes he will have a much greater veneration for then a dismal black gown.

I thought I had wrote you word of poor Dup's[1] misfortune, or, more properly, narrow escape; that affair is quite at an end, for as soon as he proposed himself she said "she *never wou'd marry but with an equivalent estate.*" She was treated by all at the Batlf just as she deserved, and I hear was hissed as she went along the streets, which pleased me much. I must tell you a pretty speech of hers, one night that he *danced*, about a week after it was over she said, she "did not think he had been capable of so unmanerly a triumph." But go to the *Manuscripts*, and they will tell you more about it, I want to know what they say, for I hear she is a great admirer of their brother. I am glad Lady Harriot is so well provided for, but I suppose there is some fortune for the child that she is to bring forth. I think it is very likely that the youngest copy of the *Manuscript* should make their brags, for that reason I shall not write in haste to her.

I thank you for not mentioning me to the *Elder*, for it is better not; you see there is nothing to be wondered at under the sun, as the wise man says; and I suppose my rattles will last for ever and aye. Mrs. Coleman is a very pretty woman and not unlikely to succeed; sure Pulteney will come *in then*. I am surprised at what you tell me about *Lord Charles*;[2] there is some great alteration, and I imagine Lady Sophia and she will be inseparable till they quarrel about a lover, which

[1] Thomas Viscount Dupplin, son of George Henry, 7th Earl of Kinnoul. His mother was Abigail, youngest daughter of Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford.

[2] "Lord Charles" is evidently a lady by the succeeding sentence.

is not improbable. *Mrs. Sullen* would not be a little pleased at being a vicountess, but his estate surely should have a great fortune, for it is very small. When did you hear of Lady Montague,[1] and where is she now? I hope she was well when you had a letter. Do you hear nothing of Lady Petre's bringing forth yet? what sort of a spouse does he make now? Does the Dss of Norfolk[2] go on in *her hard words* still? have you no new ones to send me? If you have not seen the verses on Mrs. T—'s death by Lady Mary I will send them you. When did you see pretty Lady Bellew?[3] Answer all my queries by next Sunday's post.

I am, dear Doctor,
most affectionately yours.

My Lord begs his service to your worship.

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*Dean Swift to Mrs. Pendarves.*

Dublin, Feb. 22, 1734. (O..S.)

MADAM,

I have observed among my own sex, and particularly in myself, that those of us who grow most insignificant expect most civility, and give less than they did when they possibly were good for something. I am grown sickly, weak, lean, forgetful, peevish, spiritless,—and for those very reasons expect that you, who have nothing

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[1] Barbara, third daughter of Sir John Webb, of Halthorp, in the county of Gloucester, married, in 1720, Anthony Lord Viscount Montagu.

[2] Thomas, 8th Duke of Norfolk, married, in 1709, Mary, daughter of Sir Nicholas Shirburne, of Stonyhurst. The Duke died December 23, 1732, and his widow married Peregrine Widdrington, Esq., and died September 24, 1754.

[3] Sir Edward Bellew married Eleanor, eldest daughter and co-heir of Michael Moore, Esq., of Drogheda.

to do but to be happy, should be entertaining me with your letters and civilities, although I never return either. Your last is dated above two months' ago, since which time (as well as a good while before) I never had one single hour of health or spirit to acknowledge it. *It is your fault;* why did you not come sooner into the world or let me come later? *It is your fault* for coming into Ireland at all; *it is your fault* for leaving it. I confess your case is hard, for *if you return* you are a great *fool* to come among *beggars and slaves*, and if you *do not*, you are a *great knave* in forsaking those you have seduced to admire you.

The complaint you make of a disorder in one of your eyes will admit no raillery, it is what I was heartily afflicted to hear, but since you were able to write, I hope it hath entirely left you. I am often told that I am an ill judge of ladies' eyes, so that I shall make you an ill compliment by confessing that I read in yours all the accomplishments I found in your mind and conversation, and happened to agree in my thoughts with better judges. I only wish they could never shine out of Dublin, for then you would recover the only temporal blessings this town affords—I mean sociable dinners and cheerful evenings, which, without your assistance, we shall infallibly lose. For Dr. Delany lives entirely at Delvill, the town air will not agree with his lady, and in winter there is no seeing him or dining with him but by those who keep coaches, and they must return the moment after dinner. But I have chid him into taking a house just next to his, which will have three bed-chambers, where his winter visitants may lie, and a bed shall be fitted up for you. Your false reasons

for not coming hither are the same in one article for my not going among you, I mean the business of expense; but I can remove yours easily, it is but to stay with us always, and then you can live at least three times better than at home, where everything is thrice as dear, and y^r money 12 in the hundred better, whereas my sickness and years make it impossible for me to live at London. I must have three horses, as many servants, and a large house, neither can I live without constant wine, while my poor revenues are sinking every day.

I am very sorry for the death of your couzin Lansdown: his son Graham is ruining himself as fast as possible; but I hope the young lady has an untouchable settlement. I am very much obliged to your care about that business with the Duke of Chandois: I hear he told a person he would grant my request, but "that he had no acquaintance with me."

I had a letter lately from Mrs. Donellan, and I command you to let her know that I will answer it with the first hour of tolerable health. Pray, madam, preserve your eyes, how dangerous soever they may be to us; and yet you ought in mercy to put them out, because they direct your hand in writing, which is equally dangerous. Well, madam, pray God bless you wherever you go or reside! may you be ever as you are, agreeable to every Killala curate and Dublin dean, for I disdain to mention temporal folks *without* gowns and cassocks. I will wish for your happiness, although I shall *never see you*, as Horace did for Galatea when she was going a long voyage from home; pray read the verses in the original.

Sis licet felix ubicunque malis
Et memor nostri Galatea vivas, &c.

A year or two ago I would have put the whole into English verse and applied it to you, but my rhyming is fled with my health, and what is more to be pitied is even my vein of satire upon ladies is lost.

Dear madam, believe me to be, with the truest respect and esteem,

Your most obedient
Humble servant,
J. SWIFT.

Dean Swift has, in this letter, again made the mistake of mentioning Lord Lansdown as the *cousin* instead of the *uncle* of Mrs. Pendarves, and Mr. Graham (of Platten) as the *son*, instead of *son-in-law*, of Lord Lansdown. It does not appear that any letters have been preserved of Mrs. Pendarves's on the death of Lord Lansdown, an event which must have affected her deeply, as throughout all the trials of her first marriage, of which Lord Lansdown was the cause, she expressed her attachment to him. The following notices of the deaths of Lady Lansdown and himself may here properly precede the bill for his burial, by which it may be inferred that he and Lady Lansdown were not buried at the same time, as the charges for their interment would probably have appeared in the same account. The notice from the *London Magazine* is as follows:—"February, 1735. Deaths. The Lady Mary, wife of the Right Honble George, Lord Lansdown." And immediately following, under the *same* date of month and year, and also without the day of the month:—"The Right Honble George Granville, Lord Lansdown, in the county of Devon, so created in the 10th of Queen Anne. He dying without issue male, the title is extinct. His lady died but a few days before him. See his lordship's excellent letters."

The following bill for Lord Lansdown's burial is dated 1734:—

"S$^{t}$ Clement Danes in the County of Midd
"A Bill of Dues for the Buriall of the R$^{t}$ Honb$^{le}$ the Lord Lansdown.

| | £ | s. | d. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Chancell Vault. | 15 | 0 | 0 |
| Minister | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Clerk | 0 | 15 | 0 |
| Mason | 0 | 5 | 0 |
| Light and Charcoal in y$^{e}$ Vault | 0 | 8 | 0 |
| Sexton | 0 | 3 | 0 |
| Bearers | 0 | 12 | 0 |
| Lights in the Church | 0 | 10 | 0 |
| Bell | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Register | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Late Attendance | 0 | 10 | 0 |
| | £20 | 4 | 0 |

"ffebruary the 3 day, 1734,
then received the ffull of this Bill,
By me, ROBERT COCKS,
Parish Clerk."

On the back of this paper is written—"Mr. Thos. Blackwall, Rector of S$^{t}$ Clements."

The apparent discrepancy between this date and the date of notice in the *London Magazine* (1735) is easily accounted for by the old and new style. Dean Swift's letter agrees in date with the bill—1734, *old style*—whilst the *London Magazine* commenced the new year from the 1st of January. The enquiries made at St. Clements Danes have as yet been unsuccessful in discovering any tomb or tablet of any kind to mark the spot where George Lord Lansdowne was buried. The only record yet discovered in that church being the register of burials, wherein is found that of "the Right Honb$^{le}$ George, Lord Lansdown, Baron of Bideford, on the 3$^{rd}$ of February, 1734." In the course of the enquiries made at St. Clements Danes, in the month of December, 1859, with a view to ascertain whether the coffins and coffin-

plates of Lord and Lady Lansdown, with any inscription, still existed, it was mentioned that a short time previous an order to close the vault had been put in force; and although the vault had been very little used, and was not at all unwholesome, a quantity of quick lime had been put down, according to the regulation, and the coffins having been placed in the centre, the whole was filled up with rubbish. Previous to this there were two bodies, which were always called "My Lord and My Lady," which were in extraordinary preservation in the vault; that they were not skeletons, although the skin was much dried, and they were very light; that they were set upright against the wall, and that it had been always the custom, when there was a new clerk, to take him into the vault, and introduce him to "My Lord and My Lady." It occurred to the Editor that these might possibly have been the bodies of Lord and Lady Lansdown, that their extraordinary state of preservation might be accounted for from their having been embalmed, and that after the coffins had decayed, and the plates lost (or if of silver stolen), they might have retained the appellation of "My Lord and My Lady," till all trace of any other name had disappeared?

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The following letter from Mrs. Badge proves that Mrs. Pendarves, Ann Granville, and Mr. Granville, were all in London on the 8th of March. The Editor does not possess any letters of Mrs. Pendarves's between the dates of November 20th, 1734, when she wrote from her mother's at Gloucester, and the 18th of March following. It is probable that she remained during that interval with Mrs. Granville and her sister, which supposition is confirmed by a letter from Mrs. Donellan to Dr. Swift, the 19th of January, 1735, in which she tells him that "the duty she herself owes a very good mother" has kept her so many years in London, "since she desires her company, as well as the convenience which she enjoys with her, of a house, coach, and servants at command;" and also that she supposes Dr. Swift knows that "Mrs. Pendarves has been some time at Gloucester, having preferred a pious

visit to a sick mother in a dull country town, to London in its gayest dress;" but that "she designs to return to them the next month." Mrs. Pendarves and her sister must therefore have been together either in Gloucester or London, when the death of Lord Lansdown occurred, which may account for there not being any letter to Ann Granville on that occasion. On the 10th of May, 1735, Mrs. Donellan again writes to Dr. Swift, and tells him of the large accession of fortune which Mr. Granville inherited in consequence of Lord Lansdown's death, which she adds "was so settled that my Lord Lansdown could not touch it." Mrs. Donellan adds, that Mr. Granville is a man of great worth, a very kind brother, and that he has it now in his power to provide amply for his sister Ann Granville, of whom Mrs. Pendarves is "extremely fond," and that this "*must have been a cordial to compensate for her grief*" at Lord Lansdown's death.

*From Susan Badge to the Honable Mrs. Granville, these.*

March 8, 1734-5.

MADAM,

My master and the two ladys has laide there commands upon me to present theare most humble deuty to your ladyship and to lett you knowe thay are all very well, which you will heare from under thaire own hands next weeke. The ladys dine today with Mr. Granville att his inchanted palace, where I was a Thursday for the first time, haveing bin confinde at home with ill health and ill weather. I was so delighted with the prittiness of the place and the great convenceis in so small a compace, and the goodness of the master of it, that I thinke it has almost cured me; it enabled me, with God's assistance, to goe yesterday to Little Brook Street, where I founde the good ladys well and well pleas'd. Mr. Granville did me the honour to call upon me to day. I toulde him that I must give your ladyship

an account of the prittyness of his house, and he charg'd me to doe so, and to present his most humble deuty and to begg pardon he did not write this postt. There is everything in better order than one coulde expect. Mr. Granville will have necessarys, but nothing superfleus; but he is a mericle of goodness and management; he tells me I shall come and be att his house while he goes to the countrey, wh ich is no small delighte to me.

I beginn now to flatter myselfe with the hopes I may live to see your ladyship in towne, which will be no small pleasure to me; I hope good Mrs. Viney and the deare little jewels and the rest of her famely are all well: I wish 'em all happines, and begg your ladyship will be pleas'd to exsept of my most humble deuty.

For ever, madam, your most deutyfull
And most obedient servaint,
SUSAN BADGE.[1]

Mrs. Wallace presents her humble duty to your ladyship; she has lost her oulde lodger, she dyed last month, but we have got one Mr. Rime.

Miss Granville sends your ladyship this note-paper.

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[1] Susan Badge was evidently an old family housekeeper or waiting-woman, and had been housekeeper to Mr. Granville. It is very probable that she was a clergyman's daughter, as in the last century many persons in that rank of life (much to their honour) took such situations, and fulfilled them with the greatest credit, retaining the respect of those above and below them. Mrs. Badge appeared when she wrote this letter to be a retired out-pensioner of Mr. Granville's.

*Mrs. Pendarves to Mrs. Granville.*

15 March, 1734-5.

I received the pleasure of my dearest mama's letter yesterday. I am very angry with the post for being so unjust to us, and for giving you reason to think we are one moment negligent of our duty to you. My sister is very much mended by Dr. Hollins's prescriptions; she looks abundantly better, and is as lively as she used to be. We were together at Mr. Handel's oratorio Esther, and the day after at Lady Strafford's, all which has agreed perfectly well with her. The good account you give us of your health does not a little contribute to our happiness; indeed we could enjoy none had we not the constant assurance of your being well, and well pleased. Mr. Simmonds is just come in—my sister begins with him to-day.

I believe you have heard from my brother since I last wrote: he is very well, thank God; we are to dine with him to-day at his "Palace," as Badge calls it; it *is* a *fairy one.* He is impatient to hear something about Paradise, as he thinks it is a place will suit your inclination, and he seems to have nothing so much at his heart as making us all happy. I heartily wish you to have Betty Freeman; for if you settle in the country she would be a clever servant for you, though there is a little sturdiness in her temper. The jaunt you propose to my sister and to me would be very agreeable to us both, but 'tis not at present practicable, for my brother travels on horseback, and is obliged to be back again so soon to settle his affairs, that we should spend more time on the

road than we should have to stay at Gloster; but I hope you cannot imagine we should neglect any opportunity of waiting on you that we could with any tolerable convenience lay hold of: I am glad Badge performed her epistle so well; her master was always a darling, and you may imagine his charms *don't lessen* in her eyes. The seal of your letter happened to blot out the price of the lampreys, and I cannot find out whether it was meant for two or ten shillings, but I suppose the latter; if so, two pots will do till they are cheaper. If you have bespoke more they must come, and as soon as they are half-a-crown or three shillings, four pots for my Lady Sunderland.

Yesterday my cousin Isaacson, his wife, and young Cullen dined here, I never saw the cousin look so well: they are very happy, for their eldest girl has just recovered from the small pox. The tea for Mrs. Ahenlack went last week by Mr. Bell. Molly Ellit made me a visit last week, the Lady Comptons are very civil to her, and she is quite happy, but thinks of Glocester with some contempt. Mrs. Foley dined here yesterday, she is pretty well: I am very sorry for poor Miss Molly Unet, I am afraid she indulges herself in an indolent way too much, though the sharp winds we have had have been but bad encouragement for crazy folks to venture abroad in. There is to be a magnificent masquerade at y^e^ Spanish Ambassador's after Lent; happy are those that can get tickets. I hope to get one for my sister, for it will be a show worth going to. The Percivals, to my great mortification, are positively determined to go to Ireland in two months; they are much your humble servants. George has been pretty well since she

came to town till within these two or three days that she has complained of her foot—the sharp weather I believe occasions it. She is sensible of the honour you do her in enquiring so kindly after her, and desires me to present her humble duty and most grateful acknowledgments. To-night is Farinelli's benefit; all the polite world will flock there, and go at four o' the clock, for fear they should not be time enough: I don't love mobbing, and so I shall leave them to themselves. My sister gave you an account of Mr. Handel's playing here for three hours together: I did wish for you, for no entertainment in music *could exceed it*, except his playing on the organ in Esther, where he performs a part in two concertos, that are the finest things I ever heard in my life. Doc^r^ Meingy made us a visit last Thursday, he desired his compliments to you; he has told the Bishop of Gloster so much of you, that he intends to be a good neighbour to you when he goes to Glocester; he is a very worthy good sort of man. I am called away, and have only time to say that I am, with the utmost respect and affection,

Dearest madam,
Your most dutiful and most obed^t^
M. PENDARVES.

My sister's most affectionate duty.

*From Mrs. Pendarves to her mother, Mrs. Granville.*

Lower Brook Street, April 12, 1735.

MADAM.

I congratulate you on the pleasure of having my brother Granville's company; I am sure it makes you both happy, though I am a little envious at not being a witness of it. My sister is gone on horseback this morning, with Mr. Peyton and Mr. Jackson by way of guards; I hope it will agree with her, if it does she is to continue it. She still complains of her side, but Doctor Hollins assures me there is no manner of danger in it, that it is a humour fixed on the muscles, and it will take a good deal of time to get the better of; she sleeps well, and has a good appetite, but takes pills and a draught night and morning in order to sweeten her blood.

I receiv'd my brother's letter yesterday about the salmon, I was then at Sir John Stanley's who is very well, and I have seen him almost every day since the squire left us; pray, madam, tell him young Sweep is the merriest, best-humoured kitten that ever was played with, she scrambles for an hour together all over me whenever I go there. The party that *was* to have gone to my brother's to-night, is put off till next week, for poor Lady Peyton is very ill and keeps her bed. Mr. Peyton has been much indisposed; I am afraid he will not recover. Mrs. Dashwood (the dowager) came to town last week, and looks as well as ever I remember her: all that family enquire very particularly and kindly after our good mama, which does not a little recommend them to our favour.

Yesterday morning my sister and I went with Mrs. Donellan to Mr. Handel's house to hear the first re-

hearsal of the new opera Alcina.[1] I think it the best he ever made, but I *have thought so* of *so many*, that I will not say positively *'tis the finest*, but 'tis *so fine* I have not words to describe it. Strada has a whole scene of charming recitative—there are a thousand beauties. Whilst Mr. Handel was playing his part, I could not help thinking him a necromancer in the midst of his own enchantments.

I go next Wednesday with Lady Weymouth to see it performed at Covent Garden, but I believe, dear madam, you will be tired of my account of music, which does not describe so well as it sounds. I go on with my painting, and have just finished a large Madonna that I wish Mrs. Viney was to see, because 'tis the best thing I have done. Sir John Stanley has seized on it, which makes me not a little vain. Mr. Perceival has fixed his time for leaving England; he must be in Ireland by the 23rd of June. I find by the newspapers, that poor Mr. Newton is dead, which I am sincerely sorry for; my sister was very much touched with it. I grieve for his family, and want to know which way they are to be dispos'd of; if Miss Newton cared to part with the shells Mr. Newton had, I should be glad to give her something in exchange for them, whatever you think would be convenient and proper. His books, I suppose, will be sold, and very likely cheap; I beg if they are, that you will please to let me know. Mrs. Donnellan is now at work by me, and desires her compliments to you and Bunny. I will not make any apology for the blunders I have

[1] On the 16th of April, 1735, Handel was in a condition to reopen the theatrical season with Alcina, which was finished on the 8th of April, and contained thirty-two airs, one duet, and four little choruses. Alcina, which is one of his most admired productions, was pretty well received, and brought the season to a close.

made in my letter, she has occasioned them by her prattling. Last night arrived at my house six pots of lamprey, which I suppose were those I bespoke for my Lady Sunderland; if so, I beg the favour of my brother to pay for them, and I will repay him when he comes to town. I hope the assemblies are not neglected, I fancy my brother was no unwelcome guest; we long to hear how you proceed about Paradise; I am obliged to break abruptly off, for I have hardly allowed myself time to dress. My sister is not yet come home, a sign that her ride and company please her. I am,

Dearest madam,

Your most dutiful and most obed[t],

M. PENDARVES.

My best service to my brother.

My sister came home from riding about three o' the clock in very good spirits: it did not hurt her at all, but delighted her prodigiously. Mrs. Chute, Mrs. Crisp, Mr. Jackson, and Mr. Peyton are now here, and desire compliments to you and my brother; they will not go to my brother's house till he is there to r.e.c.e.ive them.

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*From the Countess Granville to Mrs. Pendarves or Mrs. Ann Granville, (but without address.)*

May 11th, 1735.

I hope you have not so good a reason for your silence as I have had for mine; I have been dying this three months, have not stirred out of my apartment or been

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[2] The word r.e.c.e.ive, thus written, probably was to imitate Mr. Granville's deliberate manner of speaking.

able to write to anybody but Lady C,[1]—who is as good as an angel to me. As to her fair daughters I am in their debt at least ten letters, and yet without ceremony they continue enquiring after me; you are the only person stands upon ceremony. I confess I am in your debt *one letter*, which I did not think worth answering, since it was only compliments, and filled with a notion you had taken in your head I was angry, which thought surprised me, because upon receiving a letter from you at your first coming to town, I wrote immediately as kind a letter as I was well able to word it to you and your brother, which you did not think fit to take any notice of till a month after, so that I concluded it had miscarried; and ordered my servant to write to the post office to enquire of the letter carrier if he had delivered such a letter, which enquiry produced me the letter I have not done myself the honour to thank you for.

I thought your brother in all this time would have exerted himself so far as to have rode post, and have made me a visit for a day or two. This omission I should not mention, were it not that once more I will give a little advice, since I hear your brother is *led by his attorney*, who thinks himself wiser than *my son*. I own I gave a hint that I was of the opinion that your brother should have an agent, and that Plaxton was not to be left alone in our new acquisitions, which was occasioned by my agent's being out of town at the time of the Duchess of Albermarle's death;[2]

[1] "Lady C." Lady Carteret.

[2] "The Duchess of Albemarle's death." This allusion must have been to Lady Elizabeth Cavendish, widow of Christopher, 2nd Duke of Albemarle, who married, secondly, Ralph, 1st Duke of Montague. General Monck, 1st Duke of Albemarle, was the son of Elizabeth, (Smythe) wife of Sir Thomas Monck, of Potheridge, and sister to Grace, wife of Sir Bevil Granville; and the Duke of Albemarle dying without heirs, these estates were divided between the Countess Granville, Lord Gower, and Mr. Granville, brother of Mrs. Pendarves.

and taking immediate possession being absolutely necessary, we gave a letter of attorney to Plaxton for that purpose only, but he I soon perceived design'd it was to go further, that he was to be the only manager in the affair, which I could not think proper any more than I now do. If we are to be governed by our attorneys, your brother's is either a *knave* or a *fool*, else he would be convinced by my son's judgment, who it is pretty well known is *master of both law and equity*. For that reason my Lord Gower and I have referred all matters to him, and give your uncle poor Lord Lansdowne his due, he never disputed what he determined was to be done for our mutual good, without feeing council upon every occasion. Had it not been for my son's wise management, we should not have had any part of the Albemarle estates to dispute upon. There is no acting in business, if we can't depend upon one person to direct; lawyers always raise disputes for their own service more than for their clients; attorneys especially take care to bring in large bills, so your brother may have the pleasure to spend a good deal of money to teach him wit.

My son, my Lord Gower, and I have not the least intention to wrong him, but on the contrary to make him master of his estate without vexatious delays; I give you free leave to read this to Sir John Stanley as well as your brother, and afterwards if I can't prevail if we are not to go on in an amicable way, I shall think both the Knight and the Esq.[1] are of the family of the Wrong-heads.

I begun upon a great sheet of paper, that I might save you postage, but I find I have enlarged so much that I

[1] "Both the Knight and the Squire." Sir John Stanley and Mr. Granville.

must be forced to send my letter under a cover. When I am indifferent to people, I let them go their own ways, for it is not my turn to give advice, but your brother I have had so *much at my heart* to see happy, that I would not have him take the contrary way to it. This is the last time I shall trouble you upon this head, so I hope I may be pardoned. I am

Yours affec$^{e}$.

I beg you'll give my humble service to your sister. I hope she is quite recovered. I shall make no excuse for my blots and mistakes, for I think it is almost a miracle that as ill as I am, I have been able to write so long a letter. Nothing could have enabled me to do it but pure love and kindness to your brother, who I hope will not persevere in the wrong, and so break all friendship. My son nor I have no intention but to be just to him in every particular, and to put him in a right way to make himself and his family happy. It's quite silly to mistrust one's best friends.

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*From Mrs. Pendarves to Dr. Swift.*

May 16, 1735.

SIR,

You have never yet put it in my power to accuse you of want of civility; for since my acquaintance with you, you have always paid me more than I expected: but I may sometimes tax you with want of kindness, which, to tell you the truth, I did for a month at least. At last I was informed your not writing to me was occasioned by your ill state of health: that changed my discontent, but did not lessen it, and I have not yet quite determined it

in my mind, whether I would have you sick or negligent of me; they are both great evils, and hard to choose out of—I heartily wish neither may happen. You call yourself by a great many ugly names, which I take ill, for I never could bear to hear a person I value abused; I, for that reason, must desire you to be more upon your guard, when you speak of yourself again; I much easier forgive your calling me knave and fool. I am infinitely obliged to you, for the concern you express for the weakness of my eyes—they are now very well; I have had a much greater affliction on my spirits, which prevented my writing sooner to you. My sister (the only one I have, and an extraordinary darling) has been extremely indisposed this whole winter. I have had all the anxiety imaginable on her account; but she is now in a better way, and I hope past all danger.

I would rather tell you somewhat that is pleasant; but how can I? I am just going to lose Mrs. Donellan, and that is enough to damp the liveliest imagination: it is not easy to express what one feels on such an occasion, the loss of an agreeable, sensible, useful companion, gives a pain at the heart, not to be described. You happy Hibernians, that are to reap the benefit of my distress, will hardly think of anything but your own joy, and not afford me one grain of pity,—thus things are carried in this world; the rich forget the poor.

I am sorry the sociable Thursdays, that used to bring together so many agreeable friends at Dr. Delany's, are broke up: though Delville has its beauties, yet it is more out of the way than Stafford street. I believe you have had a quiet winter in Dublin; not so has it been with us in London; hurry, wrangling, extravagance, and matrimony,

have reigned with great impetuosity. The newspapers I suppose, have mentioned the number of great fortunes that are going to be married.

Our operas have given much cause of dissension; men and women have been deeply engaged; and no debate in the House of Commons has been urged with more warmth: the dispute of the merits of the composers and singers is carried to so great a height, that it is much feared, by all true lovers of music, that operas will be quite overturned. I own I think we make a very silly figure about it. I am obliged to you for the two Latin lines in your last letter, it gave me a fair pretence of showing the letter to have them explained, and I have gained no small honour by that. I hope, sir, though you threaten me with not writing, that you will change your mind; the season of the year will give you spirits, and I shall be glad to share the good effects of them. I am, sir,

Your most obliged humble servant,

M. PENDARVES.

When you see Mrs. Donellan, she will entertain you with a second edition of *Fosset*, too tedious for a letter. I have made a thousand blunders, which I am ashamed of.

Mrs. Pendarves was apparently occupied with her sister, and under anxiety about her health, from the date of the above letter, 16th of May, 1735, till the following year, between which periods the Editor has no account of her movements, excepting a published letter to Dr. Swift of the 8th of November, 1735, dated Paradise, in which, after lamenting Dr. Delany's retirement, as he had then given up his house in Dublin, she says:—

"I expected his benevolent disposition would not have suffered him to rob his friends of the pleasure and advantage of his company.

If you have not power to draw him from his solitude, no other person can pretend to do it. I was in hopes the weekly meetings would have been renewed and continued; Mrs. Donellan is much disappointed, and I fear I am no longer a toast. I *am* thoroughly convinced that a reasonable creature may live with more comfort and credit in Dublin than in London, but my lot is thrown on English ground, and I have no pretence to fly my country; furnish me with one, and you have laid temptations enough in my way to make me ready to embrace it."

She then proceeds to say that Northend has all the advantage of the country; that she takes a great deal of exercise in the morning, and in the evening reads aloud; that she was then reading Beaumont and Fletcher's works, and sometimes a little philosophy, Derham's lectures; and that although many things are too abstruse for her in that study, she fancies herself much wiser than she was before she begun them, and hopes Dr. Swift will recommend anything he thinks will be more to her advantage. She expresses her pleasure in the promotion of Mrs. Donellan's brother, and says he well deserves good fortune, as he "knows how to enjoy it handsomely, though he scorns to court it meanly."

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*The Duchess of Portland to Mrs. Catherine Collingwood, next door to Mr. Nash's, in St. John's Court, Bath.*

Bullstrode, Dec. 1st, 1735.

My dearest Catharina will, I am afraid, think I have been very long in answering your last letter, but I was then in town, and this is the first moment I have had pen and ink to be able to thank you in best manner I am capable of. I wish I could have made my last longer, but it was quite impossible; however I propose this shall be very long, and wish it may not quite tire you. You are vastly good to express so much satisfaction at the receipt of my letters: I am sure they are not worth it, and it is only your partiality to me makes you be so

vastly good. At my return I found Bess[1] much improved and grown. The *Speaker* and I are upon the best terms in the world, she is to come down here next week. *The Tribe of Jacob* has tried everything to get into favour again, but all in vain, for the *Speaker* will not see them upon any account, and I hope she will keep her resolution. *All the fish that ever swam and all the birds that ever flew,* has been in town on purpose to see her, and sent word so, but *she* was denied that was the most dangerous person of all, for she had never done anything to offend: but I hear the *Old Haradan* and the rest of them talk very furiously of your humble servant. Lord Dup does set up for member for Scarborough, and I hope will carry it, for I hear the women are mightily charmed with him.

I am quite astonished you don't know Lady Caroline[2] is married, she is quite an old married woman;—but for the future I will write you all the news I hear, so if it is old to you it is your own fault. I delivered your message to my sister, and she gives her most humble service to you, and she longs to hear your story. I want much to hear Mrs. Drumond preach, for I have heard so much of her: is she pretty or young? I pity you much for going to the play,—I am very well acquainted with the wretchedness of the actors; is not Patt in great joy upon her niece's wedding? You could not be in a greater astonishment, than I was to hear of Lady Frances Nassau's affair: they are not married nor have there been promises, but they used to meet at Lady Cowper's, and there have been letters

[1] Lady Elizabeth Bentinck.

[2] Married October, 1735, the Earl of Ankram, son to the Marquess of Lothian, to the Lady Caroline d'Arcy, sister to the Earl of Holderness,—a 20,000*l*, fortune.—*Historical Register.*

past: I fancy she will marry him when her father is dead. Pray has not Lady Bab Mansel[1] a very odd manteel and petticoat? I am not at all surprised *Farthing Candle* is jealous, for I believe she gives him reason enough. Pray how does L— Stu— behave? I hear they have the finest equipage coming out that ever was seen, the harness is to be all solid silver and finely painted, &c. I am sorry I can't have any hair (qy bracelets), because I promised Lady Bell that she might make them. However I beg you will send me one of your hair, with any French motto you like best and C.C. upon it.

I assure you, the story of Lady Thanet[2] diverted me highly; Aspasia[3] is just married; I believe I shall write to her, but I am not certain. I hear *my dear mother* is to be married to the Duke of Chandois.[4] How many thousand and million of graces must she have! She wrote *the Speaker* word upon the death of the Duchess, that she "had lost a counsellor "from God." I hear there was nothing in the quarrel between Lady V. and Mrs. Poultney. I had a letter from dear Kitty a little while ago; she desired her compliments to you, she is just come to London. I never heard Lady L—g M— was either a wit or beauty.

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[1] Barbara, only daughter of William, 2nd Earl of Jersey, married first to Sir Walter Blackett, Bart., and secondly to Bussey Mansell, 4th Lord Mansell.

[2] Sackvile, Earl of Thanet; married 11th June, 1722, Lady Mary Savile youngest daughter of William Marquis of Halifax. Lady Thanet died July 30, 1751.

[3] "*Aspasia.*" This evidently was *not* Mary Granville (Mrs. Pendarves) sometimes called Aspasia by her friends, as she was not going to be married at that time.

[4] The Duke of Chandos married three times. His second wife died in July, 1735, and he married for the third time, in April, 1736, Lydia, widow of Sir Thomas Davall. This lady was probably designated as "*my dear mother*," which is evidently a cypher, as the Duchess of Portland, could not have meant her own mother, Lady Oxford, as Lord Oxford did not die till June, 1741.

Lord Lovelace[1] called upon us last week here; he is *opera mad.* The Mrs. Mordaunt I mentioned is Lord Howe's aunt, the late lord's sister and Lady Pembroke's and Mrs. Page's; she married Mr. Mordaunt, late Lord Peterborow's nephew.

We set out last Monday for Acton, where we staid till Wednesday morn; then we went to London; Thursday I was at Court, and saw the *famous foreigner* Madame Loos, who is taller by half the head at least than Mr. Achard. She was the late King of Poland's mistress. There were the eternal courtiers Lady Betty Germain and Miss Chambers, who I suppose, is to be called so, for I find the match between Lord Vere Beauclerc[2] and her is not yet publicly owned; he was just behind her almost the whole time: she looks as yellow as a kite's foot. Lord Ancram asked her if her husband was there, and she said, "*Yes.*" Don't you think that was odd? Lord Harvey has the finest set of Egyptian pebble teeth as ever you saw; everybody dresses French. Princess Amalie looks as well again, her dress becomes her so much better. Lord Rockingham[3] is cried up for a great beauty. I think his face would be prettier for a

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[1] Nevil Lord Lovelace, Baron of Hurley, Bucks; died August, 1736. He was 2nd and last surviving son of John Lord Lovelace.

[2] Married, July, 1735, Lord Vere Beauclerc, next brother to the Duke of St. Albans, to Miss Chambers, eldest daughter of Thomas Chambers, of Hanworth, in Middlesex, Esq.,—a 20,000*l.* fortune.—*Historical Register.* Lord Vere Beauclerc was the 3rd son of the 1st Duke of St. Albans, created in 1750 Lord Vere of Hanworth in Middlesex. Miss Chambers was daughter and heiress of Thomas Chambers, Esq., of Hanworth, by Lady Mary Berkeley.

[3] Lewis Watson, Earl of Rockingham and Viscount Sondes, married in April, 1736, Katherine, daughter and co-heir of Sir Robert Furnese, Bart. Lord Rockingham died in December, 1745, and was succeeded by his brother Thomas, who died in the following February.

woman; he is not so tall as my lord, and very slender, so that he looks quite a boy, and he has Lady Mary Sanderson's voice. I went that afternoon to Miss Worthy, Lady Lewisham, Mrs. Harley, Miss Cæsars, and old Franclin, and was not from Dover Street one hour; don't you think I was very expeditious? We set out Friday for Acton, where we staid till Saturday; there was no news there, only that Madamoiselle Lissette had a litter of ten puppies and was in a likely way to do well. We arrived here yesterday about dinner-time, and since that, I heard that the great dog has killed the little black boar, so that we must get another. I have settled some affairs in my apothecary's shop, and sent for an ounce of tamarinds: I am a *great doctor*, and have cured a poor boy of dropsy.

The Duke of Marlborough [1] has the Lodge in the Little Park, and he has made very great improvements there, and great plantations—a canall, and a serpentine river, and a mount that has cost a vast deal of money. The old Duchess came there a little while ago, and brought a great many men from London to destroy everything that had been done; pulled up the trees, and cut and hacked everything she came near. After that she went to Justice Reeves's; he had pailed in a piece of waste ground that was Mr. Topham's, which will be Lord Sidney Beauclerc's —she had that pulled down and destroyed, for she said that "Sid the beggar nor none of his family should ever be the

[1] Walpole relates that Sarah Duchess of Marlborough, being annoyed at her grandson's (the 2nd Duke) marriage with the daughter of Lord Trevor, who had been a bitter enemy of the great Duke;—"She turned the Duke out of the little Lodge in Windsor Park, and then pretending that the new Duchess and her female cousins (eight Trevors) had stripped the house and garden, she had a puppet-show made with waxen figures, representing the Trevors tearing up the shrubs, and the Duchess carrying off the chicken-coop under her arm."

better for her," and told the justice "he might go to law about it if he pleased."

I am told the Duchess of Manchester[1] has returned the diamond girdle buckle that the Duke of Bedford sent her, as from his Duchess[2] and him. Before she died, she desired he would keep that for a George. He said as he had given it to her, he desired she would give it away, and mentioned the Duchess of Manchester: she said "pray give it her." The Duchess of Manchester said she would have taken it from the Duchess of Bedford if she had left it her, but *not* from him: this is I suppose to please her *old granny*.

Old Lady Dysart[3] is married, or going, to Mr. Warren, Lord Cullin's uncle; she is *above ninety* years old! Mrs. Houblon is coming to town to buy a house, but I have no sort of correspondence with her, nor have ever seen her since that day we were together. Miss Vernon chose to be married of a Saturday to avoid drums and trumpets, went to Surrey on Sunday morning, would have no fine clothes and refused all jewels; Miss Harcourt went down with her to stay a little while. Lord Harcourt[4] assures his grandmother she will much approve of *his choice* of a wife when

[1] Isabella, daughter of John Duke of Montague, married William, 2nd Duke of Manchester.

[2] Died September, 1734, at Southampton House, Bloomsbury Square, in the 26th year of her age, of a consumption, the most noble Diana, Duchess of Bedford, &c., sister to the present Duke of Marlborough, youngest daughter to the late Earl of Sunderland, and grand-daughter to her Grace the Duchess-dowager of Marlborough. Her husband was John, 4th Duke of Bedford.

[3] Married December, 1735, the Right Hon. the Countess-dowager of Dysart, to —— Warren, of Cheshire, Esq.—*Historical Register*.

[4] Simon Lord Harcourt, married, in October, 1735, Rebecca, sole daughter and heir of Charles le Bas, of Pipwell Abbey, in Northamptonshire. He was created Earl Harcourt on Dec 1, 1749.

she is acquainted with her: he says she has very good sense and nature, speaks French, plays on the harpsichord, and sings well. He has two French cooks, and his liveries are very handsome. I saw him at Court, I think he is vastly altered—he looks rakish. Mrs. Stanley has been reported to be married to Lord Delawar,[1] and likewise Miss Edwin, but it was founded on no other reason than their being much with his wife. Lady Salisbury[2] has given Lady Sondes' share of the Duchess of Albemarle's estate to Mr. Watson. Poor Sir George Savile[3] is quite mad: he goes about the country and tells everybody that his wife has desired him to forgive her, and he said indeed he had forgiven her four times already.

Bishop Cecil[4] was married at Hatfield to Mrs. Lumley, Sir James's sister—her fortune 8000*l*. It was talked of in company that it was a very improper match—that it was wrong to them both: a lady said she was quite of another mind; she thought it a very proper match as could be. "Why, madam, do you think so." "Why?" answered the lady, "because if they did not marry one another nobody else would have them." If you

[1] John, 7th Lord Delawarr, married, first, Charlotte, daughter of the Earl of Clancarty, who died February, 1735. Lord Delawarr married, secondly, Anne, daughter of Edward Thornicroft, Esq., but the date of this marriage is not given by Burke or Collins.

[2] Lady Anne Tufton, daughter of the Earl of Thanet, married James, Earl, of Salisbury; and her sister, Lady Catherine Tufton, married Edward, Lord Viscount Sondes, son and heir to Lewis Watson, Earl of Rockingham. Their mother Lady Thanet, and the Duchess of Albemarle were both daughters of Cavendish Duke of Newcastle.

[3] Sir George Savile, of Rufford, in Nottinghamshire, married, in 1722, Mary, daughter of John Pratt, Esq., of Dublin. Sir George died, Sept. 16, 1743, and was succeeded by his son George.

[4] Married November, 1735, Dr. Cecil, Bishop of Bangor, to Miss Lumley, sister to Sir James Lumley, Bart.

have not heard the dialogue between Mr. Eyre and Mr. Dartiguenave,[1] I fancy it will divert you:—

Mr. Ey: Sir, I come to wait upon you to make my addresses to your daughter to marry her.—Mr. Da: Sir, what do you mean? Marry my daughter, Sir; you had better marry Mr. such-a-one's daughter, or Mrs. such-a one's daughter.—Mr. Ey: Indeed, sir, I desire your daughter.—Mr. Da: Really, sir, I tell you my daughter is very *cross, very untoward,* and you had *better go somewhere else;* I suppose you think my daughter will be a *very* great fortune? No; I tell you I will give her 2500*l.*, and no more.—Mr. Ey: Very well, sir; I accept it, sir: will you give us leave to live with you?—Mr. Da: No. What! give my daughter 2500*l.* and let her *live with me, no, no!*

So ended the first meeting, and they are since married. Her mother treats her the same way. She wondered "how anybody would marry her daughter." She was visiting, and talking of her daughter she said, "Please God, as long as she had her limbs she would keep her in order." The lady asked what she meant? "Why I knocked her down just as I came out to wait on you."

I think Mr. Eyre was a *very bold man* to venture on her, except he designed to make her his stepping-stone to heaven? I am really afraid I have quite tired your patience. Pray let me know how Mrs. Collingwood is; my compliments attend her. I expect a very very long letter in answer to this. My Lord and Frere Bonavanture, desire their humble service to you.

I am, my dearest Doctor,

Yours most affectionately till death.

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[1] Charles Dartiguenave was Paymaster of the Board of Works, and Surveyor of the Royal Gardens and Waters, in 1726.

*From Mrs. Pendarves to Dr. Swift.*

Bath, Jany. 7, 1735-6.

SIR,

I am told you have some thoughts of coming here in the spring. I do not think it proper to tell you how well pleased I am with that faint prospect, for such I must call it till the report is confirmed with your own hand. I write in all haste to know if you really have any such design; for if you have, I shall order my affairs accordingly, that I may be able to meet you here. The good old custom of wishing a happy new year to one's friends is now exploded amongst our refined people of the present age, but I hope you will give me leave to tell you without being offended, that I wish you many years of happiness.

The physicians have at last advised my sister to the Bath waters; we have been here a fortnight: they do not disagree with her—that is all can be said of them at present. I wrote to you from *Paradise*, and hope there is a letter of yours travelling toward me. I think I have used you to a bad custom of late, that of writing two letters for one of yours; I am often told I have great assurance in writing to you at all, and that to be sure I must do it with great fear and trembling, and I am not believed when I affirm I write to you with as much ease as to any correspondent I have; for I know you as much above criticising a letter of mine, as I should be below your notice if I gave myself any affected airs: you have encouraged my correspondence, and I should be a brute, if I did not make the best of such an opportunity.

Bath is full of people, such as they are, but none worth giving you any account of. My solace is Mrs. Barber, whose spirit and her good countenance cheer me whenever I hear or see her; she is at present pretty well. Company is this moment coming up stairs, and I can only add that I am, sir, your most faithful humble servant,

M. PENDARVES.

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*Dean Swift to Mrs. Pendarves.*

Dublin, Jan. 29, 1735. (O. S.)

MADAM,

I had indeed some intention to go to Bath, but I had neither health nor leisure for such a journy; those times are past with me, and I am older by fourscore years since the first time I had the honour to see you. I got a giddiness by raw fruit when I was a lad in England, which I never could be wholly rid of, and it is now too late, so that I confine myself entirely to a domestic life. I am visited seldom, but visit much seldomer. I dine alone like a king, having few acquaintance, and those lessening daily. This town is not what you left it, and I impute the cause altogether to your absence. I fear if your sister mends, as I pray God she will, it is rather due to the journey than the Bath water.

It was impossible to answer your letter from *Paradise* —the old Grecians of Asia called every fine garden by that name; and besides, when I consulted some friends, they conceived that wherever you resided that must needs be a *paradise.* Yet this was too general a direction if you were in a humor of rambling, unless the post-office had constant intelligence of your stages. With

great submission I am sorry to find a lady make use of the word paradise, from which *you* turned *us out* as well as *yourselves*; and pray tell me freely how many of your sex bring it along with them to their husband's houses? I was still at a loss where this *Paradise*[1] of yours might be, when Mrs. Donellan discovered the secret; she said it was a place (I forget in what shire) where K. Charles 1st in his troubles used to ride, because he found good watering for his horse! If *that be all*, we have ten thousand such paradises in this kingdom, of which you may have your choice, as my *bay mare* is ready to depose. It is either a very low way of thinking, or as great a failure of education in either sex, to imagine that any man increases in his critical faculty in proportion to his wit or learning; it falls out always directly contrary. A common carpenter will work more cheerfully for a gentleman skilled in his trade, than for a conceited fool who knows nothing of it; I must despise a lady who takes me for a pedant, and you have made me half angry with so many lines in your letter which look like a kind of apology for writing to me. Besides, to say the truth, the ladies in general are *extremely mended* both in writing and reading since I was young, only it is to be hoped that in proper time *gaming and dressing*, with some other accomplishments, may reduce them to their native ignorance. A woman of quality, who had *excellent* good sense, was formerly my correspondent, but she scrawled and spelt like a Wapping wench, having been

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[1] "Paradise." Sir John Stanley's villa at North End was called "*Paradise*," but there was also another place where Mrs. Pendarves was staying with her mother, which was also called "Paradise."

brought up in a Court at a time before reading was thought of any use to a female; and I knew *several* others of *very high quality* with the same defect.

I am very glad to find that poor Mrs. Barber hath the honor to be in your favor; I fear she is in no very good way either as to health or fortune; the first must be left to God's mercy, the other to the generosity of some wealthy friends; and I do not know the reason why she is not more at ease in the latter. Her sickness hath made her more expensive than her prudence or nature inclined her; I think she hath every kind virtue, and only one defect, which is too much bashfullness.

Dr. Delany hath long ago given up his house in town. His Dublin friends seldom visit him till the swallows come in. He is too far from town for a winter visit, and too near for staying a night in the country manner; neither is his house large enough;[1] it minds me of what I have heard the late Duchess[2] complain, that Sion House was "a hobbedehoy, neither town nor country."

I believe, madam, I am mistaken, and think myself

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[1] "*Neither is his house large enough.*" Delville must have been considerably enlarged after this period.

[2] Lady Elizabeth Percy, only surviving child and heir of Joceline, 11th and last Earl of Northumberland, succeeded to the baronial honours of her ancestors in 1716, and was in her own right Baroness Percy, Poynings, Fitz-Mayne, Bryan, and Latimer. Her Ladyship married, 1st, when only fourteen years of age, (1679,) Henry Cavendish Earl of Ogle, (son and heir of Henry Duke of Newcastle,) who assumed the name of Percy; but his Lordship died without issue, 1st Nov., 1680, and her Ladyship married in 1682, (3rdly, it is stated, but she appears to have been only contracted to Thomas Thynne, Esq., of Longleate, who was assassinated Feb. 12, 1681-2,) Charles Seymour, Duke of Somerset, who also assumed by preliminary engagement the surname and arms of Percy, but from that stipulation he was released when her Grace attained her majority. By

to be in your company, where I could never be weary; no it is otherwise, for in such a case I would rather choose to be your silent hearer and looker-on. But whether you may not be tired for the three minutes past is a different question; the surest way is to put an end to the debate by concluding by assuring you that I am, with the truest respect and esteem,

Madam,

Your most obedient humble servant,

JONATH. SWIFT,

*From Mrs. Pendarves to Dr. Swift.*

London, April 22, 1736.

SIR,

I am sorry you make use of so many good arguments for not coming to the Bath; I was in hopes you might be prevailed with: and though one of my strongest reasons for wishing you there, was the desire I had of seeing you, I assure you the consideration of your health took place of it. I have heard since I received the favour of your last letter, that you have been much out of order. I believe we sympathised, for I was very ill with a feverish disorder and cough for a month, which obliged me to defer answering your letter till I came to town. I left the Bath last Sunday se'night, very full and gay; I think Bath a *more comfortable* place to live in than London: all the entertainments of

this marriage the Duchess had thirteen children, the eldest surviving of whom Algernon Seymour, was summoned to Parliament in 1722, on the death of his mother, as Baron Percy. His Lordship inherited the Dukedom of Somerset in 1741, and his only daughter, Lady Eliza Seymour, married Sir Hugh Smithson, who was created 1st Duke of Northumberland in 1766.

the place lie in a small compass, and you are *at your liberty* to partake of them, or let them alone, just as it suits your humour. This town is grown to *such an enormous size*, that *above half the day* must be spent in the streets, going from one place to another. I like it every year less and less. I was grieved at parting with Mrs. Barber, I left her pretty well, and I really had more pleasure in her conversation than from anything I met with at the Bath. My sister has found the good effect of your kind wishes; she is very much recovered, and in town with me at present, but leaves me in a fortnight to go to my mother.

When I went out of town last autumn, the reigning madness was Farinelli; I find it now turned on Pasquin,[1] a dramatic satire on the times. It has had almost as long a run as the Beggars' Opera; but, in my opinion, not with equal merit, though it has humour. Monstrous preparations are making for the royal wedding.[2] Pearl, gold and silver, embroidered on gold and silver tissues. I am too poor and too dull to make one among the fine multitude. The newspapers say, my Lord Carteret's youngest daughter is to have the Duke of Bedford;[3] I hear nothing of it from the family, but think it not unlikely. The Duke of Marlborough and his grandmother are upon bad terms; the

[1] "*Pasquin*" was written by Henry Fielding, and was a rehearsal of a comedy and a tragedy; the comedy was called "The Election," and the tragedy "The Life and Death of Queen Common Sense." This, and some other dramatic satires by the same author, levelled against the administration of Lord Oxford, produced an Act of Parliament for licensing the stage and limiting the number of playhouses, which was passed in 1737.

[2] Of Frederic, Prince of Wales.

[3] His Grace married Miss Gower, daughter of the Lord Gower by his first wife, on the 1st of April, 1737.

Duke of Bedford, who has also been ill-treated by her, has offered the Duke of Marlborough to supply him with ten thousand pounds a year, if he will go to law and torment the old dowager! The Duke of Chandos's marriage has made a great noise, and the poor Duchess is often reproached with being bred up in Burr Street, Wapping.[1]

Mrs. Donellan, I am afraid, is so well treated in Ireland, that I must despair of seeing her here; and how or when I shall be able to come to her I cannot yet determine. She is so good to me in her letters, as always to mention you. "

I hope I shall hear from you soon; you owe me that pleasure, for the concern I was under when I heard you were ill. I am, sir, your faithful and obliged humble servant,

M. PENDARVES.

I beg my compliments to all friends that remember me, but particularly to Dr. Delany.

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*Mrs. Pendarves to Mrs A. Granville.*

London, May 1736.
Melancholy Monday.

I heard you, my dearest sister, when you rose, but found my heart failed me, and judged it would be best for us both if I lay quietly till you were gone. It was unnecessary for us to see one another's tears; we are both too well convinced of each others affection to want any heightenings of that kind. I hope your journey will be prosperous and pleasant; I shall impatiently wait for an

[1] The "*poor Duchess*" was Lady Daval, widow of Sir Thomas Daval, who had a large fortune.

account of your travels, and will now proceed to tell you, how I have passed this dismal day. I rung my bell at seven (I shall only tell you matters of fact, not one word of my *thoughts and reflections*, I hope they corresponded so much with yours, that it is needless), came down to breakfast as usual. But alas! Your picture stared me in the face all the time; I was angry with it for not speaking. As soon as I had swallowed my two cups of small tea, I wrote to Collingwood to make your excuse, as you desired; I shall see her by and by, and till then I'll say no more of her. By that time George returned. I said little to her, but kissed the little nosegay made up of rosebuds, daisies, seringos, and heartsease—the lovely emblems of your friendship, which blooms and blesses me every year. I curled, powdered, dressed, and went to Mrs. Montague at one; from thence to Court, where we were touz'd and hunched about to make room for citizens in their fur gowns, who came to make their compliments to the royal pair. They received them under their canopy.

With great difficulty we made our curtsey to the Princess of Wales, but as for the Prince you might as well have made your compliments to him *at Henley!* it was actually more crowded than the day we went to be presented. I met Baron Sparr in the crowd, who asked me to dine with him, but you know I was engaged. From the Prince's Court we went to the Queen's; we made our reverence, but retired without any particular honours. Hot and dispirited we were. I dined with our agreeable friends, who like you too well not to feel for me to-day, and I have run away from them, to say this much to you,

[1] Frederic, Prince of Wales, married the Princess Augusta of Saxe Gotha, April 27, 1736, at which time Anu Granville was with her sister in London, and consequently no account was written to her of the marriage.

before the Duchess of Portland and Collin[1] come, but I could not live longer without speaking to you, my dearest sister!

My Lord Gower is married to my Lady Harold:[2] everybody thinks him a lucky man to get a woman of her understanding and fortune; though I can't but call her sense in question to engage with a man so encumbered with children, but love removes great obstacles. I don't know what day they were married, but the Queen spoke of it in the drawing-room this morning.

It is thought Mr. Stanhope will recover. I am to go to-morrow morning, with my Lady Colladon, to see Vanderbank's pictures; Di misses you, if she did not I would dismiss her. I have just had a message from Mrs. Duncomb, to desire me to drink tea with her to-morrow. I was asked by everybody for you, that spoke to me at Court,—among the rest my Lord of Law,—but it was a painful civility to me. No letters are come to day by the post. I could not bear my house, but walked away to the Countess, where, you know, one has full liberty to indulge any splenetic humour; I came home at eleven or a little after; and Morpheus was so kind as to make me forget my forlorn condition for some hours, but I waked early, and have not been long up. It is now just eight; my Lady Colladon made me promise, to come to her this morning, to go with her to Vanderbank's,[3] the painter's—(this I told

[1] Collin (Miss Collingwood).

[2] Lord Gower was grandson of Lady Jane Granville, (wife of Sir William Leveson Gower,) and great nephew of Grace Countess Granville. He married, first, Lady Evelyn Pierrepoint, daughter of the 1st Duke of Kingston and sister of Lady Mary Wortley Montague; his second wife was Penelope, daughter of Sir John Stonehouse and widow of Sir Henry Atkins; and he married thirdly in May, 1736, Mary, widow of Anthony Grey, Earl of Harold.

[3] Jan Vanderbank was a Dutch portrait-painter much patronized by the

you before, but you must forgive a little abstraction. Mrs. Spencer was brought to bed yesterday morning of a daughter. Lady Dysart has just sent me her ticket for Adriano.[1] I have sent to Lady Mary Colley to know if she will go, if not I'll take Bess.[2] I have taken my walk with Lady Colladon. From Vanderbank's we went to Marylebone, and walked in the gardens, but sun and dust destroyed the pleasure of the walk.

I have not picked up any news to-day. Lady Coll says she hears Miss Jackson is to go to the Princess Royal; I was glad of an opportunity of doing her justice, and I hope she will get it, because it will suit her every way. Smoke, rattling of coaches, &c. a fine contrast to what you have: but take notice, I *did not* find out these impertinences belonged to the place till since yesterday seven o'clock in the morning. Jenny I hope is in good case, and has the sense to know you are returned to honour her back. Puss, Penanna, and Nanny, are well; I talk to my little black Nanny, but she serves me like the picture; Ursula would serve me better, but she has reassumed her station among the constellations; and I can only have news of her from Paradise. Adieu. I am with more tenderness, than I can ever express, for ever yours,

M. P.

George is at my elbow, saying—"Do, madam, say something for me besides my humble duty;" she is sensible of all your goodness to her. My humble duty to my mama, and service to Mrs. Betty.

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higher classes in London about 1740—50. His works are said by Bryan to have shown great facility of execution, but to have been "hurried and neglected in the finishing."

[1] 1735. November 25th. Adriano, a new opera, composed by Veracini, was first represented by his Majesty's command.

[2] "Bess." Miss Titchborne, sister to Lady Sunderland.

Mrs. Pendarves mentions in this letter taking a walk with Lady Colladon in Marylebone Gardens, which then occupied the site where Beaumont Street, Devonshire Street, and part of Devonshire Place now stand, and was formerly a celebrated place of amusement known by the name of Marylebone Gardens; but from the circumstance of a French chapel having been erected upon this spot, it was called by some persons the "French Gardens." Marylebone Gardens were open before the year 1737, the public having free access; the sum of 1*s.* being then first demanded for admission by Gough the proprietor, for which an equivalent was to be received in refreshments. As these gardens became more fashionable, various entertainments were provided. Balls and evening concerts were given, some of the first singers were generally engaged there, and fireworks were frequently exhibited. The musical department was for some time under the direction of Dr. Arne, and the music of Handel and other celebrated composers was often heard in the orchestra there.

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*Mrs. Ann Granville to Mrs. Catherine Collingwood, in New Bond Street, near Hanover Square, London.*

Paradise, June 17, 1736.

Nothing can be more obliging and agreeable than my dear Miss Collingwood's last letter; and the kind epithet of "*Friend*," pleases me extremely: I will endeavour to deserve the title you have bestowed from your own good-nature, and I flatter myself you will not repent of the gift. I fear this sounds a little vain; but I don't speak this from any conceit I have of being worthy the distinction from perfections, but I know I have gratitude and sincerity, and that will claim the continuance of friendship, though I shall never think your's sincere 'till you appear more sensible of the pleasure I take in your letters, and leave off abusing what

deserves more praises than I will give, because I know you like better to *deserve* commendation than *receive* it.

I desire you will not refrain your descriptions of things, from the notion that I receive them from my sister, because everybody has a *different way* of seeing the same thing, which is agreeable to hear. The Duchess of Portland does me great honour, for which I am obliged to you, as well as to her, and hope to receive the benefit of both another year; will you be so good to make my compliments to her. My sister has had great pleasure in the Duchess's company and yours, since I came out of town; but you were hurried violently from them one day,—tell me which *of all* your lovers it was to? Where a person I love is concerned I am a most inquisitive creature.

*Squeek* has got a little understanding, I find, since I knew him; I wish it may increase for the benefit of his acquaintance. Cupid may meet his grave at Paradise soon if he pleases. I hope the "Sweet Maid" will be here in a short time. Do not be so cruel as to imagine I don't feel very sensibly the leaving my agreeable friends in London; but perhaps I brag of the pleasures of my solitude more to show my philosophy than the great joy they give me, for nothing alone can be very delightful. You contribute to my entertainment many ways; and I am now reading L'Amour à la mode, which I doubt is too naturally described. I wish I could enclose my letters to some member of your acquaintance, or had one of my own now at command. My best respects attend Mrs. Collingwood. Write to me soon, and believe me, dear Lady Kitty,

Your most obliged and faithful,

A. G.

I hate the ceremony of sir-names, so call me Anna, and tell me how I may address you to avoid "*Madam.*" Favour me with a little place in all your letters to Lady Mary, who I hope has picked up some new acquaintance she likes: Bath without it is very disagreeable.

I am glad the Knight has made up to poor *Bene* the mortification he gave him: I am sure Sir R. cannot do a real ill-natured thing, *however it may appear.*

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*Mrs. Ann Granville to Miss Collingwood.*

Paradise, 8th July, 1736.

I obey my dear agreeable Kitty's kind command of answering her letter soon: I will not defer writing one moment longer, though I should do it with infinitely more pleasure were I able to make my letter half as entertaining as hers. You are a creature just to my own *goût,* you are *lively without romping,* and have the tenderness of sentiment requisite in friendship; you are—but I won't say what I think of you, because my expressions will come short of my opinion. I would excuse nobody but my sister for taking you from me, but to her I am pleased to yield my highest delights, though I had rather enjoy them with her. I will never place two ideas so different as you and a *Willow* together. No! the blooming Kitty shall be crowned with myrtle. I shall never see her sighing by a murmuring brook, if she cannot vanquish those she desires, she will remember L'Amour à la mode, and *despise* the whole band of *danglers.*

"A dangler is of neither sex,
A creature made to tease and vex," &c.

I hope you have been by this time at Northend, and found my sister in her grotto, where she *works night and day;* I long to see it. I had not known of the scheme of coming here, but for your goodness that revealed it; I had some kind of pleasure in knowing it was thought of, and hope it may be executed some other time.

You do my brother great honour; indeed he deserves the opinion you have so obligingly conceived of him, for he is as good a creature as ever was, and I the happiest in a brother and sister. Miss Graves is not with me yet; I heard from her last post—she will be pleased to be remembered by you. I am sorry your Lady Duchess is absent, because I know it gives you great pain; I wish you were near me, but *could you* support this solitary life; which really gives me great pleasure? Can birds and poultry delight you? and a nosegay of wild flowers entertain you for half a day? *I fear not,* and you begin to despise my taste as very low; but to show you I can raise my notions higher, I often think of dear Kitty, and am her most

Obliged and affectionate

ANNA.

My particular compliments to Mrs. Collingwood. I hope her eyes are better.

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*From the Duchess of Portland. For Miss Collingwood, in New Bond Street, London.*

July 23, 1736.

I find my dear Colly forgets her good old custom of writing every Saturday. I did wonder what you could

be doing; but I am very sorry to hear your time was taken up in "*tears, frights and headaches,*" and I hope we shall not have much more *music in the air,*[1] or at least not when you write to me. The day I saw you was much better spent than I expected, for *the Speaker* was in top good humour: as for the week after, I was happy in the company you mention, and believe I shall be so a great while, for I hear of no reports of moving. We have had a great many difficult cases of midwifry, but as they are so much out of my way, I give up all my pretensions to the Great Judge to decide.

I must now trouble you, my dear friend, again, that if the fans are not gone, you will be so good to send them to Mr. Payzant's in Downing Street, Westminster, and to tell him that those are the fans that Sir Luke Schaub wrote to him about, and desire he will take care of them. Pardon all the trouble I have given you. The Little Queen[2] is in perfect good health, and I found her very safe and sound, and there were no intrigues carrying on in my absense. I am of your mind about *the Speaker;* for I am sure she has had much such far-fetched thoughts. I don't imagine Sappho will be *out of favour* these seven years; though the passion is so violent, one could hardly think it would last so long, yet I can't answer for anything in this world: a thousand thanks to you for your intelligence. I hope you will go sometimes to the Cas— for it won't do amiss.

I had a letter from my dear little Dash,[3] who inquired

[1] "*Music in the air,*" probably meant *a scolding.*

[2] Lady Elizabeth Bentinck.

[3] "*Dash.*" Mrs. Catherine Dashwood.

how you did, and desired her compliments as did Gracey.[1] My Lord, and Frère Bonaventure,[2] are much your humble servants. My best compliments to your good mama.

Believe me, most faithfully and most affectionately,
Ever yours.

Do let me know as soon as you can, if the fans are gone. Once more adieu my dear friend.

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*From the Duchess of Portland. For Mrs. Catherine Collingwood, in New Bond Street, London.*

Aug. 8, 1736.

My dearest Colly should not have been so long without an epistle, had I had a moment to myself; but indeed my time is so taken up with working and talking, that I can never do anything I like: that, you'll say, is "very odd," for when a woman's tongue is at liberty, everything must be agreeable to her. But you see the frailty of human nature—was I forbid talking, I should be mad to do it, but now I am *oblig'd to it*, I would give the world to be silent; much better it would be to my hearers, I am sure, were I dumb, but enough of that subject. Thank you a thousand times over, my dear friend, for your obliging and kind letter, I wish it had been ten times as long, the only fault of it was its diminitiveness, but your next, I hope, will mend that fault. Now this

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[1] "*Gracey.*" The Hon. Grace Granville, daughter of Lord Lansdown.

[2] "*Frère Buon Aventura*" was Mr. Achard, the Duke of Portland's secretary.

will come to you the day that you used to receive mine therefore I expect a very long answer next Sunday. I am glad you had so pleasant a party upon the water.

Accept my thanks for the fans and gown, and if you please to keep the receipt till I come to town, I think that better. I hope it won't be so long as you imagine; but, indeed, I can't tell, for I hear nothing of our moving: but I live in hopes of *another family's* motion, which will give me no small joy. The Little Queen is much obliged to you for drinking her health; you only mistake a day—it was the 27th. Frère Bonavanture made great preparations for it; we had an illumination and fire-works, rockets, dumps, line rockets, fire balls, fire wheel, and mine—they were all charming; I wish you had been here, I am sure you would have liked them: there were between five and six hundred people in the garden. I had a charming letter from Peny[1] the day I had yours; but I have never answered it yet, much to my mortification. Little Dash is very well; I will be sure to tell her your message; I have not wrote a letter so long as this this month, and I hope Mrs. Webb is gone by this time, that I may have a long epistle from you. I have killed a thousand snails,[2] and have got the prettiest fly that ever was seen—the wings are like gauze.

I am just come home from visiting; went to Lady Kill, and did not find her at home, and that has put me quite out of humour. I went to Cowley[3] to see Mrs. Tatton, and there I met old Lady Kill, as tall as the house, a thumb

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[1] Mrs. Pendarves.

[2] "Killed a thousand snails." This was done to procure the shells for her collection.

[3] Cowley, near Uxbridge.

as big as a salt cellar, and talking like a one-eyed parrot; well, I will bid you good night, for you'll think I never design to have done. My Lord, and Frère Bonavanture are yours most devotedly, and to your mama, as I am likewise. *The verses* were upon Swift and Penny, the Irish letter, and the Lord knows how many more. Adieu.

Yours most affectionately and faithfully.

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*Mrs. Pendarves to Mrs. Ann Granville.*

Aug. 17, 1736.

My dearest sister should have heard from me last post, but my brother came early on Friday, and staid the whole day, which prevented my writing; and I was engaged to go on Saturday to Bushy Park, and set out early in the morning; and since my eye has been bad I have not ventured to write by candle-light.

I thank you for all your Bath news. Am really sorry for Seagar—he will be a publick loss; and that poor Barber has the gout; as to her undertaking Dame Lindseys, she is the unfittest person for it in the world, she would be *cheated by everybody*, and not able to keep herself, and her daughter is too young and unexperienced to be of any great use to her in the management of so difficult a sort of business: if she had a great fancy to it I should not care to dissuade her from it, but I think it *too hazardous* an undertaking to persuade her to it.

I grieve for Madam Jenny's[1] eye; enclosed, my Lady Sunderland has sent you some Portugal snuff; if Jenny

[1] A favourite mare of Ann Granville's.

has any film over her eye, let some of it be blown once a day through a quill—it is infallible; if a humour, lapis caliminaris pulverized and put into rose-water, is excellent, but my brother recommends a rowell under her jaw, which Mr. Foley's groom understands to be sure how it is to be done. A puppy of Dash's is much at Mr. Foley's service; and my brother happy to dispose of one of his family so well.

I think you *would be wild* to make a visit to Dumbleton[1] at *this time* of the year, which though at present has a fair face, we may expect it to frown every hour, considering how long the sun has smiled upon us; and since you have so good and so agreeable an opportunity of being conveyed by Mrs. Foley home, my opinion is you should stay for it, and prevail with Sally and Miss Graves to let their visit be at Paradise instead of at Glocester.

Sir John is come home as well as you and I wish him to be, with lively spirits and a good appetite. He is very glad to hear you continue so well. He came home last Sunday, and judge of my distress—he had been in the house an hour before I could see him, for Lady Mary Colley was with me, who always makes particular enquiries after you, and so do all the folks that have a mind to oblige me. I don't know if I shall see the L'Isle grotto or no; Collin,[2] the last time I saw her, which was last Thursday that she spent the day with me, said nothing of it, but if she holds her resolution, I do mine. The orange-flower and variegated myrtle were welcome; they still perfume my pocket.

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[1] Dumbleton, in Gloucestershire; then the residence of the Rev. Sir Rd. Cocks.

[2] Miss Collingwood.

No place is so wholesome as the Bath or London in winter; had I a house at the first, you should be as welcome to me there as now you will be in town. Mrs. Map *is a wonderful woman*—everybody agrees in it. The Miss Foley I recommended her to is my Lord's sister, and not your little friend, who I am glad does not want the *assistance of a bone-setter!*

I had a letter last night from Colly. I'll tell her to-morrow morning what you say about writing to her: she is to meet me in Brook Street. 'Tis said (but I *hope not true*), that Caristini is to be broke on the wheel at Venice for killing a man. I spent last Saturday at Bushy, where you were very particularly enquired after. My Lady Colladon is much concerned she should have opposed Miss J. by getting in Miss Cotterell—she was engaged to her before she knew the other desired it; but she has spoke to Princess Amelia so much to her advantage, that she hopes it may be of service to her some other time; a place being offered to you, and your *refusing it*, was all talked over at Court, so whilst you think yourself in such a retired corner of the world, you are the subject of Princess's thoughts!

I have not heard from Donellan this fortnight.

A curious account of Mrs. Mapp, the famous bone-setter, is here given from the London Magazine of August and September, 1736. "The town has been surprised lately with the fame of a young woman at Epsom, who, though not very regular, it is said, in her conduct, has wrought such cures that seem miraculous in the bone-setting way. The concourse of people to Epsom on this occasion is incredible, and 'tis reckoned she gets near 20 guineas a day. She executes what she does in a very quick manner; she has strength enough to put in any man's shoulder without any assist-

ance; and this her strength makes the following story the more credible.

"A man came to her, sent, as it is supposed, by some surgeons, on purpose to try her skill, with his hand bound up, and pretended his wrist was put out, which upon examination she found to be false; but to be even with him for his imposition she gave it a wrench, and really put it out, and bade him '*go to the fools who sent him, and get it set again*,' or 'if he would come to her *that day month*, she would do it herself.' This remarkable person is daughter to one Wallin, a bone-setter of Hindon, Wilts. Upon some family quarrel she left her father, and wandered up and down the country in a very miserable manner, calling herself '*Crazy Sally*.' Since she became thus famous, she married one Mr. Hill Mapp, late servant to a mercer on Ludgate-hill, who 'tis said soon left her, and carried off 100*l.* of her money." On Sept. 19th of the same year it is recorded that "Mrs. Mapp, the famous bone-setter at Epsom, continues making extraordinary cures. She has now set up an equipage, and this day came to Kensington and waited on her Majesty." Mrs. Mapp died at her lodgings near the Seven Dials, miserably poor, in December, 1737.

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*From Mrs Pendarves to Dean Swift.*

Sept. 2, 1736.

SIR,

I never will accept of the writ of ease you threaten me with; do not flatter yourself with any such hopes: I receive too many advantages from your letters to drop a correspondence of such consequence to me. I am really grieved that you are so much persecuted with a giddiness in your head; the Bath and travelling would certainly be of use to you. Your want of spirits is a new complaint, and what will not only afflict your particular friends, but every one that has the happiness of your acquaintance.

I am uneasy to know how you do, and have no other means for that satisfaction but from your own hand; most of my Dublin correspondents being removed to Cork, to Wicklow mountains, and the Lord knows where. I should have made this enquiry sooner, but that I have this summer undertaken a work that has given me full employment, which is *making a grotto* in Sir John Stanley's garden at North End, and it is chiefly composed of shells I had from Ireland. My life, for two months past, has been very like a hermit's; I have had all the comforts of life but society, and have found living quite alone a pleasanter thing than I imagined. The hours I could spend in reading, have been entertained by Rollin's History of the Ancients, in French, I am very well pleased with it; and think your Hannibals, Scipios, and Cyruses prettier fellows than are to be met with now-a-days. Painting and music have had their share in my amusements, I rose between five and six, and went to bed at eleven. I would not tell you so much about myself, if I had anything to tell you of other people; I came to town the night before last, but if it does not, a few days hence, appear better to me than at present, I shall return to my solitary cell; Sir John Stanley has been all the summer at Tunbridge.

I suppose you may have heard of Mr. Pope's accident, which had liked to have proved a very fatal one. He was leading a young lady into a boat from his own stairs, her foot missed the side of the boat, she fell into the water, and pulled Mr. Pope after her: the boat slipped away, and they were immediately out of their depth, and it was with some difficulty they were saved. The young lady's name is Talbot; she is as remarkable

for being a handsome woman, as Mr. Pope is for wit; I think I cannot give you a higher notion of her beauty, *unless* I had *named you* instead of *him*. I shall be impatient till I hear from you again; being, with great sincerity, sir,

Your most faithful, humble servant,

M. PENDARVES.

P. S. I forgot to answer on the other side that part of your letter which concerns my sister. I do *not know* whether you would like her person as well as mine, because illness has faded her complexion, but it is greatly my interest *not* to bring you acquainted with her *mind*, for that would prove a potent rival, and nothing but your partiality to me as an older acquaintance could make you give me the preference.

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*Mrs. Ann Granville to Miss Collingwood.*

Paradise, Sept. 14, 1736.

I should make a thousand apologies to my dear agreeable Kitty, for my long silence, did I not know that your thoughts have been so much engaged lately in things of greater importance, that you hardly recollect whether I am in your debt or no; but as I shall always remember your favours past, I shall be equally solicitous for the continuence of them, and however this Hippolito may fill one's head, I shall expect a share in your heart, nor can you give it all away without doing violence to friendship. You see my faithful intelligencer informs me *what you are about*, so you may as well confess the truth, for Pecolet will make *discoveries*, but in hopes

of being still of some small consequence to you, I will relate the cause of my not sooner returning thanks for the charming letter you sent me. I was then in Herefordshire, with a most amiable friend, who was in great distress for the illness of her husband, who is a very pretty gentleman, and they the happiest couple in the world; but his want of health gives her many painful alarms, (who would enlarge their tender affections, when they never fail to bring disquiet with them)? but not to discourage you, my dear Miss Collingwood, a married life *may* be exempt from all unhappiness; and so I hope whenever you try you will find it so.

I have been the strangest rambler that ever was,—at two country horse-races and a music-meeting, there I saw dirty beaus, awkward belles, bad dancing, and worse fiddles; to one part I contributed, and danced three nights, but *not together*, had an *excessive dull partner*, which was for my advantage, and inclined me to go home sooner than I should have done from an agreeable one, and so provoking they could *not* play *the Broderre*, to awaken agreeable remembrance of you. The fuss you have been in is of a different nature, and I can easily guess what makes the *water so enchanting:* a party so polite and engaging might reconcile me to that uncertain element, which at present I hate for its hypocrisy—it smiles in your face one moment and devours you in the next. Your descriptions are so entertaining, they can never appear long, therefore I beg you will not shorten them, but let me hear from you soon, and inform me if my conjectures are right concerning you. Imagine my present joy! my sister comes to us next Thursday. I fear she stays but a short time, but the thought of

seeing her has put me into such rapture that I hardly know what I say, only this I am certain of, that I am always

Dear Kitty's
Most faithful and obliged
ANNA.

We also expect my brother every day. *I am very happy.* My best respects to Mrs. Collingwood. I have the *receipt* for Roman friendship, which I think very pretty, but believe we can make *English* full as good.

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*Mrs. Pendarves to Mrs. Catherine Collingwood, in New Bond Street, London.*

Oct. 25, 1736.
Sunday.

It is not fair, my dear Miss Collingwood, to enjoy all the pleasures of this place,[1] without communicating some of them to you. But I think it will be best to be silent on that head for two reasons: one is, that I am at a loss to tell you how well pleased I am with my entertainment; and the other is, not to tantalize you. You have so just an esteem for the Duchess, and are so well pleased to make your friends happy, that I hope you have wished yourself with us; if you have not, you are an ingrate. The Duchess received your letter this morning and gave it a kind welcome. Don't imagine, she would have wrote to you to-day if I had not, for that will make you wish my pen, ink and paper in the fire. She could not possibly have wrote to you, for what with praying, entertaining agreeable company (NB. Mr. and Mrs. Herbert), kissing

[1] "*This place.*" Bulstrode.

Lady Betty, and writing four long letters of great consequence, she had *not an inch to spare*; her compliments and the Duke's attend you. The Duchess will by no means have your muffs and tippets; but if you can pick up a few *loose feathers* of poll's, or any other beautiful bird they will be very acceptable. Her *grand design* for feathers is over, the history of which you shall know another time.

Frère Bonaventure desires his best respects to you, and bids me tell you, that the medicine he went to town for has done him so much good, that he believes he shall never be sick again. I assure you, he overflows with wit and humour, and makes us laugh till we cry again. We made use of the fine weather, and walked all over the park and gardens; they are very fine, and so is the house, and though we live as magnificently as the Prince of Wales, I am as easy as if I was at home, which is charming and very uncommon.

Dear Colly, send me a little news privately, for I have exposed my ignorance strangely since my being here. Nobody by my conversation would think, that I was just come from London, but rather imagine I had spent my whole life on the mountains! I hope Mrs. Collingwood has had no return of her disorder; I beg my humble service to her. We have variety of amusements, as *reading*, *working*, and *drawing*, in a morning; in the afternoon the scene changes, there are billiards, looking over prints, coffee, tea, cribbage, and by way of interlude pretty Lady Betty[1] comes upon the stage, and I can play as well at bo-peep as if I had had a nursery of my own. She is the best humoured little dear that ever I met with. I forgot

[1] Lady Betty, eldest daughter of the Duke of Portland, was born July, 1735.

to tell you, that for one hour after dinner here is an assembly of old women, that we converse with; 'tis true they are a *little antiquated* but they are easy, and though they *don't say a word* they are *great helps* to *our conversation*; they are favorites of Mr. Achard's, particularly one that he constantly singles out. I am,

Dear Miss Collingwood,

Your most faithful and obedient,

M. PENDARVES.

This letter was evidently written from Bulstrode, though not named, as proved by the contents as well as the postmark of Garreds Cross, 25th October.

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Dean Swift writes to Sir John Stanley from Dublin, October 30, 1736, in favour of a tenant, and says:—

"I have known you long, and have always highly esteemed and loved you, and therefore expect you will comply with his request. It is hard for me, or any one, to interfere in a business of property; but I well understand the practice of Irish tenants to English landlords, and of those landlords to their tenants; but if Mr. Wilding rightly represents that he has been a great improver, his gains not exorbitant, and his payments regular, you neither must nor shall act as an Irish racking squire; so that I fully reckon you will *obey my commands*. I have one advantage by this letter, a fair occasion to enquire after your health, where you live, and how you employ your leisure, and what share I keep in your good will? As to myself, years and infirmities have sunk my spirits to nothing. My English friends are all dead, or in exile, or by prudent oblivion have utterly dropped me—having loved this present world, and as to this country I am only a favourite with my old friends, the rabble; I return their love because I know none else who deserve it. May you live long and happy, and be beloved (as you have ever been,) by the best and wisest of mankind; and if you ever

happen to think of me, remember I have always been and shall ever continue with the truest respect and esteem, sir, your most obedient and obliged servant, J. SWIFT."

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*Mrs. Ann Granville to Mrs. Catherine Collingwood.*

Gloucester, Nov. 19, 1736.

So charming a letter as my dear Kitty's last deserved my speediest acknowledgments, and I wish I had sooner told you what pleasure it gave me, because I might have done it in a more lively manner; for now I am certain everything I say will be infected by the air of a dull country town where I am at present confined, and give you the spleen to read them. But is it not mortifying to be dragged from a clear air, bright sunshine, singing birds, and bleating sheep, to a foggy hole full of impertinent company, that takes off one thoughts from dear agreeable absent friends, and gives one no pleasant images in return? But some pains are unavoidable in this life; I would dispense as few of mine as possible to those I love, and therefore I will make *no more complaints*, but must assure you that I sincerely congratulate you upon your good mama's recovery. The greatest delights we have proceed from natural affections, improved by reason and reflection; I hope yours will be alarmed no more, but that you and Mrs. Collingwood will enjoy each other in many years of happiness. And now you are returned to your gaieties pray let me have an account of them; I shall be glad to be your confidant, and don't despair of that honour though you are so ironical; but *prenez garde*, for since Mr. Stafford could

only give a careless sigh to the memory of a handsome young creature whose greatest fault was her fondness to him, and whose misfortunes perhaps all proceeded from that weakness which so early took possession of her mind, what hope of constancy or gratitude can we expect from men? Your account of Miss Andrews' lover provoked me excessively: should I ever meet him and he display the brightest wit, I am certain it will not please me, I shall see a light ungenerous heart through all the *agrèment*, and detest the possessor of it; I shall recollect my poor departed friend in all her heighth of bloom and beauty, surrounded by admirers, whom she all despised for his sake who hardly now remembers there ever was such a creature.

"When men e'er court thee, fly 'em and believe
They 're serpents all, and thou the tempted Eve."

My sister was happy beyond expression at Bulstrode: every letter was full of delight with the Duke and Duchess, and I 'am charm'd with the account she gives me of their goodness and love: I hope she has had the pleasure of seeing you often since her return to town. Tell me if she looks well; don't let her paint herself blind, and inform me soon if you *can bear* another letter from this dull place. I am, dear agreeable Kitty, your most obliged humble servant, ANNA.

The letters of Ann Granville at this period indicate in some passages that she was out of spirits, and it is very probable that it was not without regret she refused the place offered her at Court, for the sake of her mother; but her melancholy feelings on her return to the dull walls of Gloucester were soon overcome by her good principles and the active occupation of her mind.

*Mrs. Pendarves to Mrs. Ann Granville.*

Nov. 27, 1736.

I wrote to you on Monday. I dined that day with Sir J. Stanley; in the afternoon made visits. Tuesday the Wescombs [1] dined here, and staid till seven. I wrote and read till ten; then Bunny came from the Haymarket Opera, and supped with me comfortably. They have Farinelli, Merighi, with *no sound* in her voice, but thundering action—a beauty with *no other merit*; and one Chimenti, a tolerable good woman with a pretty voice, and Montagnana, who *roars as usual!* With this band of singers, and dull Italian operas, such as you almost fall asleep at, *they presume* to rival Handel—who has Strada, that sings better than ever she did; Gizziello,[2] who is much improved since last year; and Annibali [3] who has the best part of Senesino's voice and Caristini's, with a prodigious fine taste and good action! We have had Alcina,[4] and Atalanta,[4] which is acted to-night for the last night with the fireworks, and I go to it with Mrs. Wingfield. Next

[1] The marriage of Sir Anthony Westcombe appeared in the *London Magazine*, in April, 1736. He married Anna Maria, daughter and heir of —— Calmady, Esq., by his second wife Jane, daughter of Sir John Rolt, of Milton, in Devon.

[2] Signor Giochino Conti, called Gizziello from his master Gizzi, made his first appearance, in the opera of Ariodante, on May 5, 1736. He was in London for two seasons, and received with much favour. His voice was then a very high soprano, and his style remarkable for pathos, delicacy and refinement.

[3] Annibali (Dominico) an Italian singer at the court of Saxony. He was engaged by Handel for his operas, in 1736.

[4] Alcina, an opera by Handel, was first performed on the 16th of April, 1735. Atalanta on the 12th of May, 1736. It formed part of the festivities given on the occasion of the marriage of Frederic, Prince of Wales. Atalanta was revived on the 26th of the following November, in honour of the anniversary of the Princess of Wales's birthday, and "several fine devices in fireworks, proper to the occasion," were exhibited.

Wednesday is Porus,[1] and Annibali sings Senesino's part. Mr. Handel has two new operas ready—Erminius and Justino.[2] He was here two or three mornings ago and *played to me both the overtures*, which are charming.

My brother has *tied me down* at last to learn of Kellaway;[3] he has paid him the entrance-money, which is two guineas, and has made me a present of Handel's Book of Lessons. I don't find Kellaway's method difficult at all, and I believe a couple months' learning will be of use to me, at least 'twill make me practice. Mrs. Porter acts three times a week: I have made a party to go next week; she is the only support of the stage, the house is crammed whenever she acts. Last Thursday Lady Colladon, her son, daughter, and granddaughter, and lady Worg, spent the afternoon with me, and on Monday I am to meet them all at Lady Worg's.[4]

Mrs. Tichborne has had an ugly accident from bleeding with a leech, one of her fingers was swelled, and she fancied if she bled it with a leech it would abate: she bled about two ounces, and was very well after it, but the next day her hand and arm swelled to such a monstrous size as if it had been poisoned.

It will snow soon I dare say. Bunny breakfasted with me, desires humble duty and service, and begs a chine by

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[1] Porus was first performed on the 2nd of February, 1731, and had fifteen consecutive representations, and met with great success.

[2] Arminius, represented for the first time on the 12th of January, 1737, and was succeeded by Justin, or Giustino, on the 16th of February, 1737.

[3] Kellaway, query Joseph Kelway, successor to Weldon, as organist of St. Martin's in the Fields, about the year 1744. He was a pupil of Geminiani. His playing on the organ was so excellent, that Handel is said often to have gone to the church when he performed. Some harpsichord sonatas of his composition were published.

[4] Sir Clement Werge was counsel for the Crown upon the celebrated trial of Bishop Atterbury, and subsequently knighted and made Solicitor-General.

the first opportunity: he is not quite settled yet, though his goods are all removed; and he lives at his house in Park Street, Grosvenor Square.

Mr. Hanmer is somewhat better, but still very weak; I wish he may recover. Mrs. Collingwood is under Taylor the occulist's hands; her eyes have been brushed twice, and she is very well pleased with his manner of treating her. Colly ran here yesterday morning for a minute before her mother was up, she was happy with your letter. I had a short letter last night from Donn; she has been at the Bishop of Cloyne's.

Mrs. Porter, the celebrated actress, to whom allusion is made in this letter, lived, according to Cunningham, "over against the Blue Ball," in Arundel Street, Strand. Walpole, speaking of Garrick, says "Mrs. Porter surpassed him in passionate tragedy;" and in another place he adds, "still I cannot think that acting, however perfectly, what others have written, is one of the most astonishing talents, yet I will own *as fairly*, that Mrs. Porter and Mademoiselle Dumenil have struck me so much, as even to reverence them. Garrick never affected me quite so much as those two actresses," &c.

In a letter from Miss Talbot to Mrs. Carter, dated February 23, 1743, she says:—"The only play I have been at, was to see Mrs. Porter take leave of the stage, which she did with a very good grace in an epilogue that seemed dictated by good sense, and spoke with a sincerely grateful heart."

The following letter is without signature: it was preserved among the MSS. of Mary Granville, and was evidently from some person who belonged to the party of *Religionists* occasionally mentioned in this correspondence as endeavouring to put a stop to all innocent amusement at Gloucester. The fact of its preservation, and of the writer being a friend of persons valued by Ann Granville, gives it interest independent of the peculiarity of the style, which very much resembles that of an early missionary.

*To Mrs. Ann Granville, in Gloster.*

Savannah, 24th Septr., 1736.

The mutual affection, and indeed the many other amiable qualities of those two sisters, one of whom is lately gone to a happier place, would not have suffered me to be unmindful of your friend and you, had I had nothing else to remind me of you. I am persuaded that heavy affliction will prove the greatest blessing to the survivor which she ever yet received. She is now very cheerful, as well as deeply serious. She sees the *folly* of placing one's happiness in *any creature*, and is fully determined to give her whole heart to Him, from whom death cannot part her.

I often think how different her way of life is at Savannah from what it was *at St. James's*, and yet the wise, polite, gay world, counts her removal thence *a misfortune*. I should not be at all grieved if *you* were fallen into the *same misfortune, far removed from the pride of life, and hid in some obscure recess*, where you were scarcely seen or heard of, unless by a few plain Christians, and by God and his angels.

Mr. Rivington will send your letter, if you should ever have leisure to favour with a few lines,

Your sincere friend and
Most obedient servant.

Do you still watch and strive and pray, that your heart may be right before God? Can you *deny yourself*, as well as *take up your cross?* Adieu!

The seal of this letter was a cross; and the English post-mark 7th December.

*Mrs. Pendarves to Mrs. Ann Granville.*

Dec. 24, 1736.

My Lady Weymouth continues extremely ill, she has not had since this day se'nnight three hours' sleep; her fever is very high, and she has been the greater part of that time delirious: she has had *nine* blisters, but to *no purpose but to torment her*, for they have *injured her much!* So melancholy a house I never saw, and poor Lady Carteret is truly to be pitied; Lady Dysart does not yet know the misery that is in store for her, but I *prepared* her for it last night—a terrible office for one who knows how to feel for her on such an occasion. I go to them every day, and think I am some comfort to them, which keeps up my spirits; Lady Carteret has nobody in town that can be of any comfort to her; my Lord is at Hawnes, and her daughters none of them in town.

Lady Weymouth is still strong enough to last some days, and whilst there is life there is hope, that is *all can be said!* I begin a day before the post, because to-morrow I shall be better employed, but will find time to tell you more about this poor woman, who will be an *infinite loss* to her family. Miss Granvilles are sincerely afflicted; I love them for the sensibility they show on this occasion, and my Lord Weymouth is like a madman. Last night I was in hopes I might have burned this letter, Lady W. mended so much. I left them at ten o'clock, cheerful and *full of hope*, all the doctors—Mead,[1] Hollins, and Barber—thought her

[1] Richard Mead, M.D., was born in 1673, practised in London for many years as one of the most eminent physicians of his time, and died in 1754, in the 81st year of his age. He was the son of Matthew Mead, the celebrated theologian, and the friend of Sir Isaac Newton. Dr. Mead was remarkable for his blameless and benevolent character.

in a good way, but her fever returned at twelve last night, and her head extremely disordered. I prayed for her most heartily this morning at early church, but God Almighty designs her for a happier place soon. She has discharged all her social duties with great honour, and I believe her an innocent well-disposed creature, but must resign her; I own I did not know I loved her so well as I find I do!

*Poor dear Lady Weymouth*[1] *is gone: she died at half an hour after five.* I can add no more than that I am

Ever yours,

M. PENDARVES.

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*Mrs. Pendarves to Mrs. Ann Granville.*

Dec. 28, 1736.

I wrote, my dearest sister, last post, a long and melancholy account of poor Lady Weymouth, and have been in pain ever since lest it should have shocked you too much, but as you were less used to her than I had been, I hope it did not affect you more than any compassionate case must touch so tender a heart as yours.

Her behaviour to me upon her coming to town was kinder than ever, which had softened me too much to receive this stroke without feeling it *even more* than I imagined I should; but I assure you I am very well, and will not indulge a thought that can add to my concern for her. Her race was short, *but happy*, and Providence has snatched her from the pride of life before it

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[1] "Died, Dec. 1736, in childbed, the Rt. Hon. the Lady Louisa, Viscountess Weymouth, second wife to the Rt. Hon. the Lord Viscount Weymouth, and daughter to the Lord Carteret."—*London Magazine.* Lady Weymouth left three sons.

had corrupted her heart; I know some who had higher virtues than she had, but *none* with *fewer faults*; her husband's and Miss Granville's loss *is irreparable*. Her conduct towards them was excellent, and they are sincerely grieved to lose her. As to my Lord, he will console himself, for he is a man, and one who is more subject to joy than grief!

My Lady Carteret is indeed to be lamented, she is extremely afflicted, but bears it with great *quietness and resignation*; my Lord Carteret came to town last night. I dread poor Lady Dysart's knowing of it; she loved Lady Weymouth tenderly—she does not yet know the infinite loss she has. Lord Weymouth went to Old Windsor at two o'clock Sunday morning, and his sisters followed him at seven. Lady Weymouth is to be buried at Long Leat.

I was all Monday and all yesterday with Lady Carteret; she had nobody else with her. To-day I shall give my spirits some rest; I dine with Sir John Stanley, and come home at seven to meet Lady Sarah Cowper.

P.S. My brother says, "Pray Mrs. Ann, truce with your compliments, draw on me for twenty-five pounds, and let me know all the particulars you can of Dowdswell; give my humble service to Mrs. Chapon, and tell her I hope she will be a good neighbour to us when we are at Dowdswell; I hope you have made her well known to the Bishop."

The above postscript on the turn down dictated by Mr. Granville, intimates that he was then negociating for Dowdeswell; a purchase however, which never was completed.

*Mrs. Pendarves to Mrs. Ann Granville.*

Jan. 4, 1736-7.

May health, and joy, and peace ever attend my dearest sister this year and many others! I received your letter just as I was stepping into my chair to go to Lord Weymouth's dismal house! to the christening of master James Thynne.[1] I personated Mrs. How.[2] The office I own was terrible to me, but I could not refuse it when my Lord Carteret desired it as a favour of me. Such a crowd of melancholy thoughts at the solemnity of that ceremony—the tears of the servants, and the deep mourning all appeared in, affected me extremely; I endeavoured to think of the poor woman that was once brilliant there as placed in more glory, and in eternal happiness, but my *thoughts would turn* upon her poor children and servants, and *the agonies* I saw her in the *last time* I was in the house.

I have taken hartshorn since I came home, and read your dear delightful letter, which has quite composed me, and I am going to dine with Mrs. Wingfield, and will talk of Gloucester, the Bath, and Ireland, and divert myself as much as I can without my beloved sister; and as the strongest cordial, and what will most effectually drive sorrow from my heart, I will think of *your coming!* Whenever you come you will be joy to my eyes, and till you do I will be as easy as possible.

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[1] Master James Thynne, third son of Viscount Weymouth, born December, 1736.

[2] Married John Howe, Esq., of Stowell, who, on the decease of Sir Richard Howe, Bart., of Compton in Gloucestershire, and Wishford in Wiltshire, succeeded to those estates, and became M.P. for the latter county in 1730. He was created Lord Chedworth in 1741. Mrs. Howe, afterwards Lady Chedworth, is often mentioned by Mrs. Pendarves, and died in 1777.

To-morrow I go to the opera with Lady Chesterfield, and on Thursday stay at home to receive Lady Sarah Cowper and her sister Anne.[1] Ah if mine was here to meet her that would be pure! Lady Dysart knows of her sister's death. I hope she will be in town the latter end of this week. *How great is her loss!* 'tis impossible not to feel for her. I own I am glad you were not in town at this melancholy time.

Sir John Stanley is very well; so is Lady Sun: who dies with impatience for the coluțea-seed you promised her: she desires when you send it (though I am of opinion you had best bring it), that you will let her know what kind it is, because there are several sorts of it. Sally[2] would shine in an assembly composed of Tullys, Homers, and Miltons; at Gloucester she is like a diamond set in jet, their dulness makes her brightness brighter! Did I tell you, or did she tell you, of the *unpardonable* solecism in good manners I was guilty of towards the *Lady Cocks of Dumbleton?*[3] When I wrote to her, I made no more of her than of a simple gentlewoman, and did not once write "ladyship" throughout my whole epistle!

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[1] Lady Sarah Cowper was the eldest daughter of William, 1st Earl Cowper. She died unmarried, in 1758. Lady Anne, her sister, married James Colleton, Esq.

[2] Sarah Capon (Chapone), born Kirkham.

[3] The Rev. Sir Robert Cocks, of Dumbleton, in the county of Gloucester, married Mrs. Anne Fulks, of Oxford, and had several sons, but all died childless except Robert, the fourth son, who succeeded him, and five daughters. Sir Robert died Feb. 9, 1735-6.

Joseph Brown sc.

LADY SARAH COWPER.

*Daughter of William First Earl Cowper*

*From an enamel picture by Zincke,*
*in the poſſeſſion of the Rt Honble Lady Lamover*

London Richard Bentley 1861

*Mrs. Pendarves to Mrs. Ann Granville, at Gloucester.*

Jan. 8, 1736-7.

I have at this time before me the handsomest and the finest apron in England,—Brussels nor Mechlin ever produced anything prettier; a thousand thanks to my dearest Anna for her handywork, which I *shall flourish in* to-night, and your letter will be the shorter for it, for I must show away immediately at Lady Peyton's, &c.

I was this morning regaled with Mr. Handel's new opera called Arminius,[1] it was rehearsed at Covent Garden; I think it as fine a one as any he has made, as I hope you will, 'tis to be acted next Wednesday. From the rehearsal I came home with my *neighbour Granville!* Bunny gives duty and service as due, and thanks for the letter *you imagined* you wrote to him about your coming to town.

He approves of what I so earnestly wish for, since my mamma is so good as to spare you; and if you can contrive to come when Miss Bond does it will be more comfortable for you. Your last letter was brilliant, like yourself; those friends I love best are all impatient to have you—Lady Sun: the Duchess of Portland, and Lady Sarah Cowper. There never was anything so rich, so neat, so genteel, as *my apron,* and cunning Georgy kept your secret: I sent home just now for a clean apron, and she brought this phœnix of one! My being debauched to the rehearsal this morning, my dining with a young

[1] On the 12th of January, 1737, *Arminius* appeared, which was dedicated by Heidegger (the author of the words) to Lady Godolphin, the daughter of the Duchess of Marlborough. But the name of this great lady could not protect *Arminius*, which was withdrawn after five representations. It was, nevertheless, published by subscription.—*Schœlcher's Life of Handel.*

man since, and its being candlelight, has obliged me to contract this epistle. The fire at the Temple [1] put all the lawyers in such consternation, that Mrs. Bridge could not get at Mrs. Clayton time enough to send the box this week.

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*Mrs. Ann Granville to Mrs. Granville.*

Little Brook Street, Saturday, 1736-7.

I won't enlarge upon the pain I felt in leaving my dearest mamma, because as she designed to give me pleasure in permitting me to visit my brother and sister, I will answer her kind intention as far as I can, and as I hope to meet you soon and well again, I was the easier at parting. Before I begin my journal, I must return my thanks for the agreeable welcome you gave me to town, by the favour of your letter, which rejoyced my heart, as every proof of your affection and indulgence does.

I had the most agreeable journey that ever was through *such roads*; though they were tolerable in some places, in others we flounced into great holes of ice and snow, enough to swallow up coach and horses, but, thank God, we

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[1] "Fire at the Temple," January 4th, 1737. This night, about seven o'clock, a dreadful fire broke out in the *Inner-Temple*, adjoining to the Hall, and continued burning with great fury till five next morning, which entirely consumed the *Inner-Temple*, kitchen, buttery, and the great stairs that lead to the hall; but the hall was, with great difficulty, preserved, which was owing to the party-wall. It likewise consumed upwards of thirty chambers. At its breaking out, there was a great scarcity of water, otherwise 'tis thought it would have been extinguished without doing any considerable damage. 'Tis said that several writings of great consequence were consumed in the flames. His Royal Highness the Prince of *Wales* came there about eleven o'clock, and by his presence animated the people, gave money to the firemen, &c., and staid till it was quite over. A party of the Foot Guards were placed in the *Temple* Gardens, to take care of the valuable goods, writings, &c. that were carried thither.

escaped miraculously without the least accident or cold, but a little pain in my face. We arrived in town by five o'clock. Thomas met me beyond Uxbridge, and I went directly to my brother's, who cunningly brought my sister home to see a picture frame. Guess how she stared at *my appearance*—you know how agreeable her raptures are. She was to have the Duchess of Portland, Lady Carteret and Lady Dysart sit with her the evening; she made me go in just as I was, in my riding-dress[1] and cap; I never was so little fatigued in my life with a journey. Sir John was so good to come and see me as soon as he heard I was come, and looks very well, enquired extremely after you. Yesterday Miss Graves and her brother were here; she was amazed to see me, and *his compliment* was, that "he should not have been more surprised at the sight of a bear;" she looks a little thin after her illness. She has now a very good proposal made her from a man of an extraordinary character, and better circumstances than she could expect, but she does not like him, for which she can give no very good reasons—I think her to blame, but this is a great secret. My brother looks well. If Mr. Rich will take five-and-twenty shillings a ton for the hay rick, my brother will take it all. Bunny desires humble duty; we dine with him to-day, I have just made him a morning visit; his house *is delightful* and as near to us as Mrs. Pitt to you. Our dear Penny does *not* look quite so well as when she was at Paradise.[2]

[1] In the early part of the present century (1860) ladies always travelled in their habits, which were not of the absurd length now used. It would then have been considered very vulgar to travel out of a travelling costume, which was a riding dress, with a riding hat or cap.

[2] Paradise was the name generally applied by Mrs. Pendarves to North End, the residence of Sir John Stanley, but it appears by passages in some of the letters of herself and her sister, that the latter called some other place she visited, "*Paradise*" in rivalry to her sister's favourite retreat.

The death of poor Lady Weymouth affected her tender heart too much, and I can see even through the joy she is so good to feel at my coming, that she has *not recovered her spirits.* I hope to raise them, and tell you this, because I know you will be *better pleased* that *I am come to her.* Mrs. George is brisk and well, desires humble duty to you; and they are about *the finest* piece of embriodery I ever saw, indeed the house may be called the cabinet of curiosities, for it is full of prettiness and ingenuity; my sister's painting is *actually wonderful.* I believe the outdoings of a friend the only thing in the world that can *humble and please* one at the same time; but then it must be when their perfections are possessed by one that delights without overbearing, and such is the joy I have in the preeminence of my most particular friends.

I was agreeably surprised by Mrs. Cecil[1] coming to us yesterday morning; I never saw her look so well and brisk—she is *fat and handsome!* We are to dine with her next week. I beg my compliments to all friends, particularly Mrs. Viney and aunt Trotty, who I hope has recovered her cold; I was very sorry to leave Gloster, without seeing her. I could write much longer to my dearest mama, but am obliged to dress, which is a novelty to me; but must entreat you, madam, to take particular care of yourself, and do everything you can find the best pleasure in, for the sake of your affectionate children and your most dutiful daughter and obedient humble servant

A. GRANVILLE.

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[1] Mrs. Cecil, wife of the Bishop of Bangor.

*From Mrs. Ann Granville, to her mother, Mrs. Granville.*

3d March, 1737.

Nothing was ever so good as my dearest mamma, in letting us hear so often from her, which is the only thing that can make us easy when from you; and indeed, madam, you write too well to let that talent lie useless. I received the favour of your last letter when Lady Sarah Cowper was with us, to whom I told the melancholy story of poor Mr. Huddlestone, for whom I grieve extremely, and fear that is all I can do for him, but I went last night to the Bishop of Bangor's,[1] with a design to beg of him to represent his case to the archbishop, but he has been confined to his bed these three weeks with the gout. I just saw Mrs. Cecil for a few moments, and he takes Ward's Pill to day.

I hope I shall have an opportunity before it is long, but fancy, if Mr. Huddlestone would draw up some particulars of his case for to be shewn, it would be better. Mrs. Egerton's place is taken, and she will wait upon you next Wednesday, sets out from hence on Monday. I hope you will like her: her appearance is very plain, but her sobriety and honesty may be depended upon. Her history is a little particular: she was a child left at St. James' in Queen Mary's time, with a paper to say that her father and mother were people of fashion, whose circumstances would not permit them to keep their child, and they begged her Majesty's protection of it, who was so good to have her put out to nurse and then to school, till she was old enough to be under the Queen's laundress, with whom she lived

[1] Dr. Cecil, Bishop of Bangor.

many years, and she loved her as her child, but when the laundress died Mrs. Egerton could not get the place, and was obliged to go to service. She will carry the money to Mrs. Carter, out of which I told her she might pay for her passage in the coach, for I find she has let her friend whose house was burnt down have all her money. My brother is glad the fish went safely, and desires his humble duty to you. He talks of going soon to Shropshire, to settle affairs there, and Penny and I talk every day of the pleasure of meeting you at Dowdswell,[1] to which the sun and flowers now invite us. I must desire Mr. Hyet will let you have some seeds of the caper plant, capsianus, which be pleased to send some of to John Driver; and if you could send some yellow and other stocks, he might plant them in the side borders of *my garden*; and Mr. Rogers said he would get me a *yellow rose* from his brother the Archdeacon, which should now be sent to Dowdswell, it being the time for transplanting all trees. Mr. Hyet's gardener promised me a layer of the passion-flower which may be sent at the same time. I beg a thousand pardons for being so troublesome. Last Tuesday, being her Majesty's birthday, I went to pay my *devoirs* in a new pink-coloured tabby; I went in the morning with Lady Sunderland, and at night with Mrs. Pine, there was a great crowd. The King looked in good-humour, and they say will pay the Prince a hundred thousand pound a-year. He does not go abroad but passes the summer at Hampton Court; he was excessively fine on the Birthday, and the Princess Amelia's clothes very beautiful. There was no-

[1] Dowdeswell, between Cheltenham and Northleach.

thing else remarkable, but that my Lord Onslow[1] was very near being demolished; he went to help some ladys into the foreigners box, his foot slipped, and he tumbled backward among all the crowd, and had like to have beat Princess Mary off of her seat. He lay sprawling some time before he could recover himself, and caused much mirth throughout the assembly, the King and Queen laughed heartily.

To-night my sister and I go to the ridotto, so I need not tell you that I am very well, and much the better for the good account you give of yourself in the letter my sister was so happy as to receive this morning, and will return her thanks for it soon. Her humble duty ever attends you. I will send a pattern for my fine habit which I shall long to wear, but think I must keep it for some extraordinary occasion, it being too great a beauty for vulgar rides or visits.

Last Sunday we went to Northend, and finished the evening with Miss Graves, who had her brother and her lover with her, who is not handsome in his person, but his sense very good, and manner not at all disagreeable, but she does not like him: I wish she did, because it would be an extraordinary good match for her. I hope Mrs. Viney's family mends, and that she is well again: my good wishes attend her. I desire she will send me Mr. Clifford's observation on the comet, and in return I will tell her what the *London astronomers* say of it. Lady Sunderland's compliments attend her acquaintances at Gloster, and the Bishop desired me to make his to you—he will *not* see his diocese soon I doubt. I am to take a

[1] Thomas, 2nd Baron Onslow, married Elizabeth, only daughter and heir of Mr. Knight of Jamaica, who had a large fortune. He died in 1740.

walk this morning to a flower-shop, the sun shining most gloriously. Your letter to-day has given me great spirits, for my dearest mama's happiness is the most important thing in the world to, madam,

Your most dutiful daughter,
and most obedient
A. GRANVILLE.

My brother made him a fine laced coat, and went to the Birthday. Mrs. Loyd (that was) has been with Mrs. Badge, and received the money with thanks; I believe she is very poor, I am sure you are very good, and I only wish you had all the money that Heidegger receives to-night for the ridotto.

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*From Mrs. Ann Granville, to her mother, Mrs. Granville.*

8th March, 173⁹.

The sharp easterly wind caught my sister's eye going to church last Sunday, which prevents her paying her duty to our dearest mamma, who I hope will accept of it from my hand, with both our tenderest wishes. Your last letter to Penny gave us great joy, from the good account it brought of your being so well, which I hope will continue and increase by the sweet air of the Cotswold, when we shall have the happiness of meeting you there, which Penny and I extremely long for, notwithstanding the allurements of the operas, ridottos, etc. Music is certainly a pleasure that may be reckoned intellectual, and we shall *never again* have it in the perfection it is this year, because Mr. Handel will *not compose any more!* Oratorios begin next week, to my great joy, for they are the highest entertainment to me. I hope Mrs. Egerton will be with you before this letter, and that upon trial

she will give you satisfaction; but that you cannot soon be a judge of. I would have sent Mrs. Haywood's worsted by her, if I had had her answer whether she cared to give *four shillings a pound?* I will send enclosed the pattern of my habit: I believe I must have sixteen yards, because the way the habits are made now takes up a greater quantity. I hope, madam, you will be so good as to partake of the Assize entertainments: indeed we are the better for taking up with the diversions that are stirring in the world, however insignificant one thinks them. Lady Catharine Hyde[1] goes every night to the Opera; reads her book very attentively with spectacles, and I dare say is more good-humoured when she goes home for it: and Lady Collidon (who is a woman of excellent understanding) was lamenting the other night that she was a little too old to go to a ridotto, but all other public places she frequents; which is a great happiness to her daughter, who lives very much in them, because her husband belongs to the Court. Patty Griffith is gone, I fancy, by this time to the Bath to Mrs. Bishop, to be her apprentice, who takes her for seven years, and the money for her, I fancy, will be best laid out in whatever clothes she wants most.

Last Thursday Lord Weymouth gave my sister a ticket for the ridotto, which carried us both into a monstrous crowd of fine folks, through which we pushed and bustled till one in the morning, and then came away *heartily tired.* The next day we sat soberly with the Duchess of Portland, who was to see the Queen yesterday; this afternoon I sat with her again, and poor Penny stays at home to nurse her eye, and to-morrow and next day the

[1] Lady Catherine Hyde, eldest daughter of Edward, 3rd Earl of Clarendon.

Duchess sees her company *in form*, and then goes abroad. The Duchess-dowager of Portland is very ill.

My brother and sister are very well, excepting poor Penny's eye, which I hope with good nursing will soon be well. Music *must satisfy* her *now* for not being able to use her pencil, with which she improves daily, but I grumble at it, because it prevents her using the exercise I think necessary for her health. We dined the other day at Mr. Granville's with Mr. Ogilvy, who inquired after his friends at Gloster, and desired compliments to them. Why have you left off snuff? I don't think you should; so beg you will not try to do it, nor *aim* at any other mortification, because *no one* can need *them* in this world by their own acquiring!

I am, my dearest mama's
Most dutiful and affectionate,
A. GRANVILLE.

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*Mrs. Ann Granville to Miss Collingwood.*

12th March, 1737.

I would not have my dear Colly think it is by way of reprisal that I have been so long in answering her letter, but the hurry of a London life will not allow one to be a regular correspondent, and indeed, were it not for *one* most particular friend, and *a few more agreeable ones*, I should be very easy never to see this *overgrown city* again, which is *full of discord*; we cannot agree even in our *diversions*: no wonder then we do not in politics. The spirit of contradiction *reigns*, but lest you should think me grown cynical, I will talk of some of the few things that must please everybody—your letters and our dear Duchess, who is happily released from the

government of nurses, caudle, &c.;[1] and has gone through her great ceremonies. She saw the Queen on Monday, the Princess on Tuesday, and *tout le monde* Wednesday and Thursday; her apartment was glorious, her dress very fine, and herself lovely, but her tenderness is much oppressed by the illness of the dowager Duchess, who is in *great danger*.[2] The Duke came from her last night, while I was there, and looked quite melancholy; both he and the Duchess are the quintessence of good nature, and Lady Betty is very like them both. The Duchess received your letter while I was there, which gave great pleasure, that I partook of; and she ordered me to tell you that she was very well, and would write to you as soon as she was able. She is very sensible of your merit, and we both most heartily wished that you were literally absent from the Bath. How provoking it is that *you* should be there when I am in London; another year, perhaps, you may be *here* when I am *there!* By this time I hope you are convinced that you accused my Penny wrongfully, who I am sure never neglected a friend.

I was extremely diverted with the *philandering* you gave me an account of, but there is *more* gallantry going forward than you *will confess*; but Bath is not a place to keep lovers a secret! Pray inform me who the matrimonial lover of Miss Witherington's is. There is no entertaining thing I can relate from hence, the world being divided between the King and Prince; and the next affair of importance — the footmen being turned

[1] February, 1737, was born Lady Henrietta Bentinck, second daughter of the Duke of Portland.

[2] Died March, 1737, at her house in Jermyn Street, her Grace the Duchess-dowager of Portland.

out of the playhouse: they have a strong party of ladies on their side; they were very impertinent, but the gentlemen were to blame also. I must intreat you to make my compliments to your good mama and dear Lady Mary, whom I should rejoice to see again, but fear I never shall be so happy. My good wishes attend the polite master of your agreeable concerts, which I shall always think of with particular pleasure, because I was there first acquainted with my dear amiable Kitty, to whom I am a most

Faithful humble servant,

ANNA.

Poor Mrs. Allain, our opposite neighbour, sets out for Barbadoes this week, to manage her estates there, which are in bad hands; were I in her case, I would have married, and then have *sent over my husband*, and saved me the trouble of an unpleasant voyage. My sister has got your stuff from Ireland, and desires your commands whether she shall send it to you or keep it till you come.

The following account is taken from a periodical of 1737. "This night a great number of footmen assembled together with sticks, staves, and other offensive weapons, in a tumultuous and riotous manner, and broke open the doors of Drury-lane play-house, for not being let into what they call *their gallery*; and fought their way in so desperate a manner to the stage door (which they forced open), that twenty-five or twenty-six persons were wounded in a very dangerous manner, in the fray. Col. de Veil, who was in the house, being thereupon applied to, and required to read the proclamation, did accordingly attempt to do it, having a small guard to support him, but such was the violence and number of footmen in this riotous assembly, notwithstanding their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, and others of the royal family

were there, it was impossible to appease their fury, without coming to such extremities as he thought improper. Being thus obstructed, and hindered from reading the proclamation in the execution of his duty, and, not knowing where this dangerous attempt would end, he caused several of the ring-leaders of this disturbance and riot to be taken into custody, the audience having been put into the utmost confusion, and several ladies greatly frightened. The prisoners that were taken were under examination before Col. de Veil, in an adjacent room to the play-house till two o'clock in the morning, and several of them (after long examination) were committed to Newgate; a great number of persons wounded had, during that time, their wounds dressed by a surgeon in the said room.

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An extract from a published letter of Lord Carteret's to Dean Swift at this period (dated Arlington Street, 24th March, 1737), is an interesting link in these memoirs, as bearing testimony to the influence which the Dean of St. Patrick had obtained over Lord Carteret, as well as the very high esteem in which he continued to be regarded by every member of the Granville family, and their connections. Lord Carteret says that he had *personally* attended the cause recommended to him by Dr. Swift, viz. the appeal of Dennis Delane, which Lord Bathurst also attended. He also informs Dr. Swift that his son, *not yet sixteen,* "understood Greek much better than he (Lord Carteret) did at twenty," and ends his letter with these words:—

"Your late Lord Lieutenant (Duke of Dorset) told me he thought he was *not in your favour.* I told him I *was* of that opinion, and showed him the article of *your letter relating to himself*, and I *believe I did wrong;* not that you care a farthing for princes or ministers, but because it was *vanity in me* to produce your acknowledgments to me for providing for people of learning, some of which I had the honour to promote at your desire, for which I *still think myself obliged to you;* and I have not heard

since they have disturbed the peace of the kingdom or been Jacobites in disgrace to you and me!

"I desire you will make my sincere respects acceptable to Dr. Delany. He sent me potted woodcocks in perfection, which Lady Granville,[1] my wife and children, have eat, though I have not yet answered his letter. My Lady Granville, reading your postscript, bids me tell you she will send you a present, and if she knew what you would like, she would do it forthwith. Let me know, and it shall be done, that the *first* of the family may no longer be postponed by you to the *third place*. My wife and Lady Worsley desire their respects should be mentioned to you rhetorically; but as I am a plain peer, I shall say nothing but that I am, for ever, Sir,

"Your most humble and obedient servant,

"CARTERET.

P.S.—"When people ask me how I governed Ireland, I say that I pleased Dr. Swift.

"'Quæsitam meritis sume superbiam.'"

The year in which this letter of Lord Carteret's was written was the last before the brilliant faculties of Swift were extinguished. From 1736 his intellects had frequently been overclouded; and though life lasted, the mind was gone. In 1740 his affairs were placed in the hands of trustees, as he was no longer able to regulate them himself, which fact will account for the cessation of his correspondence with Mrs. Pendarves. As the object of the Editor has been merely to endeavour to carry on the interest of the reader in the character of those with whom Mary Granville was associated at different periods of her life, the following anecdotes of Swift have been selected, as giving an idea in a small compass of the combination of benevolence and self-denial, with perseverance in right objects, which in spite of his eccentricities gained him so many friends and admirers in all classes.

With regard to the Granville family and their connections, esteem and attachment to the Dean of St. Patrick's appear to have

[1] "*Lady Granville.*" Lord Carteret's mother.

been a rule almost without exception. From the old Countess Granville these feelings extended to her son, Lord Carteret, whose wife as well as his mother-in-law, Lady Worsley, were equally imbued by them, together with George Lord Lansdown, his sister and brother-in-law Sir John and Lady Stanley, his niece Mary Granville, and their cousin the Duchess of Queensbury. They also pervaded their intimate friends and associates in the Oxford family. One bond of union with Mary Granville may be traced to similarity of feeling with regard to Queen Anne, whose memory was reverenced by Swift as long as he retained his intellects, and whose name is mentioned in his will in a manner so peculiarly loyal and emphatic.

It is recorded of Swift that he gave half his annual income to decayed families, and kept 500*l.* in hand for the sole service of the industrious poor, which he lent out at 5*l.* at a time, and took payment back by 2*s.* instalments. Many poor industrious tradesmen could not have obtained tools for their work, but by these small loans at their outset. This 500*l.* was said (by Sir Walter Scott) to be the *first sum* of that magnitude of which he was the master. Mrs. Brent, his housekeeper, asserted that he found a new method of being charitable, by debarring himself of superfluities, instancing his having just at that time given the price of a coach (which he saved by running home in the rain) to a poor man who could not walk, and giving the price of a pint of wine, when he dined alone, to the poor instead of drinking it.

Dr. Theophilus Bolter (promoted to the bishopric of Clonfert, 1722, bishopric of Elphin, 1724, and archbishopric of Cashel, 1729) was visited by Swift on each promotion. On his first visit he expressed his hope that he would now make use of his talents in the service of his country in the House of Peers. The prelate said "his bishopric was very small, and he would never have a better if he did not oblige the Court." Then said Swift, "*When you have a better I hope you will become an honest man, until then farewell.*" The Dean of St. Patrick perseveringly repeated his reminder on *each promotion* to no purpose; there was an *archbishopric in view*, and until that was obtained nothing could be done! Having obtained this at the end of seven years, he

called on the Dean, and said, "I well know no Irishman will ever be made primate, and as I can rise no higher in fortune or station, I will now zealously promote the good of my country;" from which time he became a zealous patriot.

An instance of Swift's straightforward good sense, accompanied by amusing eccentricity, is related in connection with his visit to a farmer near Quilca, with whom he went to dine. The farmer's wife was dressed very expensively, and her son appeared in a silver-laced hat. The Dean of St. Patrick's saluted her like a duchess, and with successive bows handed her to a seat, proposing to her husband to "*look over his demesne.*" "*The devil a foot of land belongs to me or any of my line;* I have a pretty good lease from my Lord Fingall, but he will not renew it, and I have only a few years to come." The Dean asked when he was to see Mrs. Riley. "There she is before you." "Impossible! *I always heard Mrs. Riley was a prudent woman;* she would never dress herself out in silks and ornaments only fit for ladies of fortune and fashion. No! Mrs. Riley, the farmer's wife, would never wear anything beyond plain stuffs and *other things suitable.*" Mrs. Riley, who really was a woman of sense, took the hint, went out, changed her dress to an apparel proper for a farmer's wife, and returned; the Dean then took her by the hand, and said in the most friendly manner, "Your husband wanted to pass off a fine lady upon me, dressed up in silk in the pink of the mode, for his wife, but I was not to be taken in." He then took a penknife, cut the silver lace off the young master's hat, and folding it up in several papers, *put it in the fire:* when burnt sufficiently he took it out and wrapped it in fresh paper and put it in his pocket. He then resumed his good humour, entertained them in a manner that could not be excelled, as no one knew better how to suit his conversation to his hearers, and the day passed cheerfully. When he went away he said, "I don't intend to rob you, there's your son's hat-lace. I have only changed its form for a better one. God bless you! and thanks for your good entertainment;" the paper contained the burnt lace, with four guineas. He kept his eye afterwards on these Rileys, and finding they were cured of their foolish finery, he afterwards induced Lord Fingall to renew their lease.

Among the legacies left by Dean Swift's will, was a Japan writing-desk, given him by Lady Worsley; a tortoiseshell snuff-box, inlaid with gold, given by Henrietta Countess of Oxford; and a seal with Pegasus, given by the Countess Granville. He also left to Pope the picture by Zincke, of Robert Earl of Oxford, and to Edward Earl of Oxford, his seal of Julius Cæsar, and another, supposed to be Hercules; specifying that he "bestowed them upon him *because they belonged to her late most excellent Majesty, Queen Anne, of ever glorious, immortal, and truly pious memory, the real nursing mother of her kingdom.*"

To Dr. Delany he left his "medal of Queen Anne, in silver, and on the reverse *the Bishops of England kneeling before her most sacred Majesty.*" Dr. Delany, who was also Chancellor of St. Patrick, was one of his eight executors.

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*Mrs. Ann Granville to Mrs. Catherine Collingwood, at Bath.*

Little Brook Street, 6th May, 1737.

Having but little time to write, I won't lose a moment in apologies; but hasten to assure my dear Colly, I delight in her letters, and return my thanks for her last, which was a very delightful one. You want no mediator with my sister, who thinks of you very justly; but to spare your modesty, I will not say more of that, but am mad that I shall leave London before you come to it, and what vexes me more, I am sure *you are pleased* all this time, enjoying a thousand agreeable parties that engross your time and thoughts so much, that you do not wish to come to us, but *think*;—we are *dusty and dull*, while you are drinking tea *à la fresco* in Hay's summer house, or walking by the river-side hearing a thousand soft things, receiving the admiration of many, but approving of *but one*; and making poor Lady Mary saunter till

her legs ache, being a discreet and faithful friend, who will not interrupt your conversation, but even have the patience to hear it repeated; really I pity her, and am always her most faithful humble servant, which *if you have leisure* pray let her know.

But now I have had my joke, I must tell my dear Kitty that I admire her kind zeal for good dear Barber, which heaven reward and send successful! I am quite of your opinion in regard to B——, and think her entertaining, but *not sincere*, though she professes it; but *lion talkers* are *lamb-like fighters*, your favourite Dryden says. You guessed right in dismissing *Leonora*, she has no bad qualities I believe, but *none agreeable*. Our Duchess is very well, and talks of you always. We passed the afternoon yesterday with her at Fair Dash's. We laid out two or three charming parties, which I wish may succeed, but our garden of Hesperides is at present guarded by three dreadful *dragons* that keep everybody out. I was at the last masquerade, and who should pick me up and plague me all night but Lord George; so met with but little entertainment—he was very civil, but you know is *not excessively witty*. There have been weddings without number this spring; but none so much talked of as Mrs. Knight's,[1] who is most ridiculous. She says, that "*she and Mr. Nugent have been in the country, attended only by the boy Cupid.*" I could tell you many more of her bon mots, but fancy you have enough of them. Mr. Greenville was to have been

[1] "*Mrs. Knight.*" Daughter of James Craggs, Esq., Postmaster General, and widow of Robert Knight of Gosfield Hall, Essex, Esq., married, 1736, Robert Nugent, Esq., who was created Viscount Clare in 1766 and Earl Nugent in 1776.

married last Wednesday to Miss Chambers,[1] but he was taken extremely ill; he is better now. The Duke of Ancaster[2] is going to marry Lady Buck, because he says he "wants a discreet person to breed up his daughter." But there is a lady coming to town from Ireland, that will set the whole world a-madding, her name is *Coen*. She has lived hitherto upon little or no fortune, and consequently not been taken much notice of, but by the death of two very distant relations is mistress of a *hundred and fifty thousand pounds!* Don't you think she will be esteemed a most accomplished creature? I have many more things to say, but cruel time obliges me to come to that part of my letter that you may be pleased with, because it saves you from the farther impertinence of dearest Colly's

Most faithful and obliged humble servant,

ANNA.

My sister's kind wishes ever attend you. Make my compliments to all friends, not forgetting our agreeable knight. I grieve for my favourite, Mr. Ward. If you don't write to me very soon, enclose your letter to the Duchess, because I shall be gone out of town, and I would not for the world lose your words. Penny says, "*though silent not forgetful.*" I write so fast and bad, I am ashamed of myself.

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[1] Married, in May 1737, Richard Greenville, Esq., nephew to the Lord Viscount Cobham, and on whom that honour is entailed, at Marble Hall, near Twickenham, belonging to the Countess of Suffolk, to Miss Chambers, youngest daughter of the late Thomas Chambers of Hanworth, in Middlesex, with 60,000*l.*—*Historical Register.*

[2] Peregrine, Duke of Ancaster, married Jane, daughter of Sir John Brownlow. Her Grace died August 26, 1736, and the Duke died January 1, 1741-2, and was succeeded by his eldest son.

*From the Duchess of Portland, for Mrs. Catherine Collingwood, at Bath.*

Whitehall, May 17th, 1737.

DEAR COLLY:

Since my letter went last post, I have heard a piece of news that gives me great uneasiness—that you are *certainly going into a nonastery!*[1] I should have imagined you would have wrote me word of it, but then I considered you were sensible it would give me vexation, and that (as indeed it has affected me extremely) prevented your telling me so disagreeable and cruel piece of news. To be parted from my dear Colly for ever! the thoughts of it I am not able to bear. Good God! what motive in the world can induce you to *bury yourself alive* and leave your dear mama—who doats on you, and all your friends to whom you give the utmost torment? *It is barbarous* in you to forsake one in that manner. As to *your religion, I won't enter into it,* but I can never think but what one is as acceptable to the Almighty in following his precepts and commandments in the station of life *you are in,* as if you were to make yourself a sacrifice, for to follow the dictates of reason, (which is certainly *consistent* with religion,) *that* cannot be required of us.

I am not able to write more; for my heart is too full, and overflows with so much affection and *grief,* that it will not let me utter half what I think or feel. My dear friend, let me know as soon as possible whether I must remain miserable; *do not keep me in suspense,* for that

[1] Miss Collingwood was a Roman Catholic.

will be cruel and against your nature; adieu, angels guard you and every happiness attend you! Wherever you are, or whatever you do, I shall be your faithful and

Affectionate friend till *death*.

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*Duchess of Portland to Mrs. Ann Granville.*

Whitehall, June 21st, 1737.

DEAR MADAM,

Just as I was setting pen to paper, to beg forgiveness for my long silence in the best manner I was able, the *guns went off*, which has started and surprized me so much, that all the fine speeches I had laid up in store for you are now fled to the land of forgetfulness; but in truth I own my fault is great, but as it is the first I have committed of this kind, hope you will pardon it, and let me know soon from under your own hand that you are in charity with me. Your letter made me very happy, and had but one fault—which was being too short.

I should be glad to have Mrs. Chapon's letter, that is when it is most convenient to you. If I can pick up any wit I shall certainly send it you, to make up for the stupidity of my epistles; but that is *not your case*, for it is impossible for 'em to be more agreable, nor can they be made more acceptab l to me. Your *cousin Pots*[1] departed last week from Oxford, mounted upon an Oxford hack, in order to proceed to Yorkshire; the last time I saw him, his best compliments he begged might be made acceptable to his *cousin Pipkin*. Your sister I hope received my horrid long letter, which I fear has

[1] Cousin "Pots," a nickname. The Duchess of Portland's name for Ann Granville was "Pipkin."

made her take a resolution never to make me happy again. I have inclosed the impression of the medal you gave me by mistake, and hope it will come safe. Colly has not wrote to me an age, which really makes me quite uneasy, for I fear she is not well. Give my kind love to Penny, and tell her, her dear little chorister now warbling out his duty to her, is in perfect health, and entertains me highly. I had a present t'other day of four fine shells; I have been to see Lady Walpole's[1] *shellery*, (for *grotto* I will *not* call it,) it is a fine thing, but I can't say it pleases me. *That regularity* is abominable; besides, all the red coral *is painted*—mine shall not be made after that model! I believe I shall be a great rambler this year, for the Duchess of Kent[2] has invited us down to Tunbridge for two or three days to see all the fine places thereabouts; then in August we are to go to *Rest*,[3] and after that into Hampshire.

I will now tell you a great piece of news, that Miss Carteret *sat with me a whole evening by appointment.* I really pity her, for she is excessively melancholy, and seems to endeavour all she can to hide it, which certainly makes her suffer very much. I have been at Pond's, and like Lady Dysart's picture of all things, and think upon no account it should be altered; Dash's is there, and I think mended. There is a poem come out upon the late

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[1] Sir Robert Walpole, the minister, married Maria, daughter of Thomas Skerret, Esq. They resided at the Cockpit in Whitehall.—See *Walpole's Letters.*

[2] Lady Sophia Bentinck, daughter to William Earl of Portland, second wife of Henry de Grey, Duke of Kent.

[3] Horace Walpole in 1736, mentions a visit which he had paid to the seat of the Duke of Kent, *Wrest*, in Bedfordshire. Wrest now (1860) belongs to Earl de Grey.

Lord Chancellor[1] (in blank verse), by Thomson, which they say is execrable, or else I would have sent it you. The News informs you of the places that are disposed of, and matches, they say there is a great many: if I can recollect them I will. Lady Carnarvon[2] to Lord Cardross,[3] Lady Brydges to Charles Feilding,[4] Lord Crawford to the youngest Miss Spen, Lady Barker[5] to Mr. Devereux,[6] Lady Byron[7] to Mr. Hammond, and Lady Delves[8] to one whose name I have forgot. Mr. Lens[9] has given me two lessons; but I fear we shall go out of town too soon to make any progress in it. Duke Hamilton's[10] match they say is going off, but Old Sel-

[1] Charles Talbot, Lord Chancellor, December 5, 1733, created Baron Talbot, of Hensol; died February 14, 1736-7. He was a patron of Thomson, author of "The Seasons," &c.

[2] Lady Catherine Talmash, m. September 1, 1724, John Marquis of Carnarvon, son of James, 1st Duke of Chandos. Lord Carnarvon died April 28, 1727, and his widow January 17, 1754. No mention is made by Collins or Burke of her being married a second time.

[3] Henry David, Lord Cardross, m. January 31, 1739, Agnes, second daughter of Sir James Stewart, Bart.

[4] September 1737.—The Hon. Charles Fielding, Esq., brother to the Earl of Denbigh, m. Lady Bridges, relict of Sir Brook Bridges, of Goodneston, in Kent, Bart.

[5] Anne, relict of Edward Spencer, Esq., of Rendlesham, m., Feb. 9, 1731, Sir William Barker, who died July 23 of the same year.

[6] Married August 1740, the Hon. Mr. Devereux, only son of the Lord Viscount Hereford, to Miss Price, of Rhiwlas, Merionethshire, N. W.

[7] Sir Thomas Hay, Bart., to the Lady Byron, widow of William Lord Byron, and daughter of William Lord Berkley of Stratton.

[8] Rhoda, 4th wife of Sir Thomas Delves, and daughter of Sir John Huband, of Ipsley. Sir Thomas Delves died September 12, 1725, when the baronetcy became extinct.

[9] Bernard Lens died 1741. "He was drawing master to the Duke of Cumberland and the Princesses Mary and Louisa, *and to one* whom nothing but gratitude can justify my joining with *such names*, the author of this work; my chief reason for it is to bear testimony to the virtues and integrity of so good a man, as well as excellent artist."—*Walpole's Anecdotes of Painting.*

[10] The 5th Duke of Hamilton and Brandon, married 1st Ann, daughter of

kirk[1] says "they only stay for a fine coach," which is much to exceed Lord Dunkeron's.[2] Lady Dunkeron's sedan[3] is yellow velvet, imbroidered and imbossed with silver. Pray tell Penny that the next time I write it shall be a short one, that it may not fright her again from writing to me. Adieu.

Dear Pipkin, 'tis very late, and I shall tire you as I have done Penny. My Lord begs his best compliments to you both; and believe me, with great truth,

Your faithful and obedient servant.

My humble service attends Mrs. Viney; I am *quite ashamed of myself* that I have not wrote to her, but *do make some excuse for me—you know how I am hurried.* I hear Miss Talbot[4] is coming to Glocester: I wish you joy, for she is a charming creature.

Excuse this wretched scrawl. Dup[5] and Mr. Achard are both your admirers.

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John Earl of Dundonald; 2nd, Eliza, daughter and coheir of Thomas Strangeways, of Melbury Sampford, co. Dorset, and 3rd, July 1737, Ann, daughter and coheir of Edward Spencer of Rendlesham, co. Suffolk.

[1] Elizabeth Hutchinson, widow of John Lord Kennedy, m. in 1701, John, 3rd Earl of Selkirk.

[2] Lord Dunkerron was the eldest son of the Earl of Shelburne. He married in April, 1737, a daughter of Sir James Clavering, Bart.; died before his father, and left no child. The Irish Barony of Dunkerron now (1859,) belongs to the Marquis of Lansdown.

[3] The chairs of persons of quality were often fitted up magnificently at this period. The Duchess of Marlborough's chair was stolen while she was at chapel, for its cushions of crimson velvet.

[4] Catherine Talbot, the daughter of Edward Talbot, Esq., second son of the Bishop of Durham, was born in 1720. She was in after years distinguished for her Essays, Reflections, and Letters. Her home was with Dr. Secker then Bishop of Oxford; and afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury.

[5] "*Dup.*" Lord Dupplin.

*From the Duchess of Portland, for Mrs. Catherine Collingwood, at Bath.*

Whitehall, June 25th, 1737.

The beginning of your letter, dear Colly, made me happier then I can express; but as I continued to read on, instead of raising my spirits, as one wou'd naturally imagine your letters wou'd do, it depressed them most terribly by your saying that you fear you *shall not* see me this year. I shall go out of town for all the summer and part of the winter, next Friday fortnight, so, if there is a possibility, let me see you before we are parted again for *so long a time. Mrs. Cannon* and all the crew go with us, so no doubt but you will envy my happiness. I am quite low-spirited about it myself, for by their going I am deprived having with me a very dear friend, which is Lady Peterborow.[1] I am much rejoiced Mrs. Collingwood is so much better for the waters, and hope she will come to town, that I may be so happy to see you both. I have a thousand letters to write. So adieu,

Yours, with everlasting affection and fidelity.

My Lord and Frère Bonavanture are your humble servants. The *twopence halfpennys* are very well. We went to Gracey's[2] by water t'other day, and wished heartily for you. A thousand thanks for y^e^ dear pretty ring, it fitted me perfectly well.

*In another handwriting on the turn down of letter—*

Some natural tears he dropt, but wip'd them soon,
The world was all before him where to choose,
His place of rest, and providence his guide.

[1] Charles, 4th Earl of Peterborough, married, first, Mary, daughter of John Cox, Esq; and secondly, Robiniana, daughter of Col. Brown.

[2] The Hon. Grace Granville.

*Mrs. Pendarves to Miss Collingwood.*

Sunday, 1737.

My dear Miss Collingwood is engaged in such pretty parties, that I think it is pity to interrupt her a moment, either from the dear delightful game of quadrille, or the enlivening conversation *of* ——, *of*——, *of*——. But I have received a very obliging mark of your favour, and a request joined to it of my writing soon, which makes me intrude upon your elegant amusements! How differently have I been entertained my cell can witness, where nothing polite has entered, but the master of the place. I worked last Friday from six in the morning till two, only allowed myself half-an-hour to breakfast; I am a true disciple of a certain wise man called Solomon, who says "*whatever you do, do it with all your might.*" The great rains we have had has made Sir John Stanley put off his Tunbridge journey for some days, and the pleasure I was in hopes of seeing you here postponed, I fear, till he is gone; though I could wish you were acquainted with so worthy a man, and that he knew a young lady of so much merit, &c.

*You say true*, Northend *is* the habitation of peace and delight, at least so it is to me, who have been trained up with it, and perhaps with that partiality that naturally attends a tender friendship. Should I not be ungrateful did I not love a place that has gratified so many of my senses? and that daily gives me an opportunity of recalling most sweetly to my mind a thousand pleasures I have enjoyed with good and agreeable friends? I have a *particular contemplation spot*, to which I hope to have the honour of introducing you substantially—in idea

you have made it several visits; all this will be dull to you, I fear, but I have nothing else to tell you, but that my sister is very well and in charming spirits, my brother not yet come. The Duke of Hamilton[1] is no friend or kin of mine I assure you, so your *apology was thrown away;* I despise Miss Spencer for her fancy, and am not at all surprized so many bad husbands are in the world. I wish I was a beauty with *a monstrous fortune,* that I might show my spirit to some advantage; now though my will is good, nobody will give me an opportunity of acting heroically, or I would humble your Hamiltons, Edwins, &c. I will write soon to the Duchess of Portland; it is odd to say it, but realy I have not had time. I am sure I am very much her humble servant, and so I am to Mrs. Collingwood, and yours,

My dear Miss Collingwood, most faithfully, M. P.

I hope Lady Mary Petres was well when you heard from her. I beg my compliments whenever.

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*Mrs. Pendarves to Mrs. Cath. Collingwood, at the Bath.*

Dowdeswell, to be left at Mr. Smart's, at Cheltenham, Glocestershire.

I protest, I think it is now downright assurance in me to write to my dear Miss Collingwood. I received two very obliging letters from you, which ought to have been acknowledged long ago. Indulge me so far as to believe

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[1] "Married July, 1737, his Grace the Duke of Hamilton and Brandon, to Miss Spencer, a young lady of fine accomplishments, and a fortune of 75,000*l.*"

I am as truly devoted to you as if I told you so every post. The warm weather I fancy will drive you from the Bath, though the fields and river make it agreeable even at this season; I hope Mrs. Collingwood has found benefit from the waters—my best compliments attend her. I heard just before we came out of town, that poor Mrs. Barber was very ill, my heart has ached for her till yesterday, that I received an account of her being out of danger; she boasts of your great goodness to her. You enjoy a great happiness, my dear Colly, in having a heart so ready to compassionate the distrest; I can't but place such a disposition amongst the highest blessings we enjoy from providence.

My sister says, you are in her debt; she has a very sincere value for you. We have on many occasions wished for you; but particularly when we have been with our dear agreeable Duchess, who loves you truly; we have been alarmed at a *report of your retiring*, it made us all *up in arms against you*, but I hope, there was no grounds for so unreasonable a report? A short absence gives your friends more pain, than I believe you would willingly give to an enemy, unless the Bath-waters has petrified your heart; then what would they suffer from an eternal one? I think *the death* of a person I loved would hardly give my so much pain as their shutting themselves up in *a cloister!* to think *they are* in the world, and that there is no possibility of seing them, would be dreadful. *Stay amongst us, my dear Colly*—your fair example will be *more meritorious* to yourself, as well as *beneficial to the world*, than *retiring to a cell.* May I beg the favour of you to let the enclosed be sent as directed, and forgive my impertinence. I am an humble servant to

your mama, and Lady Mary and Mrs. Petres and Sir R. T., and to yourself a most faithful and assured friend

M. P.

Say nothing to *Biniken* of this letter, for I am afraid, I have been an age in her debt.

I am happy the stuff pleased you so well, I am sure, you adorn it.

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*Mrs. Ann Granville to Mrs. Cath. Collingwood, in New Bond Street, near Hanover Square, London.*

Dowdeswell, Aug. 1, 1737.

I hope this will find dear Miss Collingwood safely arrived in London, since thither you must go, though I had rather you enjoyed some rural retreat, and much rather it were in our neighbourhood; for all *country pleasures* give me so *much pleasure* that I pity all my freinds, who do not taste them or have no opportunities to learn, for I am persuaded it is like other inclinations, *improved by seing the reasonableness of it.*

My dear Kitty's agreeable letter found me making hay accompanied by my brother, sister, Mrs. Chapon, and Miss Graves, who all join in many compliments to you and wishing you with us; when we had finished our work, we drank tea under the trees, and the hay was so excellent that the horses eat it up immediately! I grieve for poor Lady Mary to lose so engaging a companion, and to be left in the one continual round of Bath; I know Miss Upton, and think Mrs. B. would be to blame to let slip so good an occasion of displaying her darling talent of raillery, which turn I am not fond of when directed to others no more than to myself.

I hope Mrs. Collingwood has received great benefit from her journey; I should always be very solicitous about any thing that concerns your heart so much, were I not acquainted with your mama, but that makes my wishes double. I greive for your loss of our sweet Dutchess, surely you will visit her at Bulstrode, though the golden fruit *has Dragons* to guard it, which is a terrible thing. You will oblige me by some relations from the great world; as fond as I am of our private path, I *have a pleasure* in hearing the transactions of other people, and I have heard of some sad mischance that has befallen Lord Scarborough, but don't know what it is; but above all tell me what relates to your own dear self, *the state of your heart*, whether you design to dispose of it, or keep it always in *its cell of ice?*

Penny, you know, is much devoted to you. Alas! you will see her too soon for my repose, which thought has made me so melancholy that I can't possibly say one word more, but that I am, happy or miserable,

My dear Kitty's, faithful and obliged,

ANNA.

My sister's and my respects attend Mrs. Collingwood.

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*The Duchess of Portland to Mrs. Ann Granville.*

Bulstrode, Augt. 24, 1737.

DEAR PIPKIN,

I find I have so much pleasure at the receipt of your letters, that were you to delay answering mine some time you would make me very uneasy. So incroaching is our nature in respect to its pleasures, that one has no sooner gained a favour but one grows more

and more troublesome to the giver; such is my case at present, that I can't help being desirous of obtaining as much of your precious time as you can possibly allow me; I esteem myself happy if I could give you a moment's amusement by relating my progress. I wish my dull brains would produce anything worthy your perusal, but invention is not my talent; and as for news, that aid is denied me, for I have not seen a mortal that knew the least tittle-tattle this age. You disappoint me very much by saying you must not think of London this winter, when I had raised my expectations at the thoughts of it, and *built fifty castles in the air*, which you have cruelly demolished, and laid them as low as the architect's understanding! I hope dear Penny is *well*, she is *very good*, and I flatter myself will let me see her as often as she can spare time; but the C—'s[1] do ingross her so much to themselves, that it makes me quite peevish, nay, but I *don't wonder* at them, for I should do just the same. Bess is very well, and little Harriot is weaned; I was obliged to do it, for her nurse's husband died suddenly; she has taken it very well, and is as merry as usual.

Doctor Greene was in a great fuss that I should write you word he fell asleep in the library, but I must say for his justification that he got up before two o'clock in the morning, and that he was a great many hours in the stage-coach; *he* was *highly entertain'd* all the time he stayed, for he was hardly a *moment* from *the harpsichord!* Pray accept my thanks for the roots of the bee-flower; I shall take great care of them, for I will plant them myself. How

[1] "*C*'s." Carteret's.

can you say you have not Lady Andover's art[1] when you partly promised me some of your drawing?—and I was in hopes you would have fullfilled it by sending me that flower. I am going to make a muff of jay's feathers, yours came very opportunity. Where does Miss Talbot go when she leaves Gloucester? they talked of Spa, or the southern parts of France. I never heard of that book you mention, but will endeavour to get it, for I am sure it is worth reading when you approve of it.

My affectionate compliments to Penny, and tell her I shall give myself no further trouble (as she calls it, which I thought none at all) about Mr. Pope's letters, for I spoke to Lady Peterborow, and she immediately sent me the following order:—"Pray deliver to Mrs. Pendarves, or bearer, the book of letters, in quarto, or large folio, as she pleases. A. Pope. To Mr. Dodsley, Bookseller in Pall Mall, Aug$^{st}$ 20$^{th}$." *All in his own hand*, which I shall take care of till I have further orders from her. My complements attends your brother.

I have looked all over my collection of moss, and can't find any kind like yours, that which most resembles it is the *small flowering green stone moss*, and the *beard of brier*,—but the first is a deeper green and not scarlet, and the other is not near so beautiful as yours. I found to-day a very odd fly—the body black, the legs red, and a tail half-an-inch long, the whole fly rather larger than a gnat. My Lord's humble service waits on you, as does the General's, who is gone to St. Alban's in his way to Rest, which place we set out for to-morrow morning early. I made a visit yesterday,

[1] "Lady Andover" excelled in cutting out landscapes and figures in paper so finely as almost to require a magnifying glass.

and had a present of a box of shells, some too good for the grotto; My Lord desires you will make no more excuses about his franking your letters, it gives him a pleasure. I please myself with the fancy that you'll alter your mind and come to London this year, and then I insist positively, and *will not be refused*, that Penny shall bring you down with her here, which will be a vast pleasure to me. Thugh my paper obliges me to bid you adieu, yet I am and always shall be ever your

Faithful servant,

M. C. PORTLAND.

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*Mrs. Pendarves to Mrs. Cath. Collingwood, in New Bond Street, London.*

Dowdeswell, 19 Sept., 1737.

Though I know my dear Miss Collingwood is a merciful creature, my guilty conscience would greatly allay the pleasure of meeting her, if I should omit my thanks for a most kind and entertaining letter which I received since you came from Bath; a hurry of company, country sports, and a villanous cold, have conspired to prevent my doing my duty by you and myself; for to be truly grateful, and to have no opportunity of expressing it, is a tormenting circumstance, and has been mine ever since the beginning of August, which was the time I had the pleasure of receiving your letter.

I shall be in town on Michealmas Day, or the day after, and I hope you will let me see you as soon as you can conveniently. I most heartily congratulate you on Mrs. Collingwood's finding so much benefit from the Bath; I think I know so well the tenderness of your heart, particularly as a daughter, that I am thoroughly

sensible of your joy on this occasion. I expect in return that you will, from your soul, pity me for leaving my sister behind me, she is most faithfully yours, and says as soon as she has recovered her senses you shall hear from her. Lady Ann B. has played the fool, but Captain Paul[1] *has outdone* her considerably, or rather has played the knave. They are not likely to prove a happy pair. You have heard of *all the frights* about Lady B., but I am sorry for our good friends who fret about these affairs. I have not time to enlarge on this or any other subject, my sister chides me for leaving her so long. I must refer all I have to say till we meet. I beg my humble service to your mama, and be assured of the affectionate wishes of,

Your faithful
M. PENDARVES.

When you see Sir Robert Throck. pray make my compliments; I hope to be in town time enough to restore him his book of prints, if he has not sent for them away; I packed them up, with directions they should be delivered if he sent for them.

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*Mrs. Pendarves to Mrs. Cath. Collingwood, in New Bond Street, near Grosvenor Street.*

Saturday night.

My dear Miss Collingwood told me at parting she should expect the *first paper visit*, which I faithfully paid her, and sent it by S^r^ John Stanley's groom. I can't think but that you have answered me, and I have been so unlucky as to miss the favour you designed me. When

[1] Lady Ann Bentinck, married, Sept. 1737, to Captain Paul.

you write again send my letter to my house; the penny post *is a rogue,* and not worthy the honour of being your messenger. I may be mistaken in all this, and the case perhaps quite otherwise; many agreeable parties may have engaged you so much as not to give you leisure to think of a poor solitary grotto nymph. *Strawberries are almost out of season;* and I presume you have *lost your wager.* I shall fly to town on Tuesday on some business, but will find time to call on you for a moment some time before one o' the clock. My compliments attend Mrs. Collingwood. My servant shall call on you to-morrow to bring me word how you do, and if you retain any spark of kindness for

Your faithful
M. PENDARVES.

If you *really have wrote to me,* and the letter is lost I charge you recollect every individual word, as I should grieve to lose a syllable.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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